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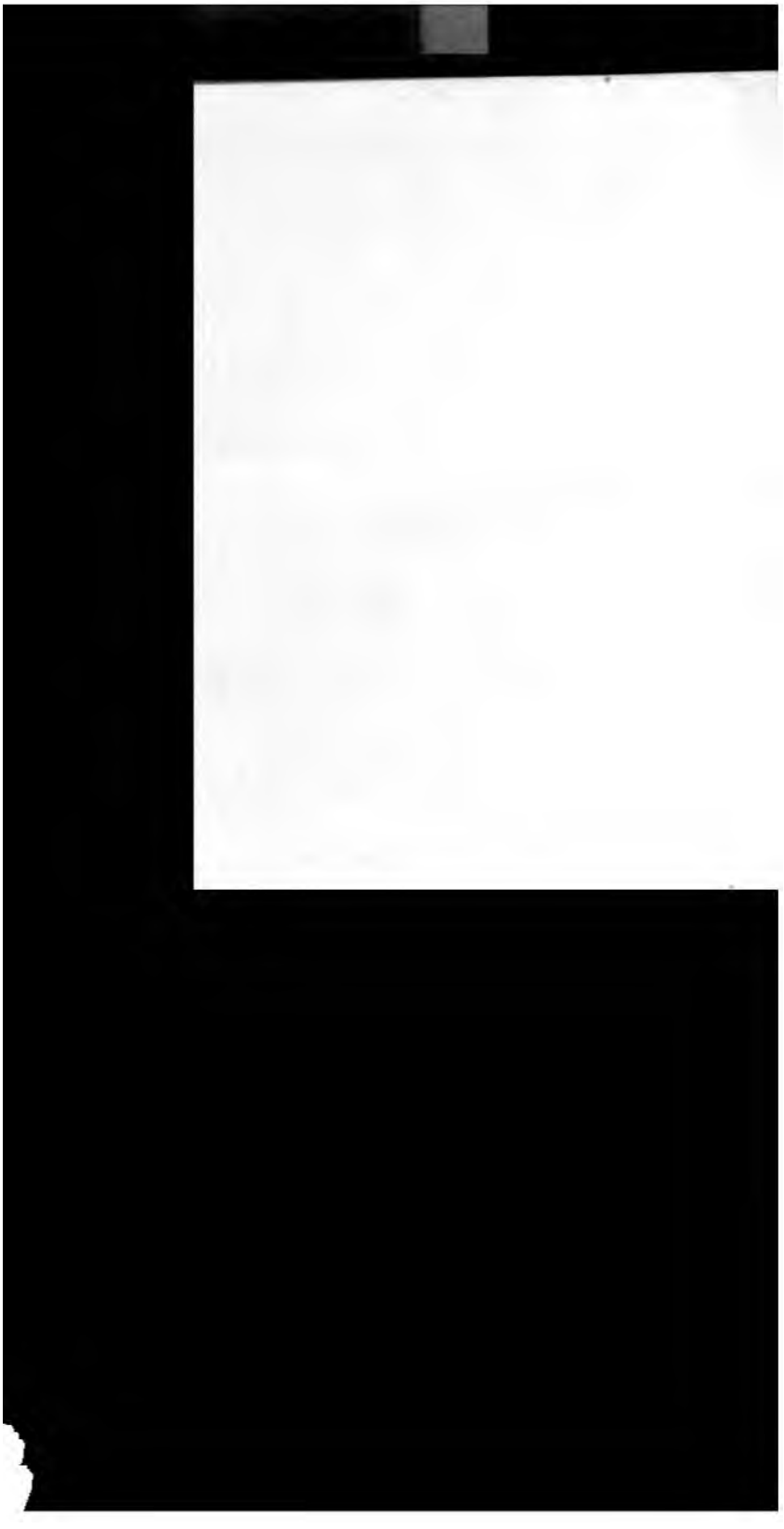
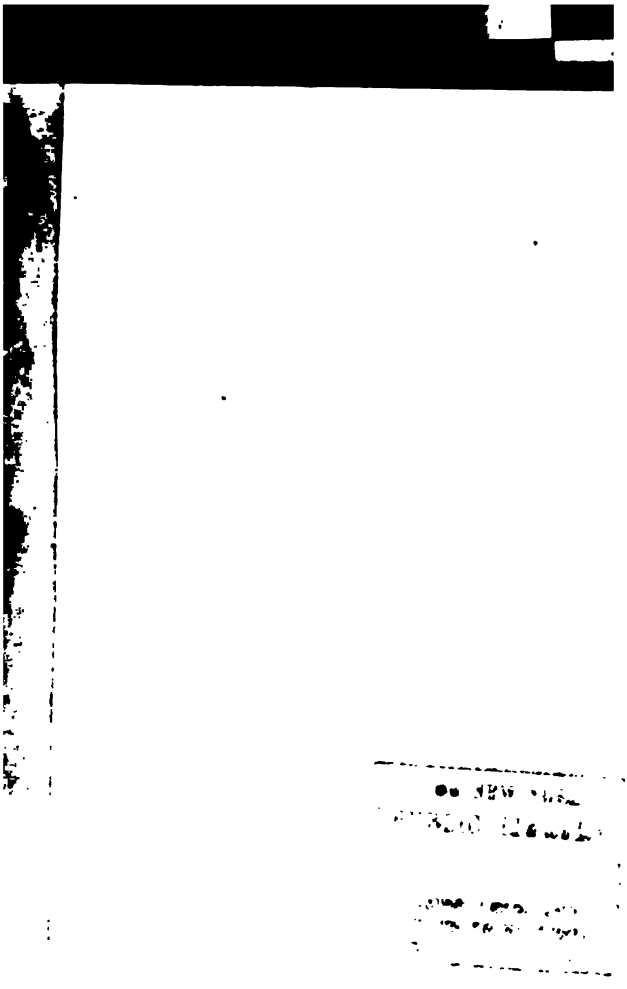
THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

KENSINGTON EDITION

VOLUME V





THE HISTORY OF

PENDENNIS

HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WITH THE AUTHOR'S ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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PENDENNIS

CHAPTER XXVII

WHICH IS BOTH QUARRELSOME AND SENTIMENTAL

CIVIL war was raging, high words passing, people pushing and squeezing together in an unseemly manner, round a window in the corner of the ball-room, close by the door through which the Chevalier Strong shouldered his way. Through the opened window, the crowd in the street below was sending up sarcastic remarks, such as "Pitch into him!" "Where's the police?" and the like; and a ring of individuals, among whom Madame Fribsby was conspicuous, was gathered round Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant on the one side; whilst several gentlemen and ladies surrounded our friend Arthur Pendennis on the other. Strong penetrated into this assembly, elbowing by Madame Fribsby, who was charmed at the Chevalier's appearance, and cried, "Save him, save him!" in frantic and pathetic accents.

e of the disturbance, it appeared, was the
chef of Sir Francis Clavering's culinary
nt. Shortly after Strong had quitted the
whilst Mr. Pen, greatly irate at his down-
altz, which had made him look ridiculous in
the nation, and by Miss Amory's behaviour
h had still further insulted his dignity, was
g to get some coolness of body and temper,
out of window towards the sea, which was
the distance, and murmuring in a won-
—whilst he was really trying to compose
owning to himself, perhaps, that he had
ery absurd and peevish manner during the
lt a hand upon his shoulder; and, on look-
eheld, to his utter surprise and horror, that
question belonged to Monsieur Mirobolant,
were glaring out of his pale face and ring-
Pen. To be tapped on the shoulder by a
was a piece of familiarity which made the

"What?" said Pen, starting round on him.

"You understand the meaning of the word and its consequences among men of honour?" the artist said, putting his hand on his hip, and staring at Pen.

"The consequences are, that I will fling you out of window, you—impudent scoundrel," bawled out Mr. Pen; and darting upon the Frenchman, he would very likely have put his threat into execution, for the window was at hand, and the artist by no means a match for the young gentleman—had not Captain Broadfoot and another heavy officer flung themselves between the combatants,—had not the ladies begun to scream,—had not the fiddles stopped,—had not the crowd of people come running in that direction,—had not Laura, with a face of great alarm, looked over their heads and asked for Heaven's sake what was wrong—had not the opportune Strong made his appearance from the refreshment-room, and found Alcide grinding his teeth and jabbering oaths in his Gascon French, and Pen looking uncommonly wicked, although trying to appear as calm as possible, when the ladies and the crowd came up.

"What has happened?" Strong asked of the chef, in Spanish.

"I am Chevalier de Juillet," said the other, slapping his breast, "and he has insulted me."

"What has he said to you?" asked Strong.

"Il m'a appelé—*Cuisinier,*" hissed out the little Frenchman.

Strong could hardly help laughing. "Come away with me, my poor Chevalier," he said. "We must not quarrel before ladies. Come away; I will carry your message to Mr. Pendennis.—The poor fellow is not right in his head," he whispered to one or two people

—and others, and anxious Laura's face visi-
these, gathered round Pen and asked the
disturbance.
ot know. "The man was going to give his
ng lady, on which I said that he was a cook,
called me a coward and challenged me to
vn I was so surprised and indignant, that
lemen had not stopped me, I should have
out of window," Pen said.
him, serve him right, too,—the d—— impu-
scoundrel," the gentlemen said.
very sorry if I hurt his feelings, though,"
and Laura was glad to hear him say that;
me of the young bucks said, "No, hang the
g those impudent foreigners—little thrash-
lo them good."
ll go and shake hands with him before you
—won't you, Pen?" said Laura, coming up
oreigners may be more susceptible than we

This was an affectionate, but an unlucky speech. Pen saw himself prostrate on the ground, having tumbled over Miss Roundle and the dragoon, and flung Blanche up against the wall—saw himself on the ground, and all the people laughing at him, Laura and Pynsent amongst them.

"I shall never dance again," he replied, with a dark and determined face. "Never. I'm surprised you should ask me."

"Is it because you can't get Blanche for a partner?" asked Laura, with a wicked, unlucky captiousness.

"Because I don't wish to make a fool of myself, for other people to laugh at me," Pen answered—"for *you* to laugh at me, Laura. I saw you and Pynsent. By Jove! no man shall laugh at me."

"Pen, Pen, don't be so wicked!" cried out the poor girl, hurt at the morbid perverseness and savage vanity of Pen. He was glaring round in the direction of Mr. Pynsent as if he would have liked to engage that gentleman as he had done the cook. "Who thinks the worse of you for stumbling in a waltz? If Blanche does, we don't. Why are you so sensitive, and ready to think evil?"

Here again, by ill luck, Mr. Pynsent came up to Laura, and said, "I have it in command from Lady Rockminster to ask whether I may take you in to supper?"

"I—I was going in with my cousin," Laura said.

"O—pray, no!" said Pen. "You are in such good hands, that I can't do better than leave you: and I'm going home."

"Good night, Mr. Pendennis," Pynsent said, drily—to which speech (which, in fact, meant, "Go to the

n insolent, jealous, impertinent jackanapes,
I should like to box") Mr. Pendennis did
fe any reply, except a bow: and, in spite of
loring looks, he left the room.
autifully calm and bright the night outside
r. Pynsent; "and what a murmur the sea is
t would be pleasanter to be walking on the
in this hot room."
said Laura.
a strange congregation of people," con-
sent. "I have had to go up and perform
le to most of them—the attorney's daugh-
pothecary's wife—I scarcely know whom.
a man in the refreshment-room who in-
treating me to champagne—a seafaring
n—extraordinarily dressed, and seeming
As a public man, one is bound to conciliate
ople, but it is a hard task—especially when
o very much like to be elsewhere"—and he

"Indeed, I can forgive him a good deal for that," Pynsent eagerly cried out, and she took his arm, and he led off his little prize in the direction of the supper-room.

She had no great desire for that repast, though it was served in Rincer's well-known style, as the county paper said, giving an account of the entertainment afterwards; indeed, she was very *distraite;* and exceedingly pained and unhappy about Pen. Captious and quarrelsome; jealous and selfish; fickle and violent and unjust when his anger led him astray; how could her mother (as indeed Helen had by a thousand words and hints) ask her to give her heart to such a man? and suppose she were to do so, would it make him happy?

But she got some relief at length, when, at the end of half an hour—a long half-hour it had seemed to her—a waiter brought her a little note in pencil from Pen, who said, "I met Cooky below ready to fight me; and I asked his pardon. I'm glad I did it. I wanted to speak to you to-night, but will keep what I had to say till you come home. God bless you. Dance away all night with Pynsent, and be very happy. PEN."—Laura was very thankful for this letter, and to think that there was goodness and forgiveness still in her mother's boy.

Pen went down stairs, his heart reproaching him for his absurd behaviour to Laura, whose gentle and imploring looks followed and rebuked him; and he was scarcely out of the ball-room door before he longed to turn back and ask her pardon. But he remembered that he had left her with that confounded Pynsent. He could not apologise before *him.* He would com-

promise and forget his wrath, and make his peace with the Frenchman.

The Chevalier was pacing down below in the hall of the inn when Pen descended from the ball-room; and he came up to Pen, with all sorts of fun and mischief lighting up his jolly face.

"I have got him in the coffee-room," he said, "with a brace of pistols and a candle. Or would you like swords on the beach? Mirobolant is a dead hand with the foils, and killed four *gardes-du-corps* with his own point in the barricades of July."

"Confound it," said Pen, in a fury, "I can't fight a cook!"

"He is a Chevalier of July," replied the other. "They present arms to him in his own country."

"And do you ask me, Captain Strong, to go out with a servant?" Pen asked fiercely; "I'll call a policeman for *him;* but—but—"

"You'll invite me to hair triggers?" cried Strong, with a laugh. "Thank you for nothing; I was but joking. I came to settle quarrels, not to fight them. I have been soothing down Mirobolant; I have told him that you did not apply the word 'Cook' to him in an offensive sense: that it was contrary to all the customs of the country that a hired officer of a household, as I called it, should give his arm to the daughter of the house." And then he told Pen the grand secret which he had had from Madame Fribsby, of the violent passion under which the poor artist was labouring.

When Arthur heard this tale, he broke out into a hearty laugh, in which Strong joined, and his rage against the poor cook vanished at once. He had been absurdly jealous himself all the evening, and had

longed for a pretext to insult Pynsent. He remembered how jealous he had been of Oaks in his first affair; he was ready to pardon anything to a man under a passion like that: and he went into the coffee-room where Mirobolant was waiting, with an outstretched hand, and made him a speech in French, in which he declared that he was "Sincèrement fâché d'avoir usé une expression qui avoit pu blesser Monsieur Mirobolant, et qu'il donnoit sa parole comme un gentilhomme qu'il ne l'avoit jamais, jamais—intendé," said Pen, who made a shot at a French word for "intended," and was secretly much pleased with his own fluency and correctness in speaking that language.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Strong, as much amused with Pen's speech as pleased by his kind manner. "And the Chevalier Mirobolant of course withdraws, and sincerely regrets the expression of which he made use."

"Monsieur Pendennis has disproved my words himself," said Alcide with great politeness; "he has shown that he is a *galant homme.*"

And so they shook hands and parted, Arthur in the first place dispatching his note to Laura before he and Strong committed themselves to the Butcher Boy.

As they drove along, Strong complimented Pen upon his behaviour, as well as upon his skill in French. "You're a good fellow, Pendennis, and you speak French like Chateaubriand, by Jove."

"I've been accustomed to it from my youth upwards," said Pen; and Strong had the grace not to laugh for five minutes, when he exploded into fits of hilarity which Pendennis has never, perhaps, understood up to this day.

It was daybreak when they got to the Brawl, where

they separated. By that time the ball at Baymouth was over too. Madame Fribsby and Mirobolant were on their way home in the Clavering fly; Laura was in bed with an easy heart and asleep at Lady Rockminster's; and the Claverings at rest at the inn at Baymouth, where they had quarters for the night. A short time after the disturbance between Pen and the chef, Blanche had come out of the refreshment-room, looking as pale as a lemon-ice. She told her maid, having no other *confidante* at hand, that she had met with the most romantic adventure—the most singular man—one who had known the author of her being—her persecuted—her unhappy—her heroic—her murdered father; and she began a sonnet to his manes before she went to sleep.

So Pen returned to Fairoaks, in company with his friend the Chevalier, without having uttered a word of the message which he had been so anxious to deliver to Laura at Baymouth. He could wait, however, until her return home, which was to take place on the succeeding day. He was not seriously jealous of the progress made by Mr. Pynsent in her favour; and he felt pretty certain that in this, as in any other family arrangement, he had but to ask and have, and Laura, like his mother, could refuse him nothing.

When Helen's anxious looks inquired of him what had happened at Baymouth, and whether her darling project was fulfilled, Pen, in a gay tone, told of the calamity which had befallen; laughingly said, that no man could think about declarations under such a mishap, and made light of the matter. "There will be plenty of time for sentiment, dear mother, when Laura

comes back," he said, and he looked in the glass with a killing air, and his mother put his hair off his forehead and kissed him, and of course thought, for her part, that no woman could resist him; and was exceedingly happy that day.

When he was not with her, Mr. Pen occupied himself in packing books and portmanteaus, burning and arranging papers, cleaning his gun and putting it into its case: in fact, in making dispositions for departure. For though he was ready to marry, this gentleman was eager to go to London too, rightly considering that at three-and-twenty it was quite time for him to begin upon the serious business of life, and to set about making a fortune as quickly as possible.

The means to this end he had already shaped out for himself. "I shall take chambers," he said, "and enter myself at an Inn of Court. With a couple of hundred pounds I shall be able to carry through the first year very well; after that I have little doubt my pen will support me, as it is doing with several Oxbridge men now in town. I have a tragedy, a comedy, and a novel, all nearly finished, and for which I can't fail to get a price. And so I shall be able to live pretty well, without drawing upon my poor mother, until I have made my way at the bar. Then, some day I will come back and make her dear soul happy by marrying Laura. She is as good and as sweet-tempered a girl as ever lived, besides being really very good-looking, and the engagement will serve to steady me,—won't it, Ponto?" Thus, smoking his pipe, and talking to his dog as he sauntered through the gardens and orchards of the little domain of Fairoaks, this young day-dreamer built castles in the air for himself: "Yes,

she'll steady me, won't she? And you'll miss me, when I've gone, won't you, old boy?" he asked of Ponto, who quivered his tail and thrust his brown nose into his master's fist. Ponto licked his hand and shoe, as they all did in that house, and Mr. Pen received their homage as other folks do the flattery which they get.

Laura came home rather late in the evening of the second day; and Mr. Pynsent, as ill luck would have it, drove her from Clavering. The poor girl could not refuse his offer, but his appearance brought a dark cloud upon the brow of Arthur Pendennis. Laura saw this, and was pained by it: the eager widow, however, was aware of nothing, and being anxious, doubtless, that the delicate question should be asked at once, was for going to bed very soon after Laura's arrival, and rose for that purpose to leave the sofa where she now generally lay, and where Laura would come and sit and work or read by her. But when Helen rose, Laura said, with a blush and rather an alarmed voice, that she was also very tired and wanted to go to bed: so that the widow was disappointed in her scheme for that night at least, and Mr. Pen was left another day in suspense regarding his fate.

His dignity was offended at being thus obliged to remain in the ante-chamber when he wanted an audience. Such a sultan as he, could not afford to be kept waiting. However, he went to bed and slept upon his disappointment pretty comfortably, and did not wake until the early morning, when he looked up and saw his mother standing in his room.

"Dear Pen, rouse up," said this lady. "Do not be lazy. It is the most beautiful morning in the world. I

have not been able to sleep since day-break; and Laura has been out for an hour. She is in the garden. Everybody ought to be in the garden and out on such a morning as this."

Pen laughed. He saw what thoughts were uppermost in the simple woman's heart. His good-natured laughter cheered the widow. "Oh you profound dissembler," he said, kissing his mother. "Oh you artful creature! Can nobody escape from your wicked tricks? and will you make your only son your victim?" Helen too laughed, she blushed, she fluttered, and was agitated. She was as happy as she could be—a good tender, matchmaking woman, the dearest project of whose heart was about to be accomplished.

So, after exchanging some knowing looks and hasty words, Helen left Arthur; and this young hero, rising from his bed, proceeded to decorate his beautiful person, and shave his ambrosial chin; and in half-an-hour he issued out from his apartment into the garden in quest of Laura. His reflections as he made his toilette were rather dismal. "I am going to tie myself for life," he thought, "to please my mother. Laura is the best of women, and—and she has given me her money. I wish to Heaven I had not received it; I wish I had not this duty to perform just yet. But as both the women have set their hearts on the match, why I suppose I must satisfy them—and now for it. A man may do worse than make happy two of the best creatures in the world." So Pen, now he was actually come to the point, felt very grave, and by no means elated, and, indeed, thought it was a great sacrifice he was going to perform.

It was Miss Laura's custom, upon her garden ex-

cursions, to wear a sort of uniform, which, though homely, was thought by many people to be not unbecoming. She had a large straw hat, with a streamer of broad ribbon, which was useless probably, but the hat sufficiently protected the owner's pretty face from the sun. Over her accustomed gown she wore a blouse or pinafore, which, being fastened round her little waist by a smart belt, looked extremely well, and her hands were guaranteed from the thorns of her favourite rose-bushes by a pair of gauntlets, which gave this young lady a military and resolute air.

Somehow she had the very same smile with which she had laughed at him on the night previous, and the recollection of his disaster again offended Pen. But Laura, though she saw him coming down the walk looking so gloomy and full of care, accorded to him a smile of the most perfect and provoking good-humour, and went to meet him, holding one of the gauntlets to him, so that he might shake it if he liked—and Mr. Pen condescended to do so. His face, however, did not lose its tragic expression in consequence of this favour, and he continued to regard her with a dismal and solemn air.

"Excuse my glove," said Laura, with a laugh, pressing Pen's hand kindly with it. "We are not angry again, are we, Pen?"

"Why do you laugh at me?" said Pen. "You did the other night, and made a fool of me to the people at Baymouth."

"My dear Arthur, I meant you no wrong," the girl answered. "You and Miss Roundle looked so droll as you—as you met with your little accident, that I could not make a tragedy of it. Dear Pen, it wasn't a serious

fall. And, besides, it was Miss Roundle who was the most unfortunate."

"Confound Miss Roundle!" bellowed out Pen.

"I'm sure she looked so," said Laura, archly. "You were up in an instant; but that poor lady sitting on the ground in her red crape dress, and looking about her with that piteous face—can I ever forget her?"—and Laura began to make a face in imitation of Miss Roundle's under the disaster, but she checked herself re-

pentantly, saying, "Well, we must not laugh at her, but I am sure we ought to laugh at you, Pen, if you were angry about such a trifle."

"*You* should not laugh at me, Laura," said Pen, with some bitterness; "not you, of all people."

"And why not? Are you such a great man?" asked Laura.

"Ah, no, Laura, I'm such a poor one," Pen answered. "Haven't you baited me enough already?"

"My dear Pen, and how?" cried Laura. "Indeed, indeed, I didn't think to vex you by such a trifle. I thought such a clever man as you could bear a harmless little joke from his sister," she said, holding her hand out again. "Dear Arthur, if I have hurt you, I beg your pardon."

"It is your kindness that humiliates me more even than your laughter, Laura," Pen said. "You are always my superior."

"What! superior to the great Arthur Pendennis! How can it be possible?" said Miss Laura, who may have had a little wickedness as well as a great deal of kindness in her composition. "You can't mean that any woman is your equal?"

"Those who confer benefits should not sneer," said Pen. "I don't like my benefactor to laugh at me, Laura; it makes the obligation very hard to bear. You scorn me because I have taken your money, and I am worthy to be scorned; but the blow is hard coming from you."

"Money! Obligation! For shame, Pen; this is ungenerous," Laura said, flushing red. "May not our mother claim everything that belongs to us? Don't I owe her all my happiness in this world, Arthur? What

matters about a few paltry guineas, if we can set her tender heart at rest, and ease her mind regarding you? I would dig in the fields, I would go out and be a servant —I would die for her. You know I would," said Miss Laura, kindling up; "and you call this paltry money an obligation? Oh, Pen, it's cruel—it's unworthy of you to take it so! If my brother may not share with me my superfluity, who may?—Mine?—I tell you it was not mine; it was all mamma's to do with as she chose, and so is everything I have," said Laura; "my life is hers." And the enthusiastic girl looked towards the windows of the widow's room, and blessed in her heart the kind creature within.

Helen was looking, unseen, out of that window towards which Laura's eyes and heart were turned as she spoke, and was watching her two children with the deepest interest and emotion, longing and hoping that the prayer of her life might be fulfilled; and if Laura had spoken as Helen hoped, who knows what temptations Arthur Pendennis might have been spared, or what different trials he would have had to undergo? He might have remained at Fairoaks all his days, and died a country gentleman. But would he have escaped then? Temptation is an obsequious servant that has no objection to the country, and we know that it takes up its lodging in hermitages as well as in cities; and that in the most remote and inaccessible desert it keeps company with the fugitive solitary.

"*Is* your life my mother's," said Pen, beginning to tremble, and speak in a very agitated manner. "You know, Laura, what the great object of hers is?" And he took her hand once more.

"What, Arthur?" she said, dropping it, and looking

at him, at the window again, and then dropping her eyes to the ground, so that they avoided Pen's gaze. She, too, trembled, for she felt that the crisis for which she had been secretly preparing was come.

"Our mother has one wish above all others in the world, Laura," Pen said, "and I think you know it. I own to you that she has spoken to me of it; and if you will fulfil it, dear sister, I am ready. I am but very young as yet; but I have had so many pains and disappointments, that I am old and weary. I think I have hardly got a heart to offer. Before I have almost begun the race in life, I am a tired man. My career has been a failure; I have been protected by those whom I by right should have protected. I own that your nobleness and generosity, dear Laura, shame me, whilst they render me grateful. When I heard from our mother what you had done for me: that it was you who armed me and bade me go out for one struggle more; I longed to go and throw myself at your feet, and say, 'Laura, will you come and share the contest with me? Your sympathy will cheer me while it lasts. I shall have one of the tenderest and most generous creatures under heaven to aid and bear me company.' Will you take me, dear Laura, and make our mother happy?"

"Do you think mamma would be happy if you were otherwise, Arthur?" Laura said in a low sad voice.

"And why should I not be," asked Pen eagerly, "with so dear a creature as you by my side? I have not my first love to give you. I am a broken man. But indeed I would love you fondly and truly. I have lost many an illusion and ambition, but I am not without hope still. Talents I know I have, wretchedly as I have misapplied them: they may serve me yet: they would,

had I a motive for action. Let me go away and think that I am pledged to return to you. Let me go and work, and hope that you will share my success if I gain it. You have given me so much, dear Laura, will you take from me nothing?"

"What have you got to give, Arthur?" Laura said, with a grave sadness of tone, which made Pen start, and see that his words had committed him. Indeed, his declaration had not been such as he would have made it two days earlier, when, full of hope and gratitude, he had run over to Laura, his liberatress, to thank her for his recovered freedom. Had he been permitted to speak then, he had spoken, and she, perhaps, had listened differently. It would have been a grateful heart asking for hers; not a weary one offered to her, to take or to leave. Laura was offended with the terms in which Pen offered himself to her. He had, in fact, said that he had no love, and yet would take no denial. "I give myself to you to please my mother," he had said: "take me, as she wishes that I should make this sacrifice." The girl's spirit would brook a husband under no such conditions: she was not minded to run forward because Pen chose to hold out the handkerchief, and her tone, in reply to Arthur, showed her determination to be independent.

"No, Arthur," she said, "our marriage would not make mamma happy, as she fancies; for it would not content you very long. I, too, have known what her wishes were; for she is too open to conceal anything she has at heart: and once, perhaps, I thought—but that is over now—that I could have made you—that it might have been as she wished."

"You have seen somebody else," said Pen, angry

at her tone, and recalling the incidents of the past days.

"That allusion might have been spared," Laura replied, flinging up her head. "A heart which has worn out love at three-and-twenty, as yours has, you say, should have survived jealousy too. I do not condescend to say whether I have seen or encouraged any other person. I shall neither admit the charge, nor deny it: and beg you also to allude to it no more."

"I ask your pardon, Laura, if I have offended you: but if I am jealous, does it not prove that I have a heart?"

"Not for me, Arthur. Perhaps you think you love me now: but it is only for an instant, and because you are foiled. Were there no obstacle, you would feel no ardour to overcome it. No, Arthur, you don't love me. You would weary of me in three months, as—as you do of most things; and mamma, seeing you tired of me, would be more unhappy than at my refusal to be yours. Let us be brother and sister, Arthur, as heretofore—but no more. You will get over this little disappointment."

"I will try," said Arthur, in a great indignation.

"Have you not tried before?" Laura said, with some anger, for she had been angry with Arthur for a very long time, and was now determined, I suppose, to speak her mind. "And the next time, Arthur, when you offer yourself to a woman, do not say as you have done to me, 'I have no heart—I do not love you; but I am ready to marry you because my mother wishes for the match.' We require more than this in return for our love—that is, I think so. I have had no experience hitherto, and have not had the—the practice which you supposed me to have, when you spoke but now of my having seen

somebody else. Did you tell your first love that you had no heart, Arthur? or your second that you did not love her, but that she might have you if she liked?"

"What—what do you mean?" asked Arthur, blushing, and still in great wrath.

"I mean Blanche Amory, Arthur Pendennis," Laura said, proudly. "It is but two months since you were sighing at her feet—making poems to her—placing them in hollow trees by the riverside. I knew all. I watched you—that is, she showed them to me. Neither one nor the other was in earnest perhaps; but it is too soon now, Arthur, to begin a new attachment. Go through the time of your—your widowhood at least, and do not think of marrying until you are out of mourning."—(Here the girl's eyes filled with tears, and she passed her hand across them.) "I am angry and hurt, and I have no right to be so, and I ask your pardon in my turn now, dear Arthur. You had a right to love Blanche. She was a thousand times prettier and more accomplished than—than any girl near us here; and you could not know that she had no heart; and so you were right to leave her too. I ought not to rebuke you about Blanche Amory, and because she deceived you. Pardon me, Pen,"—and she held the kind hand out to Pen once more.

"We were both jealous," said Pen. "Dear Laura, let us both forgive"—and he seized her hand and would have drawn her towards him. He thought that she was relenting, and already assumed the airs of a victor.

But she shrank back, and her tears passed away; and she fixed on him a look so melancholy and severe, that the young man in his turn shrunk before it. "Do not

... keep my vow. But you—wh
ıu do not care about many things wl
n hold sacred. I do not like to thinl
ır incredulity leads you. You offe
ase our mother, and own that you l
'e away. Oh, Arthur, what is it you c
'ash compact would you enter into
nth ago, and you would have given
ıer. I pray you do not trifle with you
ırts so recklessly. Go and work; go
thur, for I see your faults, and dare
w: go and get fame, as you say that
l pray for my brother, and watch our
home."

'Is that your final decision, Laura?"

'Yes," said Laura, bowing her head;
ing him her hand, she went away. H
ler the creepers of the little porch,
) the house. The curtains of his m
at the same minute, but he did not
)ect that Helen had been witnessing
Was he pleased, or was he angry at it

And now we ought, perhaps, to describe another scene which took place at Fairoaks, between the widow and Laura, when the latter had to tell Helen that she had refused Arthur Pendennis. Perhaps it was the hardest task of all which Laura had to go through in this matter: and the one which gave her the most pain. But as we do not like to see a good woman unjust, we shall not say a word more of the quarrel which now befel between Helen and her adopted daughter, or of the bitter tears which the poor girl was made to shed. It was the only difference which she and the widow had ever had as yet, and the more cruel from this cause. Pen left home whilst it was as yet pending—and Helen, who could pardon almost everything, could not pardon an act of justice in Laura.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BABYLON

OUR reader must now please to quit the woods and seashore of the west, and the gossip of Clavering, and the humdrum life of poor little Fairoaks, and transport himself with Arthur Pendennis, on the "Alacrity" coach, to London, whither he goes once for all to face the world and to make his fortune. As the coach whirls through the night away from the friendly gates of home, many a plan does the young man cast in his mind of future life and conduct, prudence, and peradventure success and fame. He knows he is a better man than many who have hitherto been ahead of him in the race: his first failure has caused him remorse, and brought with it reflection; it has not taken away his courage, or, let us add, his good opinion of himself. A hundred eager fancies and busy hopes keep him awake. How much older his mishaps and a year's thought and self-communion have made him, than when, twelve months since, he passed on this road on his way to and

from Oxbridge! His thoughts turn in the night with inexpressible fondness and tenderness towards the fond mother, who blessed him when parting, and who, in spite of all his past faults and follies, trusts him and loves him still. Blessings be on her! he prays, as he looks up to the stars overhead. O Heaven, give him strength to work, to endure, to be honest, to avoid temptation, to be worthy of the loving soul who loves him so entirely! Very likely she is awake too, at that moment, and sending up to the same Father purer prayers than his for the welfare of her boy. That woman's love is a talisman by which he holds and hopes to get his safety. And Laura's—he would have fain carried her affection with him too, but she has denied it, as he is not worthy of it. He owns as much with shame and remorse; confesses how much better and loftier her nature is than his own—confesses it, and yet is glad to be free. "I am not good enough for such a creature," he owns to himself. He draws back before her spotless beauty and innocence, as from something that scares him. He feels he is not fit for such a mate as that; as many a wild prodigal who has been pious and guiltless in early days, keeps away from a church which he used to frequent once—shunning it, but not hostile to it—only feeling that he has no right in that pure place.

With these thoughts to occupy him, Pen did not fall asleep until the nipping dawn of an October morning, and woke considerably refreshed when the coach stopped at the old breakfasting place at B——, where he had had a score of merry meals on his way to and from school and college many times since he was a boy. As they left that place, the sun broke out brightly, the pace was rapid, the horn blew, the milestones flew by,

Pen smoked and joked with guard and fellow-passengers and people along the familiar road; it grew more busy and animated at every instant; the last team of greys came out at H——, and the coach drove into London. What young fellow has not felt a thrill as he entered the vast place? Hundreds of other carriages, crowded with their thousands of men, were hastening to the great city. "Here is my place," thought Pen; "here is my battle beginning, in which I must fight and conquer, or fall. I have been a boy and a dawdler as yet. Oh, I long, I long to show that I can be a man." And from his place on the coach-roof the eager young fellow looked down upon the city, with the sort of longing desire which young soldiers feel on the eve of a campaign.

As they came along the road, Pen had formed acquaintance with a cheery fellow-passenger in a shabby cloak, who talked a great deal about men of letters with whom he was very familiar, and who was, in fact, the reporter of a London newspaper, as whose representative he had been to attend a great wrestling-match in the west. This gentleman knew intimately, as it appeared, all the leading men of letters of his day, and talked about Tom Campbell, and Tom Hood, and Sydney Smith, and this and the other, as if he had been their most intimate friend. As they passed by Brompton, this gentleman pointed out to Pen Mr. Hurtle, the reviewer, walking with his umbrella. Pen craned over the coach to have a long look at the great Hurtle. He was a Boniface man, said Pen. And Mr. Doolan, of the "Tom and Jerry" newspaper (for such was the gentleman's name and address upon the card which he handed to Pen), said "Faith he was, and he knew him

very well." Pen thought it was quite an honour to have seen the great Mr. Hurtle, whose works he admired. He believed fondly, as yet, in authors, reviewers, and editors of newspapers. Even Wagg, whose books did not appear to him to be masterpieces of human intellect, he yet secretly revered as a successful writer. He mentioned that he had met Wagg in the country, and Doolan told him how that famous novelist received three hundther pounds a volume for every one of his novels. Pen began to calculate instantly whether he might not make five thousand a year.

The very first acquaintance of his own whom Arthur met, as the coach pulled up at the Gloster Coffee House, was his old friend Harry Foker, who came prancing down Arlington Street behind an enormous cab-horse. He had white kid gloves and white reins, and nature had by this time decorated him with a considerable tuft on the chin. A very small cab-boy, vice Stoopid retired, swung on behind Foker's vehicle; knock-kneed and in the tightest leather breeches. Foker looked at the dusty coach, and the smoking horses of the "Alacrity" by which he had made journeys in former times.—"What, Foker!" cried out Pendennis—"Hullo! Pen, my boy!" said the other, and he waved his whip by way of amity and salute to Arthur, who was very glad to see his queer friend's kind old face. Mr. Doolan had a great respect for Pen who had an acquaintance in such a grand cab; and Pen was greatly excited and pleased to be at liberty and in London. He asked Doolan to come and dine with him at the Covent Garden Coffee House, where he put up: he called a cab and rattled away thither in the highest spirits. He was glad to see the bustling waiter and

polite bowing landlord again; and asked for the landlady, and missed the old Boots, and would have liked to shake hands with everybody. He had a hundred pounds in his pocket. He dressed himself in his very best; dined in the coffee-room with a modest pint of sherry (for he was determined to be very economical), and went to the theatre adjoining.

The lights and the music, the crowd and the gaiety, charmed and exhilarated Pen, as those sights will do young fellows from college and the country, to whom they are tolerably new. He laughed at the jokes; he applauded the songs, to the delight of some of the dreary old *habitués* of the boxes, who had ceased long ago to find the least excitement in their place of nightly resort, and were pleased to see any one so fresh, and so much amused. At the end of the first piece, he went and strutted about the lobbies of the theatre, as if he was in a resort of the highest fashion. What tired frequenter of the London pavé is there that cannot remember having had similar early delusions, and would not call them back again? Here was young Foker again, like an ardent votary of pleasure as he was. He was walking with Granby Tiptoff, of the Household Brigade, Lord Tiptoff's brother, and Lord Colchicum, Captain Tiptoff's uncle, a venerable peer, who had been a man of pleasure since the first French Revolution. Foker rushed upon Pen with eagerness, and insisted that the latter should come into his private box, where a lady with the longest ringlets, and the fairest shoulders, was seated. This was Miss Blenkinsop, the eminent actress of high comedy; and in the back of the box snoozing in a wig, sate old Blenkinsop, her papa. He was described in the theatrical prints as the "veteran

Blenkinsop"—"the useful Blenkinsop"—"that old favourite of the public, Blenkinsop:" those parts in the drama, which are called the heavy fathers, were usually assigned to this veteran, who, indeed, acted the heavy father in public, as in private life.

At this time, it being about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Pendennis was gone to bed at Fairoaks, and wondering whether her dearest Arthur was at rest after his journey. At this time Laura, too, was awake. And at this time yesterday night, as the coach rolled over silent commons, where cottage windows twinkled, and by darkling woods under calm starlit skies, Pen was vowing to reform and to resist temptation, and his heart was at home. . . . . Meanwhile the farce was going on very successfully, and Mrs. Leary, in a hussar jacket and braided pantaloons, was enchanting the audience with her archness, her lovely figure, and her delightful ballads.

Pen, being new to the town, would have liked to listen to Mrs. Leary; but the other people in the box did not care about her song or her pantaloons, and kept up an incessant chattering. Tiptoff knew where her *maillots* came from. Colchicum saw her when she came out in '14. Miss Blenkinsop said she sang out of all tune, to the pain and astonishment of Pen, who thought that she was as beautiful as an angel, and that she sang like a nightingale; and when Hoppus came on as Sir Harcourt Featherby, the young man of the piece, the gentlemen in the box declared that Hoppus was getting too stale, and Tiptoff was for flinging Miss Blenkinsop's bouquet to him.

"Not for the world," cried the daughter of the veteran Blenkinsop; "Lord Colchicum gave it to me."

Pen remembered that nobleman's name, and with a bow and a blush said he believed he had to thank Lord Colchicum for having proposed him at the Polyanthus Club, at the request of his uncle Major Pendennis.

"What, you're Wigsby's nephew, are you?" said the peer. "I beg your pardon, we always call him Wigsby." Pen blushed to hear his venerable uncle called by such a familiar name. "We balloted you in last week, didn't we? Yes, last Wednesday night. Your uncle wasn't there."

Here was delightful news for Pen! He professed himself very much obliged indeed to Lord Colchicum, and made him a handsome speech of thanks, to which the other listened, with his double opera-glass up to his eyes. Pen was full of excitement at the idea of being a member of this polite Club.

"Don't be always looking at that box, you naughty creature," cried Miss Blenkinsop.

"She's a dev'lish fine woman, that Mirabel," said Tiptoff; "though Mirabel was a d—d fool to marry her."

"A stupid old spooney," said the peer.

"Mirabel!" cried out Pendennis.

"Ha! ha!" laughed out Harry Foker. "We've heard of her before, haven't we, Pen?"

It was Pen's first love. It was Miss Fotheringay. The year before she had been led to the altar by Sir Charles Mirabel, G.C.B., and formerly envoy to the Court of Pumpernickel, who had taken so active a part in the negotiations before the Congress of Swammerdan, and signed, on behalf of H.B.M., the Peace of Pultusk.

"Emily was always as stupid as an owl," said Miss Blenkinsop.

"Eh! Eh! pas si bête," the old Peer said.

"Oh, for shame!" cried the actress, who did not in the least know what he meant.

And Pen looked out and beheld his first love once again—and wondered how he ever could have loved her.

Thus, on the very first night of his arrival in London, Mr. Arthur Pendennis found himself introduced to a Club, to an actress of genteel comedy and a heavy father of the Stage, and to a dashing society of jovial blades, old and young; for my Lord Colchicum, though stricken in years, bald of head, and enfeebled in person, was still indefatigable in the pursuit of enjoyment, and it was the venerable Viscount's boast that he could drink as much claret as the youngest member of the society which he frequented. He lived with the youth about town: he gave them countless dinners at Richmond and Greenwich: an enlightened patron of the drama in all languages and of the Terpsichorean art, he received dramatic professors of all nations at his banquets—English from Covent Garden and Strand houses, Italians from the Haymarket, French from their own pretty little theatre, or the boards of the Opera where they danced. And at his villa on the Thames, this pillar of the State gave sumptuous entertainments to scores of young men of fashion, who very affably consorted with the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room—with the former chiefly, for Viscount Colchicum preferred their society as more polished and gay than that of their male brethren.

Pen went the next day and paid his entrance money at the Club, which operation carried off exactly one-third of his hundred pounds: and took possession of the edifice, and ate his luncheon there with immense satisfaction. He plunged into an easy chair in the library, and tried to read all the magazines. He wondered whether the members were looking at him, and that they could dare to keep on their hats in such fine rooms. He sate down and wrote a letter to Fairoaks on the Club paper, and said, what a comfort this place would be to him after his day's work was over. He went over to his uncle's lodgings in Bury Street with some considerable tremor, and in compliance with his mother's earnest desire, that he should instantly call on Major Pendennis; and was not a little relieved to find that the Major had not yet returned to town. His apartments were blank. Brown Hollands covered his library-table, and bills and letters lay on the mantelpiece, grimly awaiting the return of their owner. The Major was on the Continent, the landlady of the house said, at Badn-Badn, with the Marcus of Steyne. Pen left his card upon the shelf with the rest. Fairoaks was written on it still. When the Major returned to London, which he did in time for the fogs of November, after enjoying which he proposed to spend Christmas with some friends in the country, he found another card of Arthur's, on which Lamb Court, Temple, was engraved, and a note from that young gentleman and from his mother, stating that he was come to town, was entered a member of the Upper Temple, and was reading hard for the bar.

Lamb Court, Temple:—where was it? Major Pendennis remembered that some ladies of fashion used to

talk of dining with Mr. Ayliffe, the barrister, who was in "society," and who lived there in the King's Bench, of which prison there was probably a branch in the Temple, and Ayliffe was very likely an officer. Mr. Deuceace, Lord Crabs's son, had also lived there, he recollected. He dispatched Morgan to find out where Lamb Court was, and to report upon the lodging selected by Mr. Arthur. That alert messenger had little difficulty in discovering Mr. Pen's abode. Discreet Morgan had in his time traced people far more difficult to find than Arthur.

"What sort of a place is it, Morgan?" asked the Major out of the bed-curtains in Bury Street the next morning, as the valet was arranging his toilet in the deep yellow London fog.

"I should say raythe a shy place," said Mr. Morgan. "The lawyers lives there, and has their names on the doors. Mr. Harthur lives three pair high, sir. Mr. Warrington lives there too, sir."

"Suffolk Warringtons! I shouldn't wonder: a good family," thought the Major. "The cadets of many of our good families follow the robe as a profession. Comfortable rooms, eh?"

"Honly saw the outside of the door, sir, with Mr. Warrington's name and Mr. Harthur's painted up, and a piece of paper with 'Back at 6;' but I couldn't see no servant, sir."

"Economical at any rate," said the Major.

"Very, sir. Three pair, sir. Nasty black staircase as ever I see. Wonder how a gentleman can live in such a place."

"Pray, who taught you where gentlemen should or should not live, Morgan? Mr. Arthur, sir, is going to

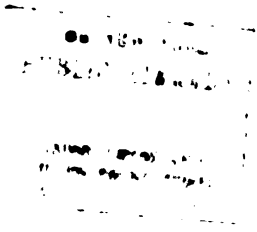
study for the bar, sir;" the Major said with much dignity; and closed the conversation and began to array himself in the yellow fog.

"Boys will be boys," the mollified uncle thought to himself. "He has written to me a devilish good letter. Colchicum says he has had him to dine, and thinks him a gentlemanlike lad. His mother is one of the best creatures in the world. If he has sown his wild oats, and will stick to his business, he may do well yet. Think of Charley Mirabel, the old fool, marrying that flame of his; that Fotheringay! He doesn't like to come here till I give him leave, and puts it in a very manly nice way. I was deuced angry with him, after his Oxbridge escapades—and showed it, too, when he was here before—Gad, I'll go and see him, hang me, if I don't."

And having ascertained from Morgan that he could reach the Temple without much difficulty, and that a city omnibus would put him down at the gate, the Major one day after breakfast at his Club—not the Polyanthus, whereof Mr. Pen was just elected a member, but another Club: for the Major was too wise to have a nephew as a constant inmate of any house where he was in the habit of passing his time—the Major one day entered one of those public vehicles, and bade the conductor to put him down at the gate of the Upper Temple.

When Major Pendennis reached that dingy portal it was about twelve o'clock in the day; and he was directed by a civil personage with a badge and a white apron, through some dark alleys, and under various melancholy archways into courts each more dismal than the other, until finally he reached Lamb Court. If

Pen pursuing his law studies



it was dark in Pall Mall, what was it in Lamb Court? Candles were burning in many of the rooms there—in the pupil-room of Mr. Hodgman, the special pleader, whose six pupils were scribbling declarations under the tallow; in Sir Hokey Walker's clerk's room, where the clerk, a person far more gentlemanlike and cheerful in appearance than the celebrated counsel, his master, was conversing in a patronising manner with the managing clerk of an attorney at the door; and in the Curling the wig-maker's melancholy shop, where, from behind the feeble glimmer of a couple of lights, large serjeants' and judges' wigs were looming drearily, with the blank blocks looking at the lamp-post in the court. Two little clerks were playing at toss-halfpenny under that lamp. A laundress in pattens passed in at one door, a newspaper boy issued from another. A porter, whose white apron was faintly visible, paced up and down. It would be impossible to conceive a place more dismal, and the Major shuddered to think that any one should select such a residence. "Good Ged!" he said, "the poor boy mustn't live on here."

The feeble and filthy oil-lamps, with which the staircases of the Upper Temple are lighted of nights, were of course not illuminating the stairs by day, and Major Pendennis, having read with difficulty his nephew's name under Mr. Warrington's on the wall of No. 6, found still greater difficulty in climbing the abominable black stairs, up the banisters of which, which contributed their damp exudations to his gloves, he groped painfully until he came to the third story. A candle was in the passage of one of the two sets of rooms; the doors were open, and the names of Mr. Warrington and Mr. A. Pendennis were very clearly visible to the

ıe went in. An Irish charwoman, with a oom, opened the door for the Major.
the beer?" cried out a great voice: "give us

leman who was speaking was seated on a rn and smoking a short pipe; in a farther Pen, with a cigar, and his legs near the fire. y, who acted as the clerk of these gentle- rinning in the Major's face, at the idea of istaken for beer. Here, upon the third floor, vere somewhat lighter, and the Major could ce.
ıy boy, it's I—it's your uncle," he said, th the smoke. But as most young men of d the weed, he pardoned the practice easily

rington got up from the table, and Pen, in a rbed manner, from his chair. "Beg your mistaking you," said Warrington, in a

ıgton of Suffolk. He had served with an uncle of his India and in New South Wales, years ago.

" Took a sheep-farm there, sir, made a fortune—bet- · thing than law or soldiering," Warrington said. Think I shall go there, too." And here, the expected er coming in, in a tankard with a glass bottom, Mr. arrington, with a laugh, said he supposed the Major uld not have any, and took a long, deep draught him- f, after which he wiped his wrist across his beard with eat satisfaction. The young man was perfectly easy d unembarrassed. He was dressed in a ragged old ɔoting-jacket, and had a bristly blue beard. He was inking beer like a coal-heaver, and yet you couldn't t perceive that he was a gentleman.

When he had sate for a minute or two after his aught he went out of the room, leaving it to Pen and uncle, that they might talk over family affairs were ey so inclined.

" Rough and ready, your chum seems," the Major d. " Somewhat different from your dandy friends Oxbridge."

" Times are altered," Arthur replied, with a blush. Warrington is only just called, and has no business, t he knows law pretty well; and until I can afford to ıd with a pleader, I use his books and get his help."

" Is that one of the books? " the Major asked, with mile. A French novel was lying at the foot of Pen's ıir.

" This is not a working day, sir," the lad said. " We re out very late at a party last night—at Lady Whis- ı's," Pen added, knowing his uncle's weakness. Everybody in town was there except you, sir; Counts, nbassadors, Turks, Stars and Garters—I don't know

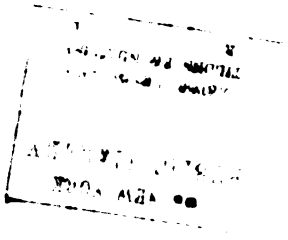
who—it's all in the paper—and my name, too," said Pen, with great glee. "I met an old flame of mine there, sir," he added, with a laugh. "You know whom I mean, sir,—Lady Mirabel—to whom I was introduced over again. She shook hands, and was gracious enough. I may thank you for being out of that scrape, sir. She presented me to the husband, too—an old beau in a star and a blond wig. He does not seem very wise. She has asked me to call on her, sir: and I may go now without any fear of losing my heart."

"What, we have had some new loves, have we?" the Major asked, in high good-humour.

"Some two or three," Mr. Pen said, laughing. "But I don't put on my *grand sérieux* any more, sir. That goes off after the first flame."

"Very right, my dear boy. Flames and darts and passion, and that sort of thing, do very well for a lad: and you were but a lad when that affair with the Fotheringill—Fotheringay—(what's her name?) came off. But a man of the world gives up those follies. You still may do very well. You have been hit, but you may recover. You are heir to a little independence, which everybody fancies is a doosid deal more. You have a good name, good wits, good manners, and a good person—and, begad! I don't see why you shouldn't marry a woman with money—get into Parliament—distinguish yourself, and—and, in fact, that sort of thing. Remember, it's as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman: and a devilish deal pleasanter to sit down to a good dinner than to a scrag of mutton in lodgings. Make up your mind to that. A woman with a good jointure is a doosid deal easier a profession than the law, let me tell you. Look out; *I* shall be on the watch

Arthur meets with an
old acquaintance



you: and I shall die content, my boy, if I can see with a good lady-like wife, and a good carriage, a good pair of horses, living in society, and seeing friends, like a gentleman." It was thus this affec- te uncle spoke, and expounded to Pen his simple sophy.

What would my mother and Laura say to this, I ler?" thought the lad. Indeed, old Pendennis's ls were not their morals, nor was his wisdom theirs. is affecting conversation between uncle and ew had scarcely concluded, when Warrington out of his bed-room, no longer in rags, but dressed a gentleman, straight and tall, and perfectly frank good-humoured. He did the honours of his ragged g-room with as much ease as if it had been the t apartment in London. And queer rooms they in which the Major found his nephew. The car- was full of holes—the table stained with many cir- of Warrington's previous ale-pots. There was a l library of law-books, books of poetry, and of ematics, of which he was very fond. (He had one of the hardest livers and hardest readers of time at Oxbridge, where the name of Stunning rington was yet famous for beating bargemen, ng matches, winning prizes, and drinking milk- h.) A print of the old college hung up over the tel-piece, and some battered volumes of Plato, bear- its well-known arms, were on the book-shelves. e were two easy chairs; a standing reading-desk l with bills; a couple of very meagre briefs on a en-legged study-table. Indeed, there was scarcely article of furniture that had not been in the wars, was not wounded. "Look here, sir, here is Pen's

shower-bath, and a
bed-side; where he lay upon stra
and smoked his pipe, and read half
favourite poetry or mathematics.

When he had completed his
Warrington came out of this roo
the cupboard to search for his bre

"Might I offer you a mutton-
'em ourselves, hot and hot; and I a
first principles of law, cooking, a
same time. He's a lazy beggar, si
a dandy."

And so saying, Mr. Warrington
with a piece of paper, put it on the
mutton chops, and took from the cu
plates, and some knives and silver

"Say but a word, Major Pe
"there's another chop in the cupl
shall go out and get you anything

Major Pendennis sate in wonde
but he said he had just breakfasted,
any lunch. So Warrington

isn't here to do 'em, and we can't employ the boy, for the little beggar is all day occupied cleaning Pen's boots. And now for another swig at the beer. Pen drinks tea; it's only fit for old women."

"And so you were at Lady Whiston's last night," the Major said, not in truth knowing what observation to make to this rough diamond.

"I at Lady Whiston's! not such a flat, sir. I don't care for female society. In fact, it bores me. I spent my evening philosophically at the Back Kitchen."

"The Back Kitchen? indeed!" said the Major.

"I see you don't know what it means," Warrington said. "Ask Pen. He was there after Lady Whiston's. Tell Major Pendennis about the Back Kitchen, Pen—don't be ashamed of yourself."

So Pen said it was a little eccentric society of men of letters and men about town, to which he had been presented; and the Major began to think that the young fellow had seen a good deal of the world since his arrival in London.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE

COLLEGES, schools, and inns of court, still have some respect for antiquity, and maintain a great number of the customs and institutions of our ancestors, with which those persons who do not particularly regard their forefathers, or perhaps are not very well acquainted with them, have long since done away. A well-ordained workhouse or prison is much better provided with the appliances of health, comfort, and cleanliness, than a respectable Foundation School, a venerable College, or a learned Inn. In the latter place of residence men are contented to sleep in dingy closets, and to pay for the sitting-room and the cupboard, which is their dormitory, the price of a good villa and garden in the suburbs, or of a roomy house in the neglected squares of the town. The poorest mechanic in Spitalfields has a cistern and

an unbounded supply of water at his command; but the gentlemen of the inns of court, and the gentlemen of the universities, have their supply of this cosmetic fetched in jugs by laundresses and bedmakers, and live in abodes which were erected long before the custom of cleanliness and decency obtained among us. There are individuals still alive who sneer at the people, and speak of them with epithets of scorn. Gentlemen, there can be but little doubt that your ancestors were the Great Unwashed: and in the Temple especially, it is pretty certain, that only under the greatest difficulties and restrictions, the virtue which has been pronounced to be next to godliness could have been practised at all.

Old Grump, of the Norfolk Circuit, who had lived for more than thirty years in the chambers under those occupied by Warrington and Pendennis, and who used to be awakened by the roaring of the shower-baths which those gentlemen had erected in their apartments, —part of the contents of which occasionally trickled through the roof into Mr. Grump's room,—declared that the practice was an absurd, newfangled, dandyfied folly, and daily cursed the laundress who slopped the staircase by which he had to pass. Grump, now much more than half a century old, had indeed never used the luxury in question. He had done without water very well, and so had our fathers before him. Of all those knights and baronets, lords and gentlemen, bearing arms, whose escutcheons are painted upon the walls of the famous hall of the Upper Temple, was there no philanthropist good-natured enough to devise a set of Hummums for the benefit of the lawyers, his fellows and successors? The Temple historian makes no mention of such a scheme. There is

Pump Court and Fountain Court, with their hydraulic apparatus, but one never heard of a bencher disporting in the fountain; and can't but think how many a counsel learned in the law of old days might have benefitted by the pump.

Nevertheless, those venerable Inns, which have the Lamb and Flag and the Winged Horse for their ensigns, have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom, which men always remember with pleasure. I don't know whether the student of law permits himself the refreshment of enthusiasm, or indulges in poetical reminiscences as he passes by historical chambers, and says, "Yonder Eldon lived—upon this site Coke mused upon Lyttleton—here Chitty toiled—here Barnwell and Alderson joined in their famous labours—here Byles composed his great work upon bills, and Smith compiled his immortal leading cases—here Gustavus still toils, with Solomon to aid him:" but the man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were—and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Garden, and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the Covent Garden Journal, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.

If we could but get the history of a single day as it passed in any one of those four-storied houses in the dingy court where our friends Pen and Warrington dwelt, some Temple Asmodeus might furnish us with a queer volume. There may be a great parliamentary counsel on the ground-floor, who drives off to Belgravia at dinner-time, when his clerk, too, becomes a gentleman, and goes away to entertain his friends, and to take his pleasure. But a short time since he was hungry and briefless in some garret of the Inn; lived by stealthy literature; hoped, and waited, and sickened, and no clients came; exhausted his own means and his friends' kindness; had to remonstrate humbly with duns, and to implore the patience of poor creditors. Ruin seemed to be staring him in the face, when, behold, a turn of the wheel of fortune, and the lucky wretch in possession of one of those prodigious prizes which are sometimes drawn in the great lottery of the Bar. Many a better lawyer than himself does not make a fifth part of the income of his clerk, who, a few months since, could scarcely get credit for blacking for his master's unpaid boots. On the first-floor, perhaps, you will have a venerable man whose name is famous, who has lived for half a century in the Inn, whose brains are full of books, and whose shelves are stored with classical and legal lore. He has lived alone all these fifty years, alone and for himself, amassing learning, and compiling a fortune. He comes home now at night only from the club, where he has been dining freely, to the lonely chambers where he lives a godless old recluse. When he dies, his Inn will erect a tablet to his honour, and his heirs burn a part of his library. Would you like to have such a prospect for

your old age, to store up learning and money, and end so? But we must not linger too long by Mr. Doomsday's door. Worthy Mr. Grump lives over him, who is also an ancient inhabitant of the Inn, and who, when Doomsday comes home to read Catullus, is sitting down with three steady seniors of his standing, to a steady rubber at whist, after a dinner at which they have consumed their three steady bottles of Port. You may see the old boys asleep at the Temple Church of a Sunday. Attorneys seldom trouble them, and they have small fortunes of their own. On the other side of the third landing, where Pen and Warrington live, till long after midnight, sits Mr. Paley, who took the highest honours, and who is a fellow of his college, who will sit and read and note cases until two o'clock in the morning; who will rise at seven and be at the pleader's chambers as soon as they are open, where he will work until an hour before dinner-time; who will come home from Hall and read and note cases again until dawn next day, when perhaps Mr. Arthur Pendennis and his friend Mr. Warrington are returning from some of their wild expeditions. How differently employed Mr. Paley has been! He has not been throwing himself away: he has only been bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and in his fierce grasp of that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thoughts, all better things, all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets; all wit, fancy, reflection, art, love, truth altogether—so that he may master that enormous legend of the law, which he proposes to gain his livelihood by expounding. Warrington and Paley had been competitors for university

honours in former days, and had run each other hard; and everybody said now that the former was wasting his time and energies, whilst all people praised Paley for his industry. There may be doubts, however, as to which was using his time best. The one could afford time to think, and the other never could. The one could have sympathies and do kindnesses; and the other must needs be always selfish. He could not cultivate a friendship or do a charity, or admire a work of genius, or kindle at the sight of beauty or the sound of a sweet song—he had no time, and no eyes for anything but his law-books. All was dark outside his reading-lamp. Love, and Nature, and Art, (which is the expression of our praise and sense of the beautiful world of God), were shut out from him. And as he turned off his lonely lamp at night, he never thought but that he had spent the day profitably, and went to sleep alike thankless and remorseless. But he shuddered when he met his old companion Warrington on the stairs, and shunned him as one that was doomed to perdition.

It may have been the sight of that cadaverous ambition and self-complacent meanness, which showed itself in Paley's yellow face, and twinkled in his narrow eyes, or it may have been a natural appetite for pleasure and joviality, of which it must be confessed Mr. Pen was exceedingly fond, which deterred that luckless youth from pursuing his designs upon the Bench or the Woolsack with the ardour, or rather steadiness, which is requisite in gentlemen who would climb to those seats of honour. He enjoyed the Temple life with a great deal of relish: his worthy relatives thought he was reading as became a regular student:

and his uncle wrote home congratulatory letters to the kind widow at Fairoaks, announcing that the lad had sown his wild oats, and was becoming quite steady. The truth is, that it was a new sort of excitement to Pen the life in which he was now engaged, and having given up some of the dandyfied pretensions, and fine-gentleman airs which he had contracted among his aristocratic college acquaintances, of whom he now saw but little, the rough pleasures and amusements of a London bachelor were very novel and agreeable to him, and he enjoyed them all. Time was he would have envied the dandies their fine horses in Rotten Row, but he was contented now to walk in the Park and look at them. He was too young to succeed in London society without a better name and a larger fortune than he had, and too lazy to get on without these adjuncts. Old Pendennis fondly thought he was busied with law because he neglected the social advantages presented to him, and, having been at half a dozen balls and evening parties, retreated before their dullness and sameness; and whenever anybody made enquiries of the worthy Major about his nephew, the old gentleman said the young rascal was reformed, and could not be got away from his books. But the Major would have been almost as much horrified as Mr. Paley was, had he known what was Mr. Pen's real course of life, and how much pleasure entered into his law studies.

A long morning's reading, a walk in the park, a pull on the river, a stretch up the hill to Hampstead, and a modest tavern dinner; a bachelor night passed here and there, in joviality, not vice (for Arthur Pendennis admired women so heartily that he could never bear

the society of any of them that were not, in his fancy at least, good and pure); a quiet evening at home, alone with a friend and a pipe or two, and a humble

potation of British spirits, whereof Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress, invariably tested the quality;—these were our young gentleman's pursuits, and it must be owned that his life was not unpleasant. In term-time, Mr. Pen showed a most praiseworthy regularity in performing one part of the law-student's course of duty,

and eating his dinners in Hall. Indeed, that Hall of the Upper Temple is a sight not uninteresting, and with the exception of some trifling improvements and anachronisms which have been introduced into the practice there, a man may sit down and fancy that he joins in a meal of the seventeenth century. The bar have their messes, the students their tables apart; the benchers sit at the high table on the raised platform, surrounded by pictures of judges of the law and portraits of royal personages who have honoured its festivities with their presence and patronage. Pen looked about, on his first introduction, not a little amused with the scene which he witnessed. Among his comrades of the student class there were gentlemen of all ages, from sixty to seventeen; stout grey-headed attorneys who were proceeding to take the superior dignity,—dandies and men-about-town who wished for some reason to be barristers of seven years' standing,—swarthy, black-eyed natives of the Colonies, who came to be called here before they practised in their own islands,—and many gentlemen of the Irish nation, who make a sojourn in Middle Temple Lane before they return to the green country of their birth. There were little squads of reading students who talked law all dinner-time; there were rowing men, whose discourse was of sculling matches, the Red House, Vauxhall, and the Opera; there were others great in politics, and orators of the students' debating clubs; with all of which sets, except the first, whose talk was an almost unknown and quite uninteresting language to him, Mr. Pen made a gradual acquaintance, and had many points of sympathy.

The ancient and liberal Inn of the Upper Temple provides in its Hall, and for a most moderate price, an

excellent wholesome dinner of soup, meat, tarts, and port wine or sherry, for the barristers and students who attend that place of refection. The parties are arranged in messes of four, each of which quartets has its piece of beef or leg of mutton, its sufficient apple-pie and its bottle of wine. But the honest habitués of the hall, amongst the lower rank of students, who have a taste for good living, have many harmless arts by which they improve their banquet, and innocent "dodges" (if we may be permitted to use an excellent phrase that has become vernacular since the appearance of the last dictionaries) by which they strive to attain for themselves more delicate food than the common every-day roast meat of the students' tables.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Lowton, one of these Temple gourmands. "Wait a bit," said Mr. Lowton, tugging at Pen's gown—"the tables are very full, and there's only three benchers to eat ten side dishes—if we wait, perhaps we shall get something from their table." And Pen looked with some amusement, as did Mr. Lowton with eyes of fond desire, towards the benchers' high table, where three old gentlemen were standing up before a dozen silver dish-covers, while the clerk was quavering out a grace.

Lowton was great in the conduct of the dinner. His aim was to manage so as to be the first, or captain of the mess, and to secure for himself the thirteenth glass of the bottle of port wine. Thus he would have the command of the joint on which he operated his favourite cuts, and made rapid dexterous appropriations of gravy, which amused Pen infinitely. Poor Jack Lowton! thy pleasures in life were very harmless; an eager epicure, thy desires did not go beyond eighteen-pence.

somewhat older than many of his fellow-stu-
here was that about his style and appearance
e have said, was rather haughty and imper-
stamped him as a man of *ton*—very unlike
tudents who were talking law to one another,
erocious dandies, in rowing shirts and aston-
and waistcoats, who represented the idle part
community. The humble and good-natured
l felt attracted by Pen's superior looks and
nd had made acquaintance with him at the
ening the conversation.
boiled-beef day, I believe, sir," said Lowton

my word, sir, I'm not aware," said Pen,
to contain his laughter, but added, "I'm a
is is my first term;" on which Lowton be-
t out to him the notabilities in the Hall.
Boosey the bencher, the bald one sitting
cture and 'aving soup; I wonder whether it's

winking his eye knowingly, and pouring out his glass of wine.

"And why?" asked Pen.

"Why! they don't come down here to dine, you know, they only make believe to dine. *They* dine here, Law bless you! They go to some of the swell clubs, or else to some grand dinner party. You see their names in the 'Morning Post' at all the fine parties in London. Why, I bet anything that Ringwood has his cab, or Trail his brougham (he's a devil of a fellow, and makes the bishop's money spin, I can tell you) at the corner of Essex Street at this minute. They dine! They won't dine these two hours, I dare say."

"But why should you like to mess with them, if they don't eat any dinner?" Pen asked, still puzzled. "There's plenty, isn't there?"

"How green you are," said Lowton. "Excuse me, but you *are* green. They don't drink any wine, don't you see, and a fellow gets the bottle to himself if he likes it when he messes with those three chaps. That's why Corkoran got in with 'em."

"Ah, Mr. Lowton, I see you are a sly fellow," Pen said, delighted with his acquaintance: on which the other modestly replied, that he had lived in London the better part of his life, and of course had his eyes about him; and went on with his catalogue to Pen.

"There's a lot of Irish here," he said: "that Corkoran's one, and I can't say I like him. You see that handsome chap with the blue neck-cloth, and pink shirt, and yellow waistcoat, that's another: that's Molloy Maloney, of Ballymaloney, and nephew to Major-General Sir Hector O'Dowd, he, he," Lowton said, trying to imitate the Hibernian accent. "He's always bragging

about his uncle; and came into Hall in silver-striped trowsers the day he had been presented. That other near him, with the long black hair, is a tremendous rebel. By Jove, sir, to hear him at the Forum it makes your blood freeze; and the next is an Irishman, too, Jack Finucane, a reporter of a newspaper. They all stick together, those Irish. It's your turn to fill your glass. What? you won't have any port? Don't like port with your dinner? Here's your health." And this worthy man found himself not the less attached to Pendennis because the latter disliked port wine at dinner.

It was while Pen was taking his share of one of these dinners with his acquaintance Lowton as the captain of his mess, that there came to join them a gentleman in a barrister's gown, who could not find a seat, as it appeared, amongst the persons of his own degree, and who strode over the table and took his place on the bench where Pen sate. He was dressed in old clothes and a faded gown, which hung behind him, and he wore a shirt which, though clean, was extremely ragged, and very different to the magnificent pink raiment of Mr. Molloy Maloney, who occupied a commanding position in the next mess. In order to notify their appearance at dinner, it is the custom of the gentlemen who eat in the Upper Temple Hall to write down their names upon slips of paper, which are provided for that purpose, with a pencil for each mess. Lowton wrote his name first, then came Arthur Pendennis, and the next was that of the gentleman in the old clothes. He smiled when he saw Pen's name, and looked at him. "We ought to know each other," he said. "We're both Boniface men; my name's Warrington."

"Are you St—— Warrington?" Pen said, delighted to see this hero.

Warrington laughed—"Stunning Warrington—yes," he said. "I recollect you in your freshman's term. But you appear to have quite cut me out."

"The college talks about you still," said Pen, who had a generous admiration for talent and pluck. "The bargeman you thrashed, Bill Simes, don't you remember, wants you up again at Oxbridge. The Miss Notleys, the haberdashers—"

"Hush!" said Warrington—"glad to make your acquaintance, Pendennis. Heard a good deal about you."

The young men were friends immediately, and at once deep in college-talk. And Pen, who had been acting rather the fine gentleman on a previous day, when he pretended to Lowton that he could not drink port wine at dinner, seeing Warrington take his share with a great deal of gusto, did not scruple about helping himself any more, rather to the disappointment of honest Lowton. When the dinner was over, Warrington asked Arthur where he was going.

"I thought of going home to dress, and hear Grisi in Norma," Pen said.

"Are you going to meet anybody there?" he asked.

Pen said, "No—only to hear the music, of which he was very fond."

"You had much better come home and smoke a pipe with me," said Warrington,—"a very short one. Come, I live close by in Lamb Court, and we'll talk over Boniface and old times."

They went away; Lowton sighed after them. He knew that Warrington was a baronet's son, and he

looked up with simple reverence to all the aristocracy. Pen and Warrington became sworn friends from that night. Warrington's cheerfulness and jovial temper, his good sense, his rough welcome, and his never-failing pipe of tobacco, charmed Pen, who found it more pleasant to dive into shilling taverns with him, than to dine in solitary state amongst the silent and polite frequenters of the Polyanthus.

Ere long Pen gave up his lodgings in St. James's, to which he had migrated on quitting his hotel, and found it was much more economical to take up his abode with Warrington in Lamb Court, and furnish and occupy his friend's vacant room there. For it must be said of Pen, that no man was more easily led than he to do a thing, when it was a novelty, or when he had a mind to it. And Pidgeon, the youth, and Flanagan, the laundress, divided their allegiance now between Warrington and Pen.

CHAPTER XXX

OLD AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES

LATED with the idea of seeing life, Pen went into a hundred queer London haunts. He liked to think he was consorting with all sorts of men—so he beheld coalheavers in their taprooms; boxers in their inn-parlours; honest citizens disporting in the suburbs or on the river; and he would have liked to hob and nob with celebrated pickpockets, or drink a pot of ale with company of burglars and cracksmen, had chance afforded him an opportunity of making the acquaintance f this class of society. It was good to see the gravity ith which Warrington listened to the Tutbury Pet or he Brighton Stunner at the Champion's Arms, and beold the interest which he took in the coalheaving comany assembled at the Fox-under-the-Hill. His acuaintance with the public-houses of the metropolis and s neighbourhood, and with the frequenters of their vaious parlours, was prodigious. He was the personal

friend of the landlord and landlady, and welcome to the bar as to the club-room. He liked their society, he said, better than that of his own class, whose manners annoyed him, and whose conversation bored him. "In society," he used to say, "everybody is the same, wears the same dress, eats and drinks, and says the same things; one young dandy at the club talks and looks just like another, one Miss at a ball exactly resembles another, whereas there's character here. I like to talk with the strongest man in England, or the man who can drink the most beer in England, or with that tremendous republican of a hatter, who thinks Thistlewood was the greatest character in history. I like gin-and-water better than claret. I like a sanded floor in Carnaby Market better than a chalked one in Mayfair. I prefer snobs, I own it." Indeed, this gentleman was a social republican; and it never entered his head while conversing with Jack and Tom that he was in any respect their better; although, perhaps, the deference which they paid him might secretly please him.

Pen followed him then to these various resorts of men with great glee and assiduity. But he was considerably younger, and therefore much more pompous and stately than Warrington; in fact, a young prince in disguise, visiting the poor of his father's kingdom. They respected him as a high chap, a fine fellow, a regular young swell. He had somehow about him an air of imperious good-humour, and a royal frankness and majesty, although he was only heir apparent to twopence-halfpenny, and but one in descent from a gallypot. If these positions are made for us, we acquiesce in them very easily; and are always pretty ready to assume a superiority over those who are as good as ourselves.

Pen's condescension at this time of his life was a fine thing to witness. Amongst men of ability this assumption and impertinence passes off with extreme youth: but it is curious to watch the conceit of a generous and clever lad—there is something almost touching in that early exhibition of simplicity and folly.

So, after reading pretty hard of a morning, and, I fear, not law merely, but politics and general history and literature, which were as necessary for the advancement and instruction of a young man as mere dry law, after applying with tolerable assiduity to letters, to reviews, to elemental books of law, and, above all, to the newspaper, until the hour of dinner was drawing nigh, these young gentlemen would sally out upon the town with great spirits and appetite, and bent upon enjoying a merry night as they had passed a pleasant forenoon. It was a jovial time, that of four-and-twenty, when every muscle of mind and body was in healthy action, when the world was new as yet, and one moved over it spurred onwards by good spirits and the delightful capability to enjoy. If ever we feel young afterwards, it is with the comrades of that time: the tunes we hum in our old age, are those we learned then. Sometimes, perhaps, the festivity of that period revives in our memory; but how dingy the pleasure-garden has grown, how tattered the garlands look, how scant and old the company, and what a number of the lights have gone out since that day! Grey hairs have come on like daylight streaming in—daylight and a headache with it. Pleasure has gone to bed with the rouge on her cheeks. Well, friend, let us walk through the day, sober and sad, but friendly.

I wonder what Laura and Helen would have said, could they have seen, as they might not unfrequently

had they been up and in London, in the very
ing when the bridges began to blush in the
l the tranquil streets of the city to shine in the
Pen and Mr. Warrington rattling over the
gs towards the Temple, after one of their
s of carouse—nights wild, but not so wicked
ghts sometimes are, for Warrington was a
er; and Pen, as we have said, too lofty to
vulgar intrigue. Our young Prince of Fair-
could speak to one of the sex but with re-
urtesy, and shrank from a coarse word or
th instinctive delicacy—for though we have
all in love with a fool, as his betters and in-
e done, and as it is probable that he did more
n his life, yet for the time of the delusion it
s as a Goddess that he considered her, and
ait upon her. Men serve women kneeling—
get on their feet, they go away.

s what an acquaintance of Pen's said to him
homely way:—an old friend with whom he

the landlord of the Fielding's Head, generally occupied this post when not disabled by gout or other illness. His jolly appearance and fine voice may be remembered by some of my male readers; he used to sing profusely in the course of the harmonic meeting, and his songs were of what may be called the British Brandy and Water School of Song—such as "The Good Old English Gentleman," "Dear Tom, this Brown Jug," and so forth—songs in which pathos and hospitality are blended, and the praises of good liquor and the social affections are chanted in a barytone voice. The charms of our women, the heroic deeds of our naval and military commanders, are often sung in the ballads of this school, and many a time in my youth have I admired how Cutts the singer, after he had worked us all up to patriotic enthusiasm, by describing the way in which the brave Abercrombie received his death-wound, or made us join him in tears, which he shed liberally himself, as in faltering accents he told "how autumn's falling leaf proclaimed the old man he must die"—how Cutts the singer became at once Cutts the landlord, and, before the applause which we were making with our fists on his table, in compliment to his heart-stirring melody, had died away, was calling, "Now, gentlemen, give your orders, the waiter's in the room—John, a champagne cup for Mr. Green. I think, sir, you said sausages and mashed potatoes? John, attend on the gentleman."

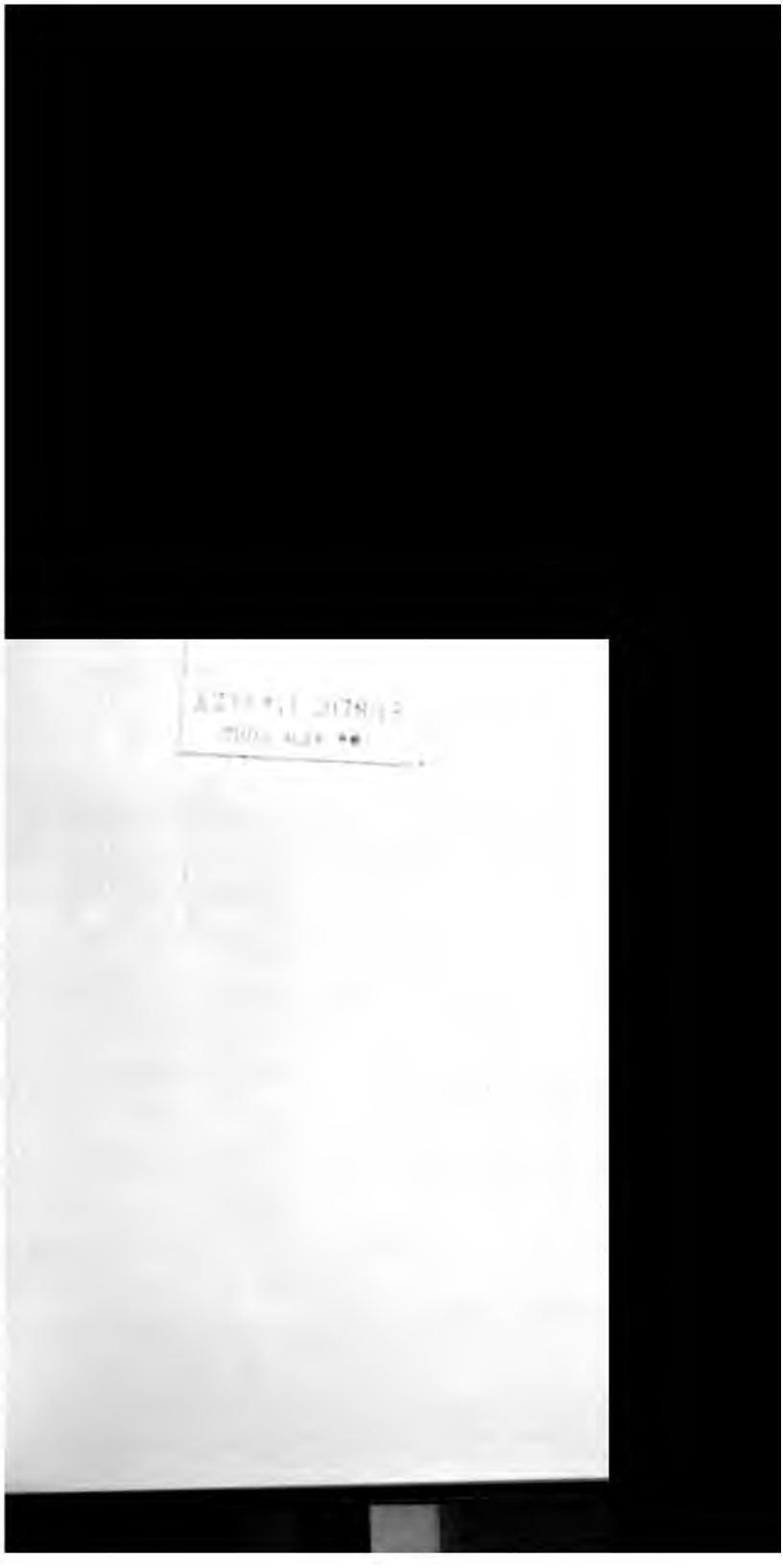
"And I'll thank ye give me a glass of punch too, John, and take care the wather boils," a voice would cry not unfrequently, a well-known voice to Pen, which made the lad blush and start when he heard it first—that of the venerable Captain Costigan; who was now

established in London, and one of the great pillars of the harmonic meetings at the Fielding's Head.

The Captain's manners and conversation brought very many young men to the place. He was a character, and his fame had begun to spread soon after his arrival in the metropolis, and especially after his daughter's marriage. He was great in his conversation to the friend for the time being (who was the neighbour drinking by his side), about "me daughter." He told of her marriage, and of the events previous and subsequent to that ceremony; of the carriages she kept; of Mirabel's adoration for her and for him; of the hunther pounds which he was at perfect liberty to draw from his son-in-law, whenever necessity urged him. And having stated that it was his firm intention to "dthraw next Sathurday, I give ye me secred word and honour next Sathurday, the fourteenth, when ye'll see the money will be handed over to me at Coutts's, the very instant I present the cheque," the Captain would not unfrequently propose to borrow half-a-crown of his friend until the arrival of that day of Greek Calends, when, on the honour of an officer and a gentleman, he would repee the thrifling obligetion.

Sir Charles Mirabel had not that enthusiastic attachment to his father-in-law, of which the latter sometimes boasted (although in other stages of emotion Cos would inveigh, with tears in his eyes, against the ingratitude of the child of his bosom, and the stinginess of the wealthy old man who had married her); but the pair had acted not unkindly towards Costigan; had settled a small pension on him, which was paid regularly, and forestalled with even more regularity by poor Cos; and the periods of the payments were always well known by his friends

An old acquaintance



the Fielding's Head, whither the honest Captain took
re to repair, bank notes in hand, calling loudly for
ange in the midst of the full harmonic meeting. "I
ink ye'll find *that* note won't be refused at the Bank
England, Cutts, my boy," Captain Costigan would
y. "Bows, have a glass? Ye needn't stint yourself
night, anyhow; and a glass of punch will make ye
ay *con spirito.*" For he was lavishly free with his
ney when it came to him, and was scarcely known
button his breeches pocket, except when the coin
is gone, or sometimes, indeed, when a creditor came

It was in one of these moments of exultation that Pen
und his old friend swaggering at the singers' table at
e Back Kitchen of the Fielding's Head, and ordering
isses of brandy and water for any of his acquaintances
o made their appearance in the apartment. War-
gton, who was on confidential terms with the bass
er, made his way up to this quarter of the room, and
walked at his friend's heels.

en started and blushed to see Costigan. He had
come from Lady Whiston's party, where he had
nd spoken with the Captain's daughter again for
rst time after very old old days. He came up with
etched hand, very kindly and warmly to greet
l man; still retaining a strong remembrance of the
hen Costigan's daughter had been everything in
rld to him. For though this young gentleman
ve been somewhat capricious in his attachments,
asionally have transferred his affections from
nan to another, yet he always respected the place
ove had dwelt, and, like the Sultan of Turkey,
hat honours should be paid to the lady towards

ıad once thrown the royal pocket-handker-

y Captain returned the clasp of Pen's hand
strength of a palm which had become very
ıe constant lifting up of weights of brandy
looked hard in Pen's face, and said, "Gre-
ns, is it possible? Me dear boy, me dear fel-
ır friend;" and then with a look of muddled
ıirly broke down with, "I know your face,
ear friend, but, bedad, I've forgot your
ve years of constant punch had passed since
Costigan met. Arthur was a good deal
nd the Captain may surely be excused for
him; when a man at the actual moment sees
ole, we may expect that his view of the past
ıer muzzy.

his condition and laughed, although, per-
ıs somewhat mortified. "Don't you remem-
ptain?" he said. "I am Pendennis—Arthur

heavens! *you* shall never want, Awthur, me dear boy. What'll ye have? John, come hither, and look aloive; give this gentleman a glass of punch, and I'll pay for't.—Your friend? I've seen him before. Permit me to have the honour of making meself known to ye, sir, and requesting ye'll take a glass of punch."

"I don't envy Sir Charles Mirabel his father-in-law," thought Pendennis. "And how is my old friend, Mr. Bows, Captain? Have you any news of him, and do you see him still?"

"No doubt he's very well," said the Captain, jingling his money, and whistling the air of a song—"The Little Doodeen"—for the singing of which he was celebrated at the Fielding's Head. "Me dear boy—I've forgot your name again—but me name's Costigan, Jack Costigan, and I'd loike ye to take as many tumblers of punch in me name as ever ye loike. Ye know me name; I'm not ashamed of it." And so the Captain went maundering on.

"It's pay-day with the General," said Mr. Hodgen, the bass singer, with whom Warrington was in deep conversation: "and he's a precious deal more than half-seas over. He has already tried that 'Little Doodeen' of his, and broke it, too, just before I sang 'King Death.' Have you heard my new song, 'The Body Snatcher,' Mr. Warrington?—angcored at St. Bartholomew's the other night—composed expressly for me. Per'aps you or your friend would like a copy of the song, sir? John, just 'ave the kindness to 'and over a 'Body Snatcher' 'ere, will yer?—There's a portrait of me, sir, as I sing it—as the Snatcher—considered rather

"Thank you," said Warrington; "heard it nine times—know it by heart, Hodgen."

Here the gentleman who presided at the pianoforte began to play upon his instrument, and Pen, looking in the direction of the music, beheld that very Mr. Bows, for whom he had been asking but now, and whose existence Costigan had momentarily forgotten. The little old man sate before the battered piano (which had injured its constitution wofully by sitting up so many nights, and spoke with a voice, as it were, at once hoarse and faint), and accompanied the singers, or played with taste and grace in the intervals of the songs.

Bows had seen and recollected Pen at once when the latter came into the room, and had remarked the eager warmth of the young man's recognition of Costigan. He now began to play an air, which Pen instantly remembered as one which used to be sung by the chorus of villagers in "The Stranger," just before Mrs. Haller came in. It shook Pen as he heard it. He remembered how his heart used to beat as that air was played, and before the divine Emily made her entry. Nobody, save Arthur, took any notice of old Bows's playing: it was scarcely heard amidst the clatter of knives and forks, the calls for poached eggs and kidneys, and the tramp of guests and waiters.

Pen went up and kindly shook the player by the hand at the end of his performance; and Bows greeted Arthur with great respect and cordiality. "What, you haven't forgot the old tune, Mr. Pendennis?" he said; "I thought you'd remember it. I take it, it was the first tune of that sort you ever heard played—wasn't it, sir? You were quite a young chap then. I fear the Captain's very bad to-night. He breaks out on a pay-

day; and I shall have the deuce's own trouble in getting him home. We live together. We still hang on, sir, in partnership, though Miss Em—though my Lady Mirabel has left the firm.—And so you remember old times, do you? Wasn't she a beauty, sir?—Your health and my service to you,"—and he took a sip at the pewter measure of porter which stood by his side as he played.

Pen had many opportunities of seeing his early acquaintances afterwards, and of renewing his relations with Costigan and the old musician.

As they sate thus in friendly colloquy, men of all sorts and conditions entered and quitted the house of entertainment; and Pen had the pleasure of seeing as many different persons of his race, as the most eager observer need desire to inspect. Healthy country tradesmen and farmers, in London for their business, came and recreated themselves with the jolly singing and suppers of the Back Kitchen,—squads of young apprentices and assistants, the shutters being closed over the scene of their labours, came hither, for fresh air doubtless,—rakish young medical students, gallant, dashing, what is called "loudly" dressed, and (must it be owned?) somewhat dirty,—were here smoking and drinking, and vociferously applauding the songs;—young university bucks were to be found here, too, with that indescribable genteel simper which is only learned at the knees of Alma Mater;—and handsome young guardsmen, and florid bucks from the St. James's Street Clubs;—nay, senators English and Irish: and even members of the House of Peers.

The bass singer had made an immense hit with his song of "The Body Snatcher," and the town rushed to

listen to it. A curtain drew aside, and Mr. Hodgen appeared in the character of the Snatcher, sitting on a coffin, with a flask of gin before him, with a spade, and a candle stuck in a skull. The song was sung with a really admirable terrific humour. The singer's voice went down so low, that its grumbles rumbled into the hearer's awe-stricken soul; and in the chorus he clamped with his spade, and gave a demoniac "Ha! ha!" which caused the very glasses to quiver on the table, as with terror. None of the other singers, not even Cutts himself, as that high-minded man owned, could stand up before the Snatcher, and he commonly used to retire to Mrs. Cutts's private apartments, or into the bar, before that fatal song extinguished him. Poor Cos's ditty, "The Little Doodeen," which Bows accompanied charmingly on the piano, was sung but to a few admirers, who might choose to remain after the tremendous resurrectionist chant. The room was commonly emptied after that, or only left in possession of a very few and persevering votaries of pleasure.

Whilst Pen and his friend were sitting here together one night, or rather morning, two habitués of the house entered almost together. "Mr. Hoolan and Mr. Doolan," whispered Warrington to Pen, saluting these gentlemen, and in the latter Pen recognised his friend of the Alacrity coach, who could not dine with Pen on the day on which the latter had invited him, being compelled by his professional duties to decline dinner-engagements on Fridays, he had stated, with his compliments to Mr. Pendennis.

Doolan's paper, the "Dawn," was lying on the table much bestained by porter, and cheek-by-jowl with Hoolan's paper, which we shall call the "Day;" the

"Dawn" was liberal—the "Day" was ultra conservative. Many of our Journals are officered by Irish gentlemen, and their gallant brigade does the penning among us, as their ancestors used to transact the fighting in Europe; and engage under many a flag, to be good friends when the battle is over.

"Kidneys, John, and a glass of stout," says Hoolan. "How are you, Morgan? how's Mrs. Doolan?"

"Doing pretty well, thank ye, Mick, my boy—faith, she's accustomed to it," said Doolan. "How's the lady that owns ye? Maybe I'll step down Sunday, and have a glass of punch, Kilburn way."

"Don't bring Patsey with you, Morgan, for our Georgy's got the measles," said the friendly Mick, and they straightway fell to talk about matters connected with their trade—about the foreign mails—about who was correspondent at Paris, and who wrote from Madrid—about the expense the "Morning Journal" was at in sending couriers, about the circulation of the "Evening Star," and so forth.

Warrington, laughing, took the "Dawn" which was lying before him, and pointed to one of the leading articles in that journal, which commenced thus—

"As rogues of note in former days who had some wicked work to perform,—an enemy to put out of the way, a quantity of false coin to be passed, a lie to be told or a murder to be done,—employed a professional perjurer or assassin to do the work, which they were themselves too notorious or too cowardly to execute; our notorious contemporary, the 'Day,' engages smashers out of doors to utter forgeries against individuals, and calls in auxiliary cut-throats to murder the reputation of those who offend him. A black vizarded ruffian (whom

mask), who signs the forged name of Tre-
present one of the chief bravoes and bullies
emporary's establishment. He is the eunuch
the bowstring, and strangles at the order of
We can convict this cowardly slave, and
do so. The charge which he has brought
rd Bangbanagher, because he is a liberal
and against the Board of Poor Law Guar-
Bangbanagher Union, is," &c.
id they like the article at your place, Mick?"
gan; "when the Captain puts his hand to it
endous hand at a smasher. He wrote the
two hours—in—whew—you know where,
oy was waiting."
vernor thinks the public don't mind a straw
newspaper rows, and has told the Docther
wering," said the other. "Them two talked
ther in my room. The Docther would have
n, for he says it's such easy writing, and re-

Boyne being the Protestant champion, and Captain Shandon the liberal orator. They are the best friends in the world, I believe, in spite of their newspaper controversies; and though they cry out against the English for abusing their country, by Jove they abuse it themselves more in a single article than we should take the pains to do in a dozen volumes. How are you, Doolan?"

"Your servant, Mr. Warrington—Mr. Pendennis, I am delighted to have the honour of seeing ye again. The night's journey on the top of the Alacrity was one of the most agreeable I ever enjoyed in my life, and it was your liveliness and urbanity that made the trip so charming. I have often thought over that happy night, sir, and talked over it to Mrs. Doolan. I have seen your elegant young friend, Mr. Foker, too, here, sir, not unfrequently. He is an occasional frequenter of this hostelry, and a right good one it is. Mr. Pendennis, when I saw you I was on the 'Tom and Jerry' Weekly Paper; I have now the honour to be sub-editor of the 'Dawn,' one of the best written papers of the empire" —and he bowed very slightly to Mr. Warrington. His speech was unctuous and measured, his courtesy oriental, his tone, when talking with the two Englishmen quite different to that with which he spoke to his comrade.

"Why the devil will the fellow compliment so?" growled Warrington, with a sneer which he hardly took the pains to suppress. "Psha—who comes here?—all Parnassus is abroad to-night: here's Archer. We shall have some fun. Well, Archer, House up?"

"Haven't been there. I have been," said Archer, with an air of mystery, "where I was wanted. Get me

er, John—something substantial. I hate
ees who give you nothing to eat. If it had
sley House, it would have been quite differ-
Duke knows what I like, and says to the
the Chambers, 'Martin, you will have some
ıot too much done, and a pint bottle of pale
ıe brown sherry, ready in my study as usual;
›ming here this evening.' The Duke doesn't
himself, but he likes to see a man enjoy a
l, and he knows that I dine early. A man
pon air, be hanged to him."

introduce you to my friend, Mr. Penden-
ington said, with great gravity. "Pen, this
her, whom you have heard me talk about.
know Pen's uncle, the Major, Archer, you
everybody?"

with him the day before yesterday at Gaunt
rcher said. "We were four—the French
r, Steyne, and we two commoners."

my uncle is in Scot—" Pen was going to

pose, that when there is anything wrong at court they always send for Archer."

"There is something wrong," said Mr. Archer, "and as the story will be all over the town in a day or two I don't mind telling it. At the last Chantilly races, where I rode Brian Boru for my old friend the Duke de St. Cloud—the old King said to me, Archer, I'm uneasy about Saint Cloud. I have arranged his marriage with the Princess Marie Cunégonde; the peace of Europe depends upon it—for Russia will declare war if the marriage does not take place, and the young fool is so mad about Madame Massena, Marshal Massena's wife, that he actually refuses to be a party to the marriage. Well, sir, I spoke to Saint Cloud, and having got him into pretty good humour by winning the race, and a good bit of money into the bargain, he said to me, 'Archer, tell the Governor I'll think of it.'"

"How do you say Governor in French?" asked Pen, who piqued himself on knowing that language.

"Oh, we speak in English—I taught him when we were boys, and I saved his life at Twickenham, when he fell out of a punt," Archer said. "I shall never forget the Queen's looks as I brought him out of the water. She gave me this diamond ring, and always calls me Charles to this day."

"Madame Massena must be rather an old woman, Archer," Warrington said.

"Dev'lish old—old enough to be his grandmother; I told him so," Archer answered at once. "But those attachments for old women are the deuce and all. That's what the King feels: that's what shocks the poor Queen so much. They went away from Paris last Tues-

and are living at this present moment at
otel."
ere been a private marriage, Archer?" asked
n.
er there has or not I don't know," Mr. Archer
ll I know is that I was kept waiting four
e palace; that I never saw a man in such a
tation as the King of Belgium when he came
k to me, and that I'm devilish hungry—and
some supper."
s been pretty well to-night," said Warring-
pair went home together: "but I have known
h greater force, and keeping a whole room
of wonder. Put aside his archery practice,
both able and honest—a good man of busi-
ellent friend, admirable to his family as hus-
r, and son."
s it makes him pull the long bow in that won-
ner?"

up and bright. Reporters were coming out of the place, or rushing up to it in cabs; there were lamps burning in the editors' rooms, and above where the compositors were at work: the windows of the building were in a blaze of gas.

"Look at that, Pen," Warrington said. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent, at this minute, giving bribes at Madrid; and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look! here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow: funds will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost; Lord B. will get up, and, holding the paper in his hand, and seeing the noble marquis in his place, will make a great speech; and—and Mr. Doolan will be called away from his supper at the Back Kitchen; for he is foreign sub-editor, and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own."

And so talking, the friends turned into their chambers, as the dawn was beginning to peep.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN WHICH THE PRINTER'S DEVIL COMES TO THE DOOR

PEN, in the midst of his revels and enjoyments, humble as they were, and moderate in cost if not in kind, saw an awful sword hanging over him which must drop down before long and put an end to his frolics and feasting. His money was very nearly spent. His club subscription had carried away a third part of it. He had paid for the chief articles of furniture with which he had supplied his little bed-room: in fine, he was come to the last five-pound note in his pocket book, and could think of no method of providing a successor: for our friend had been bred up like a young prince as yet, or as a child in arms whom his mother feeds when it cries out.

Warrington did not know what his comrade's means were. An only child, with a mother at her country house, and an old dandy of an uncle who dined with a great man every day, Pen might have a large bank at

his command for anything that the other knew. He had gold chains and a dressing-case fit for a lord. His habits were those of an aristocrat,—not that he was expensive upon any particular point, for he dined and laughed over the pint of porter and the plate of beef from the cook's shop with perfect content and good appetite,—but he could not adopt the penny-wise precautions of life. He could not give twopence to a waiter; he could not refrain from taking a cab if he had a mind to do so, or if it rained, and as surely as he took the cab he overpaid the driver. He had a scorn for cleaned gloves and minor economies. Had he been bred to ten thousand a year he could scarcely have been more free-handed; and for a beggar, with a sad story, or a couple of pretty piteous-faced children, he never could resist putting his hand into his pocket. It was a sumptuous nature, perhaps, that could not be brought to regard money; a natural generosity and kindness; and possibly a petty vanity that was pleased with praise, even with the praise of waiters and cabmen. I doubt whether the wisest of us know what our own motives are, and whether some of the actions of which we are the very proudest will not surprise us when we trace them, as we shall one day, to their source.

Warrington then did not know, and Pen had not thought proper to confide to his friend, his pecuniary history. That Pen had been wild and wickedly extravagant at college, the other was aware; everybody at college was extravagant and wild; but how great the son's expenses had been, and how small the mother's means, were points which had not been as yet submitted to Mr. Warrington's examination.

At last the story came out, while Pen was grimly sur-

ther's means, of his own follies, during which time Warrington listened intent.

"Impecuniosity will do you go knocking out the ashes at the enc don't know anything more whole an honest man, mind you—for loses its effect—than a state of tic and a tonic; it keeps your moral m of excitement: as a man who is rid his opponent's single stick before his obstacle steadily in the face, an pulse or overcome it; a little nece pluck if you have any, and nerves fortune. You will discover what you can do without when you ha them. You won't want new gloves eau de Cologne, and cabs to ride bred up as a molly-coddle, Pen, a men. A single man who has he

"You have certainly spoken; but how is one to live?" said Pen. "There is beef and bread in plenty in England, but you must pay for it with work or money. And who will take my work? and what work can I do?"

Warrington burst out laughing. "Suppose we advertise in the 'Times,'" he said, "for an usher's place at a classical and commercial academy—A gentleman, B.A. of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, and who was plucked for his degree—"

"Confound you," cried Pen.

"—Wishes to give lessons in classics and mathematics, and the rudiments of the French language; he can cut hair, attend to the younger pupils, and play a second on the piano with the daughters of the principal. Address A.P., Lamb Court, Temple."

"Go on," said Pen, growling.

"Men take to all sorts of professions. Why, there is your friend Bloundell—Bloundell is a professional blackleg, and travels the Continent, where he picks up young gentlemen of fashion and fleeces them. There is Bob O'Toole, with whom I was at school, who drives the Ballynafad mail now, and carries honest Jack Finucane's own correspondence to that city. I know a man, sir, a doctor's son, like—well, don't be angry, I meant nothing offensive—a doctor's son, I say, who was walking the hospitals here, and quarrelled with his governor on questions of finance, and what did he do when he came to his last five-pound note? he let his moustachios grow, went into a provincial town, where he announced himself as Professor Spineto, chiropodist to the Emperor of All the Russias, and by a happy operation on the editor of the county newspaper, established himself in practice, and lived reputably for three years. He

has been reconciled to his family, and has now succeeded to his father's gallypots."

"Hang gallypots," cried Pen. "I can't drive a coach, cut corns, or cheat at cards. There's nothing else you propose."

"Yes; there's our own correspondent," Warrington said. "Every man has his secrets, look you. Before you told me the story of your money-matters, I had no idea but that you were a gentleman of fortune, for, with your confounded airs and appearance, anybody would suppose you to be so. From what you tell me about your mother's income, it is clear that you must not lay any more hands on it. You can't go on sponging upon the women. You must pay off that trump of a girl. Laura is her name?—here's your health, Laura!—and carry a hod rather than ask for a shilling from home."

"But how earn one?" asked Pen.

"How do I live, think you?" said the other. "On my younger brother's allowance, Pendennis? I have secrets of my own, my boy;" and here Warrington's countenance fell. "I made away with that allowance five years ago: if I had made away with myself a little time before, it would have been better. I have played off my own bat, ever since. I don't want much money. When my purse is out, I go to work and fill it, and then lie idle like a serpent or an Indian, until I have digested the mass. Look, I begin to feel empty," Warrington said, and showed Pen a long lean purse, with but a few sovereigns at one end of it.

"But how do you fill it?" said Pen.

"I write," said Warrington. "I don't tell the world that I do so," he added, with a blush. "I do not choose that questions should be asked: or, perhaps, I am an

ass, and don't wish it to be said that George Warrington writes for bread. But I write in the Law Reviews: look here, these articles are mine." And he turned over some sheets. "I write in a newspaper now and then, of which a friend of mine is editor." And Warrington, going with Pendennis to the club one day, called for a file of the "Dawn," and pointed with his finger silently to one or two articles, which Pen read with delight. He had no difficulty in recognising the style afterwards—the strong thoughts and curt periods, the sense, the satire, and the scholarship.

"I am not up to this," said Pen, with a genuine admiration of his friend's powers. "I know very little about politics or history, Warrington; and have but a smattering of letters. I can't fly upon such a wing as yours."

"But you can on your own, my boy, which is lighter, and soars higher, perhaps," the other said, good-naturedly. "Those little scraps and verses which I have seen of yours show me, what is rare in these days, a natural gift, sir. You needn't blush, you conceited young jackanapes. You have thought so yourself any time these ten years. You have got the sacred flame—a little of the real poetical fire, sir, I think; and all our oil-lamps are nothing, compared to that, though ever so well trimmed. You are a poet, Pen, my boy," and so speaking, Warrington stretched out his broad hand, and clapped Pen on the shoulder.

Arthur was so delighted that the tears came into his eyes. "How kind you are to me, Warrington!" he said.

"I like you, old boy," said the other. "I was dev'lish lonely in chambers and wanted somebody, and the sight

nest face somehow pleased me. I liked the
ughed at Lowton—that poor good little snob.
e, the reason why I cannot tell—but so it is,
I'm alone in the world, sir; and I wanted
o keep me company;" and a glance of ex-
ness and melancholy passed out of Warring-
eyes.

too much pleased with his own thoughts to
e sadness of the friend who was compliment-
'Thank you, Warrington," he said, "thank
ur friendship to me, and—and what you say
I *have* often thought I was a poet. I will
think I am one, as you say so, though the
n't. Is it—is it the Ariadne in Naxos which
I was only eighteen when I wrote it), or the
n?"

ton burst into a roar of laughter. "Why,
goose," he yelled out—"of all the miserable
sh I ever tried, Ariadne in Naxos is the most
d disgusting. The Prize Poem is so pom-

Warrington only laughed the more, and blew twenty-four puffs rapidly out of his pipe by way of reply to Pen.

An opportunity for showing his skill presented itself before very long. That eminent publisher, Mr. Bacon (formerly Bacon and Bungay) of Paternoster Row, besides being the proprietor of the "Legal Review," in which Mr. Warrington wrote, and of other periodicals of note and gravity, used to present to the world every year a beautiful gilt volume called the "Spring Annual," edited by the Lady Violet Lebas, and numbering amongst its contributors not only the most eminent, but the most fashionable poets of our time. Young Lord Dodo's poems first appeared in this miscellany—the Honourable Percy Popjoy, whose chivalrous ballads have obtained him such a reputation—Bedwin Sands's Eastern Ghazuls, and many more of the works of our young nobles were first given to the world in the "Spring Annual," which has since shared the fate of other vernal blossoms, and perished out of the world. The book was daintily illustrated with pictures of reigning beauties, or other prints of a tender and voluptuous character; and, as these plates were prepared long beforehand, requiring much time in engraving, it was the eminent poets who had to write to the plates, and not the painters who illustrated the poems.

One day, just when this volume was on the eve of publication, it chanced that Mr. Warrington called in Paternoster Row to talk with Mr. Hack, Mr. Bacon's reader and general manager of publications—for Mr. Bacon, not having the least taste in poetry or in literature of any kind, wisely employed the services of a pro-

gentleman. Warrington, then, going into
's room on business of his own, found that
with a bundle of proof plates and sheets of
g Annual" before him, and glanced at some

Warrington burst out laughing as he read the poem: and Mr. Hack laughed too, but with rather a rueful face.—"It won't do," he said, "the public won't stand it. Bungay's people are going to bring out a very good book, and have set up Miss Bunion against Lady Violet. We have most titles to be sure—but the verses are too bad. Lady Violet herself owns it; she's busy with her own poem; what's to be done? We can't lose the plate. The governor gave sixty pounds for it!"

"I know a fellow who would do some verses, I think," said Warrington. "Let me take the plate home in my poeket: and send to my chambers in the morning for the verses. You'll pay well, of course?"

"Of course," said Mr. Hack; and Warrington, having dispatched his own business, went home to Mr. Pen, plate in hand.

"Now, boy, here's a chance for you. Turn me off a copy of verses to this."

"What's this? A Church Porch—A lady entering it, and a youth out of a wine-shop window ogling her.—What the deuce am I to do with it?"

"Try," said Warrington. "Earn your livelihood for once, you who long so to do it."

"Well, I will try," said Pen.

"And I'll go out to dinner," said Warrington, and left Mr. Pen in a brown study.

When Warrington came home that night, at a very late hour, the verses were done. "There they are," said Pen. "I've screwed 'em out at last. I think they'll do."

"I think they will," said Warrington, after reading them; they ran as follows:—

THE CHURCH PORCH.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
  Sometimes I hover,
And at the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
  Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
  And noise and humming:
They've stopp'd the chiming bell,
I hear the organ's swell—
  She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
  And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast.
She comes—she's here—she's past.
  May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturb'd, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint
  Meekly and duly.
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
  With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
  Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
  Angels within it.

"Have you got any more, young fellow?" asked Warrington. "We must make them give you a couple of guineas a page; and if the verses are liked, why, you'll get an entrée into Bacon's magazines, and may turn a decent penny."

Pen examined his portfolio and found another ballad which he thought might figure with advantage in the "Spring Annual," and consigning these two precious documents to Warrington, the pair walked from the Temple, to the famous haunt of the Muses and their masters, Paternoster Row. Bacon's shop was an ancient low-browed building, with a few of the books published by the firm displayed in the windows, under a bust of my Lord of Verulam, and the name of Mr. Bacon in brass on the private door. Exactly opposite to Bacon's house was that of Mr. Bungay, which was newly painted and elaborately decorated in the style of the seventeenth century, so that you might have fancied stately Mr. Evelyn passing over the threshold, or curious Mr. Pepys examining the books in the window. Warrington went into the shop of Mr. Bacon, but Pen stayed without. It was agreed that his ambassador should act for him entirely; and the young fellow paced up and down the street in a very nervous condition, until he should learn the result of the negotiation. Many a poor devil before him has trodden those flags, with similar cares and anxieties at his heels, his bread and his fame dependent upon the sentence of his magnanimous patrons of the Row. Pen looked at all the wonders of all the shops; and the strange variety of literature which they exhibit. In this were displayed black-letter volumes and books in the clear pale types of Aldus and Elzevir: in the next, you might see the

"Penny Horrific Register;" the "Halfpenny Annals of Crime," and "History of the most celebrated murderers of all countries," "The Raff's Magazine," "The Larky Swell," and other publications of the penny press; whilst at the next window, portraits of ill-favoured individuals, with fac-similes of the venerated signatures of the Reverend Grimes Wapshot, the Reverend Elias Howle, and the works written and the sermons preached by them, showed the British Dissenter where he could find mental pabulum. Hard by would be a little casement hung with emblems, with medals and rosaries, with little paltry prints of saints gilt and painted, and books of controversial theology, by which the faithful of the Roman opinion might learn a short way to deal with Protestants, at a penny apiece, or ninepence the dozen for distribution; whilst in the very next window you might see "Come out of Rome," a sermon preached at the opening of the Shepherd's Bush College, by John Thomas Lord Bishop of Ealing. Scarce an opinion but has its expositor and its place of exhibition in this peaceful old Paternoster Row, under the toll of the bells of Saint Paul.

Pen looked in at all the windows and shops, as a gentleman, who is going to have an interview with the dentist, examines the books on the waiting-room table. He remembered them afterwards. It seemed to him that Warrington would never come out; and indeed the latter was engaged for some time in pleading his friend's cause.

Pen's natural conceit would have swollen immensely if he could but have heard the report which Warrington gave of him. It happened that Mr. Bacon himself had occasion to descend to Mr. Hack's room whilst War-

rington was talking there, and Warrington, knowing Bacon's weaknesses, acted upon them with great adroitness in his friend's behalf. In the first place, he put on his hat to speak to Bacon, and addressed him from the table on which he seated himself. Bacon liked to be treated with rudeness by a gentleman, and used to pass it on to his inferiors as boys pass the mark. "What! not know Mr. Pendennis, Mr. Bacon?" Warrington said. "You can't live much in the world, or you would know him. A man of property in the West, of one of the most ancient families in England, related to half the nobility in the empire—he's cousin to Lord Pontypool —he was one of the most distinguished men at Oxbridge; he dines at Gaunt House every week."

"Law bless me, you don't say so, sir. Well—really —Law bless me now," said Mr. Bacon.

"I have just been showing Mr. Hack some of his verses, which he sat up last night, at my request, to write; and Hack talks about giving him a copy of the book—the what-d'-you-call-'em."

"Law bless me now, does he? The what-d'-you-call-'em. Indeed!"

"'The Spring Annual' is its name,—as payment for these verses. You don't suppose that such a man as Mr. Arthur Pendennis gives up a dinner at Gaunt House for nothing? You know, as well as anybody, that the men of fashion want to be paid."

"That they do, Mr. Warrington, sir," said the publisher.

"I tell you he's a star; he'll make a name, sir. He's a new man, sir."

"They've said that of so many of those young swells, Mr. Warrington," the publisher interposed, with a sigh.

as Lord Viscount Dodo, now; I gave his
good bit of money for his poems, and only
copies. Mr. Popjoy's Hadgincourt, sir, fell

then, I'll take my man over to Bungay,"
n said, and rose from the table. This threat
ach for Mr. Bacon, who was instantly ready
o any reasonable proposal of Mr. Warring-
finally asked his manager what those pro-
e? When he heard that the negotiation only
yet to a couple of ballads, which Mr. War-
fered for the "Spring Annual," Mr. Bacon
bless you, give him a cheque directly;" and
aper Warrington went out to his friend, and
grinning, in Pen's hands. Pen was as elated
body had left him a fortune. He offered
n a dinner at Richmond instantly. "What
go and buy for Laura and his mother? He
omething for them."

dulged in such a luxury, but Warrington would not baulk him: and they drank together to the health of the "Spring Annual."

It never rains but it pours, according to the proverb; so very speedily another chance occurred, by which Mr. Pen was to be helped in his scheme of making a livelihood. Warrington one day threw him a letter across the table, which was brought by a printer's boy, "from Captain Shandon, sir"—the little emissary said: and then went and fell asleep on his accustomed bench in the passage. He paid many a subsequent visit there, and brought many a message to Pen.

"*F. P. Tuesday Morning.*

"My dear Sir,

"Bungay will be here to-day, about the 'Pall-Mall Gazette.' You would be the very man to help us *with a genuine West-end article*,—you understand—dashing, trenchant, and d—— aristocratic. Lady Hipshaw will write; but she's not much you know, and we've two lords; but the less they do the better. We must have you. We'll give you your own terms, and we'll make a hit with the 'Gazette.'

"Shall B. come and see you, or can you look in upon me here?

"Ever yours,

"C. S."

"Some more opposition," Warrington said, when Pen had read the note. "Bungay and Bacon are at daggers drawn; each married the sister of the other, and they were for some time the closest friends and partners. Hack says it was Mrs. Bungay who caused all the mischief between the two; whereas Shandon, who reads for Bungay a good deal, says Mrs. Bacon did the business; but I don't know which is right, Peachum or Lockit.

Since they have separated, it is a furious war between the two publishers; and no sooner does one bring out a book of travels, or poems, a magazine or periodical, quarterly, or monthly, or weekly, or annual, but the rival is in the field with something similar. I have heard poor Shandon tell with great glee how he made Bungay give a grand dinner at Blackwall to all his writers, by saying that Bacon had invited his corps to an entertainment at Greenwich. When Bungay engaged your celebrated friend Mr. Wagg to edit the 'Londoner,' Bacon straightway rushed off and secured Mr. Grindle to give his name to the 'Westminster Magazine.' When Bacon brought out his comic Irish novel of 'Barney Brallaghan,' off went Bungay to Dublin, and produced his rollicking Hibernian story of 'Looney Mac Twolter.' When Doctor Hicks brought out his 'Wanderings in Mesopotamia' under Bacon's auspices, Bungay produced Professor Sadiman's 'Researches in Zahara;' and Bungay is publishing his 'Pall-Mall Gazette' as a counterpoise to Bacon's 'Whitehall Review.' Let us go and hear about the 'Gazette.' There may be a place for you in it, Pen, my boy. We will go and see Shandon. We are sure to find him at home."

"Where does he live?" asked Pen.

"In the Fleet Prison," Warrington said. "And very much at home he is there too. He is the king of the place."

Pen had never seen this scene of London life, and walked with no small interest in at the grim gate of that dismal edifice. They went through the ante-room, where the officers and janitors of the place were seated, and passing in at the wicket, entered the prison. The noise and the crowd, the life and the shouting, the shabby bus-

tle of the place, struck and excited Pen. People moved about ceaselessly and restless, like caged animals in a menagerie. Men were playing at fives. Others pacing and tramping: this one in colloquy with his lawyer in dingy black—that one walking sadly, with his wife by his side, and a child on his arm. Some were arrayed in tattered dressing gowns, and had a look of rakish fashion. Everybody seemed to be busy, humming, and on the move. Pen felt as if he choked in the place, and as if the door being locked upon him they never would let him out.

They went through a court up a stone staircase, and through passages full of people, and noise, and cross lights, and black doors clapping and banging;—Pen feeling as one does in a feverish morning-dream. At last the same little runner who had brought Shandon's note, and had followed them down Fleet Street munching apples, and who showed the way to the two gentlemen through the prison, said, " This is the Captain's door," and Mr. Shandon's voice from within bade them enter.

The room, though bare, was not uncheerful. The sun was shining in at the window—near which sate a lady at work, who had been gay and beautiful once, but in whose faded face kindness and tenderness still beamed. Through all his errors and reckless mishaps and misfortunes, this faithful creature adored her husband, and thought him the best and cleverest, as indeed he was one of the kindest of men. Nothing ever seemed to disturb the sweetness of his temper; not debts; not duns: not misery: not the bottle: not his wife's unhappy position, or his children's ruined chances. He was perfectly fond of wife and children after his fashion: he always had the

ds and smiles for them, and ruined them with sweetness of temper. He never could refuse any man any enjoyment which his money hase; he would share his last guinea with Tom, and we may be sure he had a score of ers. He would sign his name at the back of bill, and never pay any debt of his own. He e on any side, and attack himself or another qual indifference. He was one of the witti- t amiable, and the most incorrigible of Irish- ody could help liking Charley Shandon who ce, and those whom he ruined could scarcely ith him.

en and Warrington arrived, the Captain (he an Irish militia regiment once, and the title with him) was sitting on his bed in a torn own, with a desk on his knees, at which he ng as fast as his rapid pen could write. Slip f paper fell off the desk wet on to the ground.

The Pall Mall Gazette

"If you're rich, why don't you take papa out of piz'n?" asked the child.

Mamma at this began to wipe her eyes with the work on which she was employed. (The poor lady had hung curtains up in the room, had brought the children's picture and placed it there, and had made one or two attempts to ornament it.) Mamma began to cry; Mr. Bungay turned red, and looked fiercely out of his bloodshot little eyes; Shandon's pen went on, and Pen and Warrington arrived with their knock.

Captain Shandon looked up from his work. "How do you do, Mr. Warrington," he said. "I'll speak to you in a minute. Please sit down, gentlemen, if you can find places," and away went the pen again.

Warrington pulled forward an old portmanteau—the only available seat—and sate down on it with a bow to Mrs. Shandon, and a nod to Bungay; the child came and looked at Pen solemnly; and in a couple of minutes the swift scribbling ceased; and Shandon, turning the desk over on the bed, stooped and picked up the papers.

"I think this will do," said he. "It's the prospectus for the 'Pall-Mall Gazette.'"

"And here's the money for it," Mr. Bungay said, laying down a five-pound note. "I'm as good as my word, I am. When I say I'll pay, I pay."

"Faith that's more than some of us can say," said Shandon, and he eagerly clapped the note into his pocket.

CHAPTER XXXII

[IS PASSED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LUDGATE HILL

UR imprisoned Captain announced, in smart and emphatic language in his prospectus, that the time had come at last when it was necessary for the gentlemen of England to band together in

to assault and contumely from men to whom no sanctuary was sacred, for they believed in nothing holy; no history venerable, for they were too ignorant to have heard of the past; and no law was binding which they were strong enough to break, when their leaders gave the signal for plunder. It was because the kings of France mistrusted their gentlemen," Mr. Shandon remarked, "that the monarchy of Saint Louis went down: it was because the people of England still believed in their gentlemen, that this country encountered and overcame the greatest enemy a nation ever met: it was because we were headed by gentlemen that the Eagles retreated before us from the Douro to the Garonne: it was a gentleman who broke the line at Trafalgar, and swept the plain of Waterloo."

Bungay nodded his head in a knowing manner, and winked his eyes when the Captain came to the Waterloo passage: and Warrington burst out laughing.

"You see how our venerable friend Bungay is affected," Shandon said, slily looking up from his papers —"that's your true sort of test. I have used the Duke of Wellington and the battle of Waterloo a hundred times: and I never knew the Duke to fail."

The Captain then went on to confess, with much candour, that up to the present time the gentlemen of England, confident of their right, and careless of those who questioned it, had left the political interest of their order as they did the management of their estates, or the settlement of their legal affairs, to persons affected to each peculiar service, and had permitted their interests to be represented in the press by professional proctors and advocates. That time Shandon professed to consider was now gone by: the gentlemen of England must

vn champions: the declared enemies of their
brave, strong, numerous, and uncompromis-
must meet their foes in the field: they must
ed and misrepresented by hireling advocates:
not have Grub Street publishing Gazettes
tehall; "that's a dig at Bacon's people, Mr.
said Shandon, turning round to the publisher.
clapped his stick on the floor. "Hang him,
him, Capting," he said with exultation: and
Warrington, wagged his dull head more ve-
than ever, and said, "For a slashing article,
nobody like the Capting—no-o-body like

spectus-writer went on to say that some gen-
hose names were, for obvious reasons, not
efore the public (at which Mr. Warrington
ugh again), had determined to bring forward
of which the principles were so and so. "These
oud of their order, and anxious to uphold it,"

"It's the Habeas Corpus, Mr. Bungay," Warrington said, on which the publisher answered, "All right, I dare say," and yawned, though he said, "Go on, Capting."

—"at Runnymede; they are ready to defend that freedom to-day with sword and pen, and now, as then, to rally round the old laws and liberties of England."

"Brayvo!" cried Warrington. The little child stood wondering; the lady was working silently, and looking with fond admiration. "Come here, little Mary," said Warrington, and patted the child's fair curls with his large hand. But she shrank back from his rough caress, and preferred to go and take refuge at Pen's knee, and play with his fine watch-chain: and Pen was very much pleased that she came to him; for he was very soft-hearted and simple, though he concealed his gentleness under a shy and pompous demeanour. So she clambered up on his lap, whilst her father continued to read his programme.

"You were laughing," the Captain said to Warrington, "about 'the obvious reasons' which I mentioned. Now, I'll show ye what they are, ye unbelieving heathen. 'We have said,'" he went on, "'that we cannot give the names of the parties engaged in this undertaking, and that there were obvious reasons for that concealment. We number influential friends in both Houses of the Senate, and have secured allies in every diplomatic circle in Europe. Our sources of intelligence are such as cannot, by any possibility, be made public—and, indeed, such as no other London or European journal could, by any chance, acquire. But this we are free to say, that the very earliest information connected with the movement of English and Continental politics, will be found ONLY in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette." The States-

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e Capitalist, the Country Gentleman, and the
l be amongst our readers, because our writers
st them. We address ourselves to the higher
ociety: we care not to disown it—the " Pall
tte " is written by gentlemen for gentlemen;
ors speak to the classes in which they live and
The field-preacher has his journal, the rad-
inker has his journal: why should the Gentle-
gland be unrepresented in the Press? ' "
ndon then went on with much modesty to
on the literary and fashionable departments
ll Mall Gazette," which were to be conducted
en of acknowledged reputation; men famous
iversities (at which Mr. Pendennis could
lp laughing and blushing), known at the
of the Society which they described. He
t delicately to advertisers that there would be
dium as the " Pall Mall Gazette " for giving
o their sales; and he eloquently called upon

ain could write the best smashing article in England. He wanted the opposition house of Bacon smashed, and was his opinion that the Captain could do that busi-

ness. If the Captain had written a letter of Junius on a sheet of paper, or copied a part of the Church Catechism, Mr. Bungay would have been perfectly contented, and have considered that the article was a smashing article. And he pocketed the papers with the greatest satisfaction: and he not only paid for the MS., as we

but he called little Mary to him, and gave her
s he went away.
ding of the manuscript over, the party en-
general conversation, Shandon leading with
ashionable air in compliment to the two guests
with him, and who, by their appearance and
e presumed to be persons of the *beau monde*.
very little indeed of the great world, but he
, and made the most of what he had seen. He
he characters of the day, and great personages
hion, with easy familiarity and jocular allu-
f it was his habit to live amongst them. He
otes of their private life, and of conversations
d, and entertainments at which he had been
nd at which such and such a thing occurred.
amused to hear the shabby prisoner in a tat-
sing-gown talking glibly about the great of
Mrs. Shandon was always delighted when
d told these tales, and believed in them fondly
She did not want to mingle in the fashionable

said he was always to be found at home, and should be delighted to see Mr. Pennington.

"I'll see you to my park-gate, gentlemen," said Captain Shandon, seizing his hat, in spite of a deprecatory look, and a faint cry of "Charles" from Mrs. Shandon. And the Captain, in shabby slippers, shuffled out before his guests, leading the way through the dismal passages of the prison. His hand was already fiddling with his waistcoat pocket, where Bungay's five-pound note was, as he took leave of the three gentlemen at the wicket; one of them, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, being greatly relieved when he was out of the horrid place, and again freely treading the flags of Farringdon-street.

Mrs. Shandon sadly went on with her work at the window looking into the court. She saw Shandon with a couple of men at his heels run rapidly in the direction of the prison tavern. She had hoped to have had him to dinner herself that day: there was a piece of meat, and some salad in a basin, on the ledge outside of the window of their room, which she had expected that she and little Mary were to share with the child's father. But there was no chance of that now. He would be in that tavern until the hours for closing it; then he would go and play at cards or drink in some other man's room, and come back silent, with glazed eyes, reeling a little in his walk, that his wife might nurse him. Oh, what varieties of pain do we not make our women suffer!

So Mrs. Shandon went to the cupboard, and, in lieu of a dinner, made herself some tea. And in those varieties of pain of which we spoke anon, what a part of confidante has that poor tea-pot played ever since the kindly plant was introduced among us! What myriads of women have cried over it, to be sure! What sick beds

ked by! What fevered lips have received re-
from out of it! Nature meant very gently
when she made that tea-plant. With a little
hat a series of pictures and groups the fancy
re up and assemble round the tea-pot and
ssa and Saccharissa are talking love secrets
oor Polly has it and her lover's letters upon
his letters who was her lover yesterday, and
s with pleasure, not despair, she wept over
ry comes tripping noiselessly into her mother's
bearing a cup of the consoler to the widow
ke no other food. Ruth is busy concocting
usband, who is coming home from the harvest
could fill a page with hints for such pictures;
Mrs. Shandon and little Mary sit down and
tea together, while the Captain goes out
his pleasure. She cares for nothing else but
her husband is away.
eman with whom we are already slightly ac-

yet, but he had an aide-de-camp of his own nation, likewise in circumstances of pecuniary discomfort. That aide-de-camp has subordinates of his own, who again may have other insolvent dependents—all through his life our Captain marched at the head of a ragged staff, who shared in the rough fortunes of their chieftain.

"He won't have that five-pound note very long, I bet a guinea," Mr. Bungay said of the Captain, as he and his two companions walked away from the prison; and the publisher judged rightly, for when Mrs. Shandon came to empty her husband's pockets, she found but a couple of shillings, and a few half-pence out of the morning's remittance. Shandon had given a pound to one follower; had sent a leg of mutton and potatoes and beer to an acquaintance in the poor side of the prison; had paid an outstanding bill at the tavern where he had changed his five-pound note; had had a dinner with two friends there, to whom he lost sundry half-crowns at cards afterwards; so that the night left him as poor as the morning had found him.

The publisher and the two gentlemen had had some talk together after quitting Shandon, and Warrington reiterated to Bungay what he had said to his rival, Bacon, viz., that Pen was a high fellow, of great genius, and what was more, well with the great world, and related to "no end" of the peerage. Bungay replied that he should be happy to have dealings with Mr. Pendennis, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing both gents to cut mutton with him before long, and so, with mutual politeness and protestations, they parted.

"It is hard to see such a man as Shandon," Pen said, musing, and talking that night over the sight which he

ssed, "of accomplishments so multifarious, n an undoubted talent and humour, an inmate or half his time, and a bookseller's hanger-on f prison."

bookseller's hanger-on—you are going to try as a hack," Warrington said with a laugh. all hacks upon some road or other. I would nyself, than Paley our neighbour in chambers: s much enjoyment of his life as a mole. A l of undeserved compassion has been thrown what you call your bookseller's drudge."

solitary pipes and ale make a cynic of you," "You are a Diogenes by a beer-barrel, War- No man shall tell me that a man of genius, as s, ought to be driven by such a vulgar slave- onder Mr. Bungay, whom we have just left, s on the profits of the other's brains, and en- elf out of his journeyman's labour. It makes ant to see a gentleman the serf of such a crea- t, of a man who can't speak the language that

deal kindly with the eccentricities of genius, and remember that the very ardour and enthusiasm of temperament which makes the author delightful often leads the man astray!"

"A fiddlestick about men of genius!" Warrington cried out, who was a very severe moralist upon some points, though possibly a very bad practitioner. "I deny that there are so many geniuses as people who whimper about the fate of men of letters assert there are. There are thousands of clever fellows in the world who could, if they would, turn verses, write articles, read books, and deliver a judgment upon them; the talk of professional critics and writers is not a whit more brilliant, or profound, or amusing, than that of any other society of educated people. If a lawyer, or a soldier, or a parson, outruns his income, and does not pay his bills, he must go to gaol; and an author must go, too. If an author fuddles himself, I don't know why he should be let off a headache the next morning,—if he orders a coat from the tailor's, why he shouldn't pay for it?"

"I would give him more money to buy coats," said Pen, smiling. "I suppose I should like to belong to a well-dressed profession. I protest against that wretch of a middle-man whom I see between Genius and his great landlord, the Public, and who stops more than half of the labourer's earnings and fame."

"I am a prose labourer," Warrington said: "you, my boy, are a poet in a small way, and so, I suppose, consider you are authorised to be flighty. What is it you want? Do you want a body of capitalists that shall be forced to purchase the works of all authors, who may present themselves, manuscript in hand? Everybody who writes his epic, every driveller who can or can't

roduces his novel or his tragedy,—are they
and find a bag of sovereigns in exchange
orthless reams of paper? Who is to settle
d or bad, salable or otherwise? Will you
ver leave, in fine, to purchase or not? Why,
hnson sate behind the screen at Saint John's
took his dinner apart, because he was too
poor to join the literary bigwigs who were
emselves round Mr. Cave's best table-cloth,
an was doing him no wrong. You couldn't
blisher to recognise the man of genius in the
who presented himself before him, ragged,
hungry. Rags are not a proof of genius;
ital is absolute, as times go, and is perforce
-master. It has a right to deal with the lit-
or as with any other;—if I produce a novelty
trade, I must do the best I can with it; but
ore force Mr. Murray to purchase my book
r sermons, than I can compel Mr. Tattersall

to his weakness: though I fear that sort of kindness would be resented as contempt by a more high-minded man. You see he takes his consolation along with his misfortune, and one generates the other or balances it, as is the way of the world. He is a prisoner, but he is not unhappy."

"His genius sings within his prison bars," Pen said.

"Yes," Warrington said, bitterly; "Shandon accommodates himself to a cage pretty well. He ought to be wretched, but he has Jack and Tom to drink with, and that consoles him: he might have a high place, but, as he can't, why he can drink with Tom and Jack;—he might be providing for his wife and children, but Thomas and John have got a bottle of brandy which they want him to taste;—he might pay poor Snip, the tailor, the twenty pounds which the poor devil wants for his landlord, but John and Thomas lay their hands upon his purse;—and so he drinks whilst his tradesman goes to gaol and his family to ruin. Let us pity the misfortunes of genius, and conspire against the publishing tyrants who oppress men of letters."

"What! are you going to have another glass of brandy-and-water?" Pen said, with a humorous look. It was at the Back Kitchen that the above philosophical conversation took place between the two young men.

Warrington began to laugh as usual. "*Video meliora proboque*—I mean, bring it me hot, with sugar, John," he said to the waiter.

"I would have some more, too, only I don't want it," said Pen. "It does not seem to me, Warrington, that we are much better than our neighbours." And Warrington's last glass having been dispatched, the pair returned to their chambers.

ınd a couple of notes in the letter-box, on
, which had been sent by their acquaintance
ning, Mr. Bungay. That hospitable gentle-
ted his compliments to each of the gentle-
equested the pleasure of their company at
n early day, to meet a few literary friends.
ll have a grand spread," said Warrington.
meet all Bungay's corps."
cept poor Shandon," said Pen, nodding a
to his friend, and he went into his own little
e events and acquaintances of the day had
a good deal, and he lay for some time awake
er them, as Warrington's vigorous and regu-
om the neighbouring apartment pronounced
ntleman was engaged in deep slumber.

e, thought Pendennis, lying on his bed and
a bright moon without, that lighted up a
is dressing-table, and the frame of a little
airoaks drawn by Laura, that hung over his

a pride will you have, if I can do anything worthy of our name! and you, Laura, you won't scorn me as the worthless idler and spendthrift, when you see that I—when I have achieved a—psha! what an Alnaschar I am because I have made five pounds by my poems, and am engaged to write half a dozen articles for a newspaper. He went on with these musings, more happy and hopeful, and in a humbler frame of mind, than he had felt to be for many a day. He thought over the errors and idleness, the passions, extravagances, disappointments, of his wayward youth: he got up from the bed: threw open the window, and looked out into the night: and then, by some impulse, which we hope was a good one, he went up and kissed the picture of Fairoaks, and flinging himself down on his knees by the bed, remained for some time in that posture of hope and submission. When he rose, it was with streaming eyes. He had found himself repeating, mechanically, some little words which he had been accustomed to repeat as a child at his mother's side, after the saying of which she would softly take him to his bed and close the curtains round him, hushing him with a benediction.

The next day, Mr. Pidgeon, their attendant, brought in a large brown paper parcel, directed to G. Warrington, Esq., with Mr. Trotter's compliments, and a note which Warrington read.

"Pen, you beggar!" roared Warrington to Pen, who was in his own room.

"Hullo!" sung out Pen.

"Come here, you're wanted," cried the other, and Pen came out. "What is it?" said he.

"*Catch!*" cried Warrington, and flung the parcel at

novels, and poems.

"Sport the oak, Pidgeon,' home to anybody to-day." A chair, and hardly gave himself eager was he to begin to read a

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN WHICH THE HISTORY STILL HOVERS ABOUT FLEET-STREET

CAPTAIN SHANDON, urged on by his wife, who seldom meddled in business matters, had stipulated that John Finucane, Esquire, of the Upper Temple, should be appointed sub-editor of the forthcoming "Pall Mall Gazette," and this post was accordingly conferred upon Mr. Finucane by the spirited proprietor of the Journal. Indeed he deserved any kindness at the hands of Shandon, so fondly attached was he, as we have said, to the Captain and his family, and so eager to do him a service. It was in Finucane's chambers that Shandon used in former days to hide when danger was near and bailiffs abroad: until at length his hiding-place was known, and the sheriff's officers came as regularly to wait for the Captain on Finucane's stair-case as at his own door. It was to Finucane's chambers that poor Mrs. Shandon came often and often to explain her troubles and griefs, and devise means of rescue for her adored Captain. Many a meal did Finucane furnish for her and the child there. It was an honour to his little rooms to be visited by such a lady; and as she went down the stair-case with her veil over her face, Fin would lean over the balustrade looking after her, to see that no Temple Lovelace assailed her upon the road, perhaps

hoping that some rogue might be induced to waylay her, so that he, Fin, might have the pleasure of rushing to her rescue, and breaking the rascal's bones. It was a sincere pleasure to Mrs. Shandon when the arrangements were made by which her kind honest champion was appointed her husband's aide-de-camp in the newspaper.

He would have sate with Mrs. Shandon as late as the prison hours permitted, and had indeed many a time witnessed the putting to bed of little Mary, who occupied a crib in the room; and to whose evening prayers that God might bless papa, Finucane, although of the Romish faith himself, had said Amen with a great deal of sympathy—but he had an appointment with Mr. Bungay regarding the affairs of the paper which they were to discuss over a quiet dinner. So he went away at six o'clock from Mrs. Shandon, but made his accustomed appearance at the Fleet Prison next morning, having arrayed himself in his best clothes and ornaments, which, though cheap as to cost, were very brilliant as to colour and appearance, and having in his pocket four pounds two shillings, being the amount of his week's salary at the "Daily Journal," minus two shillings expended by him in the purchase of a pair of gloves on his way to the prison.

He had cut his mutton with Mr. Bungay, as the latter gentleman phrased it, and Mr. Trotter, Bungay's reader and literary man of business, at Dick's Coffee-House on the previous day, and entered at large into his views respecting the conduct of the "Pall Mall Gazette." In a masterly manner he had pointed out what should be the sub-editorial arrangements of the paper: what should be the type for the various articles: who should

report the markets; who the turf and ring; who the Church intelligence; and who the fashionable chit-chat. He was acquainted with gentlemen engaged in cultivating these various departments of knowledge, and in communicating them afterwards to the public—in fine, Jack Finucane was, as Shandon had said of him, and, as he proudly owned himself to be, one of the best sub-editors of a paper in London. He knew the weekly earnings of every man connected with the Press, and was up to a thousand dodges, or ingenious economic contrivances, by which money could be saved to spirited capitalists, who were going to set up a paper. He at once dazzled and mystified Mr. Bungay, who was slow of comprehension, by the rapidity of the calculations which he exhibited on paper, as they sate in the box. And Bungay afterwards owned to his subordinate Mr. Trotter, that that Irishman seemed a clever fellow.

And now having succeeded in making this impression upon Mr. Bungay, the faithful fellow worked round to the point which he had very near at heart, viz., the liberation from prison of his admired friend and chief, Captain Shandon. He knew to a shilling the amount of the detainers which were against the Captain at the porter's lodge of the Fleet; and, indeed, professed to know all his debts, though this was impossible, for no man in England, certainly not the Captain himself, was acquainted with them. He pointed out what Shandon's engagements already were; and how much better he would work if removed from confinement (though this Mr. Bungay denied, for, " when the Captain's locked up," he said, " we are sure to find him at home; whereas, when he's free, you can never catch hold of him ") ; finally, he so worked on Mr. Bungay's feelings, by de-

scribing Mrs. Shandon pining away in the prison, and the child sickening there, that the publisher was induced to promise that, if Mrs. Shandon would come to him in the morning, he would see what could be done. And the colloquy ending at this time with the second round of brandy and water, although Finucane, who had four guineas in his pocket, would have discharged the tavern reckoning with delight, Bungay said, "No, sir,—this is my affair, sir, if you please. James, take the bill, and eighteenpence for yourself," and he handed over the necessary funds to the waiter. Thus it was that Finucane, who went to bed at the Temple after the dinner at Dick's, found himself actually with his week's salary intact upon Saturday morning.

He gave Mrs. Shandon a wink so knowing and joyful, that that kind creature knew some good news was in store for her, and hastened to get her bonnet and shawl, when Fin asked if he might have the honour of taking her a walk, and giving her a little fresh air. And little Mary jumped for joy at the idea of this holiday, for Finucane never neglected to give her a toy, or to take her to a show, and brought newspaper orders in his pocket for all sorts of London diversions to amuse the child. Indeed, he loved them with all his heart, and would cheerfully have dashed out his rambling brains to do them, or his adored Captain, a service.

"May I go, Charley? or shall I stay with you, for you're poorly, dear, this morning? He's got a headache, Mr. Finucane. He suffers from headaches, and I persuaded him to stay in bed," Mrs. Shandon said.

"Go along with you, and Polly. Jack, take care of 'em. Hand me over the Burton's Anatomy, and leave me to my abominable devices," Shandon said, with per-

Mrs. Bungay mollified

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fect good humour. He was writing, and not uncommonly took his Greek and Latin quotations (of which he knew the use as a public writer) from that wonderful repertory of learning.

So Fin gave his arm to Mrs. Shandon, and Mary went skipping down the passages of the prison, and through the gate into the free air. From Fleet Street to Paternoster Row is not very far. As the three reached Mr. Bungay's shop, Mrs. Bungay was also entering at the

r, holding in her hand a paper parcel and a volume bound in red, and, indeed, contain- unt of her transactions with the butcher in uring market. Mrs. Bungay was in a gor- ilk dress, which flamed with red and purple; yellow shawl, and had red flowers inside her a brilliant light blue parasol. Mrs. Shan- an old black watered silk; her bonnet had very brilliant days of prosperity any more ner, but she could not help looking like a ver her attire was. The two women curtsied r, each according to her fashion.

you're pretty well, Mum?" said Mrs. Bun-

ery fine day," said Mrs. Shandon.

you step in, Mum?" said Mrs. Bungay, look- at the child as almost to frighten her.

me about business with Mr. Bungay—I—I retty well?" said timid Mrs. Shandon.

go to see him in the counting-house, couldn't

led into Mr. Bungay's commercial apartments. Here, however, as the child was about to part from her mother, her courage again failed her, and again she ran to the maternal petticoat; upon which the kind and gentle Mrs. Shandon, seeing the look of disappointment in Mrs. Bungay's face, good-naturedly said, "If you will let me, I will come up too, and sit for a few minutes," and so the three females ascended the stairs together. A second biscuit charmed little Mary into perfect confidence, and in a minute or two she prattled away without the least restraint.

Faithful Finucane meanwhile found Mr. Bungay in a severer mood than he had been on the night previous, when two-thirds of a bottle of port, and two large glasses of brandy and water, had warmed his soul into enthusiasm, and made him generous in his promises towards Captain Shandon. His impetuous wife had rebuked him on his return home. She had ordered that he should give no relief to the Captain; he was a good-for-nothing fellow, whom no money would help; she disapproved of the plan of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and expected that Bungay would only lose his money in it as they were losing over the way (she always called her brother's establishment "over the way,") by the "Whitehall Journal." Let Shandon stop in prison and do his work; it was the best place for him. In vain Finucane pleaded and promised and implored, for his friend Bungay had had an hour's lecture in the morning and was inexorable.

But what honest Jack failed to do below stairs in the counting-house, the pretty faces and manners of the mother and child were effecting in the drawing-room, where they were melting the fierce but really soft

two or them, she said, and send
could not have them in that ho
Bungay, though as grim as Lady
the influence of the simple tale,
down and speak to Bungay. N
speak was to command, with M
Bungay, to hear was to obey.

It was just when poor Finucan
his negotiation, that the majest
scended upon her spouse, politely
cane to step up to his friends in he
she held a few minutes' conversat
when the pair were alone the publ
formed him of her intentions to
lady.

" What's in the wind now, my de
surprised at his wife's altered to
hear of my doing anything for th
ing: I wonder what has been a ch

" The Capting is an Irishman," l
"and those Irish I have always said
his wife is a lady as any

"And didn't you see how like she was to our angel, Bessy, Mr. B.?"—and Mrs. Bungay's thoughts flew back to a period eighteen years back, when Bacon and Bungay had just set up in business as small booksellers in a country town, and when she had had a child, named Bessy, something like the little Mary who had just moved her compassion.

"Well, well, my dear," Mr. Bungay said, seeing the little eyes of his wife begin to twinkle and grow red; "the Captain ain't in for much. There's only a hundred and thirty pound against him. Half the money will take him out of the Fleet, Finucane says, and we'll pay him half salaries till he has made the account square. When the little 'un said, 'Why don't you take Par out of piz'n?' I did feel it, Flora, upon my honour I did, now." And the upshot of this conversation was; that Mr. and Mrs. Bungay both ascended to the drawing-room, and Mr. Bungay made a heavy and clumsy speech, in which he announced to Mrs. Shandon, that, hearing sixty-five pounds would set her husband free, he was ready to advance that sum of money, deducting it from the Captain's salary, and that he would give it to her on condition that she would personally settle with the creditors regarding her husband's liberation.

I think this was the happiest day that Mrs. Shandon and Mr. Finucane had had for a long time. "Bedad, Bungay, you're a trump!" roared out Fin, in an overpowering brogue and emotion. "Give us your fist, old boy: and won't we send the 'Pall Mall Gazette' up to ten thousand a-week, that's all!" and he jumped about the room, and tossed up little Mary, with a hundred frantic antics.

"If I could drive you anywhere in my carriage, Mrs.

Shandon—I'm sure it's quite at your service," Mrs. Bungay said, looking out at a one-horsed vehicle which had just driven up, and in which this lady took the air considerably—and the two ladies, with little Mary between them (whose tiny hand Mæcenas's wife kept fixed in her great grasp), with the delighted Mr. Finucane on the back seat, drove away from Paternoster Row, as the owner of the vehicle threw triumphant glances at the opposite windows at Bacon's.

"It won't do the Captain any good," thought Bungay, going back to his desk and accounts, "but Mrs. B. becomes reg'lar upset when she thinks about her misfortune. The child would have been of age yesterday, if she'd lived. Bessy told me so:" and he wondered how women did remember things.

We are happy to say that Mrs. Shandon sped with very good success upon her errand. She who had had to mollify creditors when she had no money at all, and only tears and entreaties wherewith to soothe them, found no difficulty in making them relent by means of a bribe of ten shillings in the pound; and the next Sunday was the last, for some time at least, which the Captain spent in prison.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A DINNER IN THE ROW

PON the appointed day our two friends made their appearance at Mr. Bungay's door in Paternoster Row; not the public entrance through which booksellers' boys issued with their sacks full of Bungay's volumes, and around which timid aspirants lingered with their virgin manuscripts ready for sale ı Bungay, but at the private door of the house, he splendid Mrs. Bungay would come forth to her chaise and take her drive, settling herself ıshions, and casting looks of defiance at Mrs. ɔpposite windows—at Mrs. Bacon, who was as iseless woman.

ɔh occasions, when very much wroth at her sister-ıplendour, Mrs. Bacon would fling up the sash rawing-room window, and look out with her dren at the chaise, as much as to say, "Look four darlings, Flora Bungay! This is why I ɾe in my carriage; you would give a coach and ıave the same reason." And it was with these ıt of her quiver that Emma Bacon shot Flora as she sate in her chariot envious and childless.

Warrington laughed. "You see
party too. That is Dr. Slocum, a
the Poisoners.' You would hardly
friend Hoolan in that gallant whit
is one of Bungay's men, and, faith
deed Messrs. Hoolan and Doolan
Strand in the same cab, tossing u
should pay the shilling; and Mr.]
other side of the way, arrayed in bla
of white gloves which were sprea
and which the owner could not h
pleasure.

The house porter in an evening
with gloves as large as Doolan's,
Berlin web, were on the passage of]
to receive the guests' hats and coats, a
up the stair. Some of the latter ha
three new visitors made their appear
only Mrs. Bungay, in red satin and
sent her own charming sex. She m
new comer as he entered the drawing
was evidently pre-occupied h-- .

Emma Bacon's friends as they came rattling up the Row. The sight of Dr. Slocum's large carriage, with the gaunt job-horses, crushed Flora: none but hack cabs had driven up to her own door on that day.

They were all literary gentlemen, though unknown as yet to Pen. There was Mr. Bole, the real editor of the magazine of which Mr. Wagg was the nominal chief; Mr. Trotter, who, from having broken out on the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr. Bungay's back shops as reader for that gentleman; and Captain Sumph, an ex-beau still about town, and related in some indistinct manner to Literature and the Peerage. He was said to have written a book once, to have been a friend of Lord Byron, to be related to Lord Sumphington; in fact, anecdotes of Byron formed his staple, and he seldom spoke but with the name of that poet or some of his contemporaries in his mouth, as thus: "I remember poor Shelley at school being sent up for good for a copy of verses, every line of which I wrote, by Jove;" or, "I recollect, when I was at Missolonghi with Byron, offering to bet Gamba," and so forth. This gentleman, Pen remarked, was listened to with great attention by Mrs. Bungay; his anecdotes of the aristocracy, of which he was a middle-aged member, delighted the publisher's lady; and he was almost a greater man than the great Mr. Wagg himself in her eyes. Had he but come in his own carriage, Mrs. Bungay would have made her Bungay purchase any given volume from his pen.

Mr. Bungay went about to his guests as they arrived, and did the honours of his house with much cordiality. "How are you, sir? Fine day, sir. Glad to see you year, sir. Flora, my love, let me 'ave the honour of in-

troducing Mr. Warrington to you. Mr. Warrington, Mrs. Bungay; Mr. Pendennis, Mrs. Bungay. Hope you've brought good appetites with you, gentlemen. *You*, Doolan, I know 'ave, for you've always 'ad a deuce of a twist."

"Lor', Bungay!" said Mrs. Bungay.

"Faith, a man must be hard to please, Bungay, who can't eat a good dinner in *this* house," Doolan said, and he winked and stroked his lean chops with his large gloves; and made appeals of friendship to Mrs. Bungay, which that honest woman refused with scorn from the timid man. "She couldn't abide that Doolan," she said in confidence to her friends. Indeed, all his flatteries failed to win her.

As they talked, Mrs. Bungay surveying mankind from her window, a magnificent vision of an enormous grey cab-horse appeared, and neared rapidly. A pair of white reins, held by small white gloves, were visible behind it; a face pale, but richly decorated with a chin-tuft, the head of an exiguous groom bobbing over the cab-head—these bright things were revealed to the delighted Mrs. Bungay. "The Honourable Percy Popjoy's quite punctual, I declare," she said, and sailed to the door to be in waiting at the nobleman's arrival.

"It's Percy Popjoy," said Pen, looking out of window, and seeing an individual, in extremely lacquered boots, descend from the swinging cab: and, in fact, it was that young nobleman—Lord Falconet's eldest son, as we all very well know, who was come to dine with the publisher—his publisher of the Row.

"He was my fag at Eton," Warrington said. "I ought to have licked him a little more." He and Pen had had some bouts at the Oxbridge Union debates, in which

Pen had had very much the better of Percy: who presently appeared, with his hat under his arm, and a look of indescribable good humour and fatuity in his round dimpled face, upon which Nature had burst out with a chin-tuft, but, exhausted with the effort, had left the rest of the countenance bare of hair.

The temporary groom of the chambers bawled out, "The Honourable Percy Popjoy," much to that gentleman's discomposure at hearing his titles announced.

"What did the man want to take away my hat for, Bungay?" he asked of the publisher. "Can't do without my hat—want it to make my bow to Mrs. Bungay. How well you look, Mrs. Bungay, to-day. Haven't seen your carriage in the Park: why haven't you been there? I missed you; indeed, I did."

"I'm afraid you're a sad quiz," said Mrs. Bungay.

"Quiz! Never made a joke in my—hullo! who's here? How d'ye do, Pendennis? How d'ye do, Warrington? These are old friends of mine, Mrs. Bungay. I say, how the doose did *you* come here?" he asked of the two young men, turning his lacquered heels upon Mrs. Bungay, who respected her husband's two young guests, now that she found they were intimate with a lord's son.

"What! do *they* know him?" she asked rapidly of Mr. B.

"High fellers, I tell you—the young one related to all the nobility," said the publisher; and both ran forward, smiling and bowing, to greet almost as great personages as the young lord—no less characters, indeed, than the great Mr. Wenham and the great Mr. Wagg, who were now announced.

Mr. Wenham entered, wearing the usual demure look and stealthy smile with which he commonly surveyed the

s neat little shining boots, and which he but
ought to bear upon the person who addressed
gg's white waistcoat spread out, on the con-
n profuse brilliancy; his burly, red face shone
t over it, lighted up with the thoughts of good
a good dinner. He liked to make his *entrée*
wing-room with a laugh, and, when he went
ight, to leave a joke exploding behind him.
al calamities or distresses (of which that hu-
d his share in common with the unjocular part
d) could altogether keep his humour down.
his griefs might be, the thought of a dinner
great soul; and when he saw a lord, he saluted
a pun.

n went up, then, with a smug smile and whis-
s. Bungay, and looked at her from under his
showed her the tips of his shoes. Wagg said
l charming, and pushed on straight at the
bleman, whom he called Pop; and to whom
ly related a funny story, seasoned with what

Wenham also shook hands with our young friend—all of which scenes Mrs. Bungay remarked with respectful pleasure, and communicated her ideas to Bungay, afterwards, regarding the importance of Mr. Pendennis—ideas by which Pen profited much more than he was aware.

Pen, who had read, and rather admired some of her works (and expected to find in Miss Bunion a person somewhat resembling her own description of herself in the "Passion-Flowers," in which she stated that her youth resembled—

> "A violet, shrinking meanly
> When blows the March wind keenly;
> A timid fawn, on wild-wood lawn,
> Where oak-boughs rustle greenly,—"

and that her maturer beauty was something very different, certainly, to the artless loveliness of her prime, but still exceedingly captivating and striking), beheld, rather to his surprise and amusement, a large and bony woman in a crumpled satin dress, who came creaking into the room with a step as heavy as a grenadier's. Wagg instantly noted the straw which she brought in at the rumpled skirt of her dress, and would have stooped to pick it up, but Miss Bunion disarmed all criticism by observing this ornament herself, and, putting down her own large foot upon it, so as to separate it from her robe, she stooped and picked up the straw, saying to Mrs. Bungay, that she was very sorry to be a little late, but that the omnibus was very slow and what a comfort it was to get a ride all the way from Brompton for sixpence. Nobody laughed at the poetess's speech, it was uttered so simply. Indeed, the worthy woman had not

the least notion of being ashamed of an action incidental upon her poverty.

"Is that 'Passion-Flowers?'" Pen said to Wenham, by whom he was standing. "Why, her picture in the volume represents her as a very well-looking young woman."

"You know passion-flowers, like all others, will run to seed," Wenham said; "Miss Bunion's portrait was probably painted some years ago."

"Well, I like her for not being ashamed of her poverty."

"So do I," said Mr. Wenham, who would have starved rather than have come to dinner in an omnibus; "but I don't think that she need flourish the straw about, do you, Mr. Pendennis? My dear Miss Bunion, how do you do? I was in a great lady's drawing-room this morning, and everybody was charmed with your new volume. Those lines on the christening of Lady Fanny Fantail brought tears into the Duchess's eyes. I said that I thought I should have the pleasure of meeting you to-day, and she begged me to thank you, and say how greatly she was pleased."

This history, told in a bland, smiling manner, of a Duchess whom Wenham had met that very morning, too, quite put poor Wagg's dowager and baronet out of court, and placed Wenham beyond Wagg as a man of fashion. Wenham kept this inestimable advantage, and having the conversation to himself, ran on with a number of anecdotes regarding the aristocracy. He tried to bring Mr. Popjoy into the conversation by making appeals to him, and saying, "I was telling your father this morning," or, "I think you were present at W. house the other night when the Duke said so and so,"

but Mr. Popjoy would not gratify him by joining in the talk, preferring to fall back into the window recess with Mrs. Bungay, and watch the cabs that drove up to the opposite door. At least, if he would not talk, the hostess hoped that those odious Bacons would see how she had secured the noble Percy Popjoy for her party.

And now the bell of Saint Paul's tolled half an hour later than that for which Mr. Bungay had invited his party, and it was complete with the exception of two guests, who at last made their appearance, and in whom Pen was pleased to recognise Captain and Mrs. Shandon.

When these two had made their greetings to the master and mistress of the house, and exchanged nods of more or less recognition with most of the people present, Pen and Warrington went up and shook hands very warmly with Mrs. Shandon, who, perhaps, was affected to meet them, and think where it was she had seen them but a few days before. Shandon was brushed up, and looked pretty smart, in a red velvet waistcoat, and a frill, into which his wife had stuck her best brooch. In spite of Mrs. Bungay's kindness, perhaps in consequence of it, Mrs. Shandon felt great terror and timidity in approaching her: indeed, she was more awful than ever in her red satin and bird of paradise, and it was not until she had asked in her great voice about the dear little gurl, that the latter was somewhat encouraged, and ventured to speak.

"Nice-looking woman," Popjoy whispered to Warrington. "Do introduce me to Captain Shandon, Warrington. I'm told he's a tremendous clever fellow; and, dammy, I adore intellect, by Jove I do!" This was the truth: Heaven had not endowed young Mr. Popjoy

with much intellect of his own, but had given him a generous faculty for admiring, if not for appreciating, the intellect of others. "And introduce me to Miss Bunion. I'm told she's very clever too. She's rum to look at, certainly, but that don't matter. Dammy, I consider myself a literary man, and I wish to know all the clever fellows." So Mr. Popjoy and Mr. Shandon had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one another; and now the doors of the adjoining dining-room being flung open, the party entered and took their seats at table. Pen found himself next to Miss Bunion on one side, and to Mr. Wagg—the truth is, Wagg fled alarmed from the vacant place by the poetess, and Pen was compelled to take it.

The gifted being did not talk much during dinner, but Pen remarked that she ate, with a vast appetite, and never refused any of the supplies of wine which were offered to her by the butler. Indeed, Miss Bunion having considered Mr. Pendennis for a minute, who gave himself rather grand airs, and who was attired in an extremely fashionable style, with his very best chains, shirt studs, and cambric fronts, he was set down, and not without reason, as a prig by the poetess; who thought it was much better to attend to her dinner than to take any notice of him. She told him as much in after days with her usual candour. "I took you for one of the little Mayfair dandies," she said to Pen. "You looked as solemn as a little undertaker; and as I disliked, beyond measure, the odious creature who was on the other side of me, I thought it was best to eat my dinner and hold my tongue."

"And you did both very well, my dear Miss Bunion," Pen said with a laugh.

"Well, so I do, but I intend to talk to you the next time a great deal: for you are neither so solemn, nor so stupid, nor so pert as you look."

"Ah, Miss Bunion, how I pine for that 'next time' to come," Pen said, with an air of comical gallantry:—But we must return to the day, and the dinner at Paternoster Row.

The repast was of the richest description—"What I call of the florid Gothic style," Wagg whispered to Pen, who sate beside the humourist, in his side-wing voice. The men in creaking shoes and Berlin gloves were numerous and solemn, carrying on rapid conversations behind the guests, as they moved to and fro with the dishes. Doolan called out, "Waither," to one of them, and blushed when he thought of his blunder. Mrs. Bungay's own footboy was lost amidst those large and black-coated attendants.

"Look at that *very* bow-windowed man," Wagg said. "He's an undertaker in Amen Corner, and attends funerals and dinners. Cold meat and hot, don't you perceive? He's the sham butler here, and I observe, my dear Mr. Pendennis, as you will through life, that wherever there is a sham butler at a London dinner there is sham wine—this sherry is filthy. Bungay, my boy, where did you get this delicious brown sherry?"

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Wagg; glass with you," said the publisher. "It's some I got from Alderman Benning's store, and gave a good figure for it, I can tell you. Mr. Pendennis, will you join us? Your 'ealth, gentlemen."

"The old rogue, where does he expect to go to? It came from the public-house," Wagg said. "It requires two men to carry off that sherry, 'tis so uncommonly

strong. I wish I had a bottle of old Steyne's wine here, Pendennis: your uncle and I have had many a one. He sends it about to people where he is in the habit of dining. I remember at poor Rawdon Crawley's, Sir Pitt Crawley's brother—he was Governor of Coventry Island—Steyne's chef always came in the morning, and the butler arrived with the champagne from Gaunt House, in the ice-pails ready."

"How good this is!" said Popjoy, good-naturedly. "You must have a *cordon bleu* in your kitchen."

"O yes," Mrs. Bungay said, thinking he spoke of a jack-chain very likely.

"I mean a French chef," said the polite guest.

"O yes, your lordship," again said the lady.

"Does your artist say he's a Frenchman, Mrs. B.?" called out Wagg.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," answered the publisher's lady.

"Because, if he does, he's a *quizzin' yer,*" cried Mr. Wagg; but nobody saw the pun, which disconcerted somewhat the bashful punster. "The dinner is from Griggs' in St. Paul's Churchyard; so is Bacon's," he whispered Pen. "Bungay writes to give half-a-crown a head more than Bacon,—so does Bacon. They would poison each other's ices if they could get near them; and as for the made-dishes—they are poison. This—hum—ha—this *Brimborion à la Sévigné* is delicious, Mrs. B.," he said, helping himself to a dish which the undertaker handed to him.

"Well, I'm glad you like it," Mrs. Bungay answered, blushing, and not knowing whether the name of the dish was actually that which Wagg gave to it, but dimly conscious that that individual was quizzing her. Ac-

cordingly she hated Mr. Wagg with female ardour; and would have deposed him from his command over Mr. Bungay's periodical, but that his name was great in the trade, and his reputation in the land considerable.

By the displacement of persons, Warrington had found himself on the right hand of Mrs. Shandon, who sate in plain black silk and faded ornaments by the side of the florid publisher. The sad smile of the lady moved his rough heart to pity. Nobody seemed to interest himself about her: she sate looking at her husband, who himself seemed rather abashed in the presence of some of the company. Wenham and Wagg both knew him and his circumstances. He had worked with the latter, and was immeasurably his superior in wit, genius, and acquirements; but Wagg's star was brilliant in the world, and poor Shandon was unknown there. He could not speak before the noisy talk of the coarser and more successful man; but drank his wine in silence, and as much of it as the people would give him. He was under *surveillance*. Bungay had warned the undertaker not to fill the Captain's glass too often or too full. It was a melancholy precaution that, and the more melancholy that it was necessary. Mrs. Shandon, too, cast alarmed glances across the table to see that her husband did not exceed.

Abashed by the failure of his first pun, for he was impudent and easily disconcerted, Wagg kept his conversation pretty much to Pen during the rest of dinner, and of course chiefly spoke about their neighbours. "This is one of Bungay's grand field-days," he said. "We are all Bungavians here.—Did you read Popjoy's novel? It was an old magazine story written by poor Buzzard years ago, and forgotten here until Mr. Trot-

s Trotter with the large shirt collar) fished it
thought him that it was applicable to the late
: so Bob wrote a few chapters *à propos*—
rmitted the use of his name, and I dare say
page here and there—and 'Desperation, or
ve Duchess' made its appearance. The great
xamine Popjoy about his own work, of which
know a word.—I say, Popjoy, what a capital
at is in Volume Three,—where the Cardinal
, after being converted by the Bishop of Lon-
ses marriage to the Duchess's daughter."
you like it," Popjoy answered; "it's a fa-
of my own."
s no such thing in the whole book," whispered
Pen. "Invented it myself. Gad! it wouldn't
ot for a high-church novel."
mber poor Byron, Hobhouse, Trelawney, and
ning with Cardinal Mezzocaldo, at Rome,"
umph began, "and we had some Orvieto wine

"Why don't you ask him to publish 'em in your old magazine, the Thingumbob?" Shandon replied.

"Is there going to be a new paper?" asked Wenham, who knew perfectly well; but was ashamed of his connection with the press.

"Bungay going to bring out a paper?" cried Popjoy, who, on the contrary, was proud of his literary reputation and acquaintances. "You must employ me. Mrs. Bungay, use your influence with him, and make him employ me. Prose or verse—what shall it be? Novels, poems, travels, or leading articles, begad. Anything or everything—only let Bungay pay me, and I'm ready —I am now, my dear Mrs. Bungay, begad, now."

"It's to be called the 'Small Beer Chronicle,'" growled Wagg, "and little Popjoy is to be engaged for the infantine department."

"It is to be called the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' sir, and we shall be very happy to have you with us," Shandon said.

"'Pall Mall Gazette'—why 'Pall Mall Gazette?'" asked Wagg.

"Because the editor was born at Dublin, the subeditor at Cork, because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand. Won't that reason suffice you, Wagg?" Shandon said; he was getting rather angry. "Everything must have a name. My dog Ponto has got a name. You've got a name, and a name which you deserve, more or less, bedad. Why d'ye grudge the name to our paper?"

"By any other name it would smell as sweet," said Wagg.

"I'll have ye remember it's name's not whatdyecallem,

g," said Shandon. "You know its name well
nd—and you know mine."
I know your address, too," said Wagg, but
poken in an undertone, and the good-natured
was appeased almost in an instant after his
of spleen, and asked Wagg to drink wine with
iendly voice.
he ladies retired from the table, the talk grew
; and presently Wenham, in a courtly speech,
hat everybody should drink to the health of
ournal, eulogising highly the talents, wit, and
of its editor, Captain Shandon. It was his
ver to lose the support of a newspaper man,
course of that evening, he went round and
ery literary gentleman present with a privy
t specially addressed to him; informing this
reat an impression had been made in Downing
his last article, and telling that one how pro-
s good friend, the Duke of So and So, had

who don't write books, who are, to the full, as clever and intellectual as people who do?"

Pen was forced to confess that the literary personages with whom he had become acquainted had not said much, in the course of the night's conversation, that was worthy to be remembered or quoted. In fact, not one word about literature had been said during the whole course of the night:—and it may be whispered to those uninitiated people who are anxious to know the habits and make the acquaintance of men of letters, that there are no race of people who talk about books, or, perhaps, who read books, so little as literary men.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

CONSIDERABLE success at first attended the new journal. It was generally stated, that an influential political party supported the paper; and great names were cited amongst the contributors to its columns. Was there any foundation for these rumours? We are not at liberty to say whether they were well or ill-founded; but this much we may divulge, that an article upon foreign policy, which was generally attributed to a noble Lord, whose connexion with the Foreign Office is very well known, was in reality composed by Captain Shandon, in the parlour of the Bear and Staff public-house near Whitehall Stairs, whither the printer's boy had tracked him, and where a literary ally of his, Mr. Bludyer, had a temporary residence; and that a series of papers on finance questions, which were universally supposed to be written by a great Statesman of the House of Commons, were in reality composed by Mr. George Warrington of the Upper Temple.

That there may have been some dealings between the "Pall Mall Gazette" and this influential party, is very

ossible. Percy Popjoy (whose father, Lord Falconet, as a member of the party) might be seen not unfre-

quently ascending the stairs to Warrington's chambers; nd some information appeared in the paper which gave a character, and could only be got from very peculiar ources. Several poems, feeble in thought, but loud and

vigorous in expression, appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette," with the signature of "P.P." ; and it must be owned that his novel was praised in the new journal in a very outrageous manner.

In the political department of the paper Mr. Pen did not take any share; but he was a most active literary contributor. The "Pall Mall Gazette" had its offices, as we have heard, in Catherine Street, in the Strand, and hither Pen often came with his manuscripts in his pocket, and with a great deal of bustle and pleasure; such as a man feels at the outset of his literary career, when to see himself in print is still a novel sensation, and he yet pleases himself to think that his writings are creating some noise in the world.

Here it was that Mr. Jack Finucane, the sub-editor, compiled with paste and scissors the journal of which he was supervisor. With an eagle eye he scanned all the paragraphs of all the newspapers which had anything to do with the world of fashion over which he presided. He didn't let a death or a dinner-party of the aristocracy pass without having the event recorded in the columns of his journal; and from the most recondite provincial prints, and distant Scotch and Irish newspapers, he fished out astonishing paragraphs and intelligence regarding the upper classes of society. It was a grand, nay, a touching sight, for a philosopher, to see Jack Finucane, Esquire, with a plate of meat from the cookshop, and a glass of porter from the public-house, for his meal, recounting the feasts of the great, as if he had been present at them; and in tattered trowsers and dingy shirt sleeves, cheerfully describing and arranging the most brilliant *fêtes* of the world of fashion. The incongruity of Finucane's avocation, and his manners

and appearance, amused his new friend Pen. Since he left his own native village, where his rank probably was not very lofty, Jack had seldom seen any society but such as used the parlour of the taverns which he frequented, whereas from his writing you would have supposed that he dined with ambassadors, and that his common lounge was the bow-window of White's. Errors of description, it is true, occasionally slipped from his pen; but the "Ballinafad Sentinel," of which he was own correspondent, suffered by these, not the "Pall Mall Gazette," in which Jack was not permitted to write much, his London chiefs thinking that the scissors and the paste were better wielded by him than the pen.

Pen took a great deal of pains with the writing of his reviews, and having a pretty fair share of desultory reading, acquired in the early years of his life, an eager fancy and a keen sense of fun, his articles pleased his chief and the public, and he was proud to think that he deserved the money which he earned. We may be sure that the "Pall Mall Gazette" was taken in regularly at Fairoaks, and read with delight by the two ladies there. It was received at Clavering Park, too, where we know there was a young lady of great literary tastes; and old Doctor Portman himself, to whom the widow sent her paper after she had got her son's articles by heart, signified his approval of Pen's productions, saying that the lad had spirit, taste, and fancy, and wrote, if not like a scholar, at any rate like a gentleman.

And what was the astonishment and delight of our friend Major Pendennis, on walking into one of his clubs, the Regent, where Wenham, Lord Falconet, and some other gentlemen of good reputation and fashion were assembled, to hear them one day talking over a

the "Pall Mall Gazette," and of an article
eared in its columns, making some bitter fun
ecently published by the wife of a celebrated
the opposition party. The book in question
ok of Travels in Spain and Italy, by the
f Muffborough, in which it was difficult to
was the most wonderful, the French or the
which languages her ladyship wrote indif-
nd upon the blunders of which the critic
ith delighted mischief. The critic was no
Pen: he jumped and danced round about his
th the greatest jocularity and high spirits:
up the noble lady's faults with admirable
ity and decorum. There was not a word in
which was not polite and gentleman-like; and
unate subject of the criticism was scarified
d at during the operation. Wenham's bilious
e was puckered up with malign pleasure as
he critique. Lady Muffborough had not
to her parties during the last year. Lord

Pen; when the great Lord Steyne himself, to whom the Major referred the article, laughed and sniggered over it, swore it was capital, and that the Muffborough would writhe under it, like a whale under a harpoon, the Major, as in duty bound, began to admire his nephew very much, said, "By gad, the young rascal had some stuff in him, and would do something; he had always said he would do something;" and with a hand quite tremulous with pleasure, the old gentleman sate down to write to the widow at Fairoaks all that the great folks had said in praise of Pen; and he wrote to the young rascal, too, asking when he would come and eat a chop with his old uncle, and saying that he was commissioned to take him to dinner at Gaunt House, for Lord Steyne liked anybody who could entertain him, whether by his folly, wit, or by his dulness, by his oddity, affectation, good spirits, or any other quality. Pen flung his letter across the table to Warrington; perhaps he was disappointed that the other did not seem to be much affected by it.

The courage of young critics is prodigious: they clamber up to the judgment seat, and, with scarce a hesitation, give their opinion upon works the most intricate or profound. Had Macaulay's History or Herschel's Astronomy been put before Pen at this period, he would have looked through the volumes, meditated his opinion over a cigar, and signified his august approval of either author, as if the critic had been their born superior and indulgent master and patron. By the help of the Biographie Universelle or the British Museum, he would be able to take a rapid *résumé* of a historical period, and allude to names, dates, and facts, in such a masterly, easy way, as to astonish his mamma at home, who wondered where her boy could

red such a prodigious store of reading, and
o, when he came to read over his articles two
nonths after they had been composed, and
ıd forgotten the subject and the books which
ısulted. At that period of his life Mr. Pen
he would not have hesitated, at twenty-four
ice, to pass an opinion upon the greatest
to give a judgment upon the Encyclopædia.
had Warrington to laugh at him and to keep
impertinence by a constant and wholesome
he might have become conceited beyond all
; for Shandon liked the dash and flippancy
ıng *aide-de-camp,* and was, indeed, better
th Pen's light and brilliant flashes, than with
metal which his elder coadjutor brought to

ugh he might justly be blamed on the score
nence and a certain prematurity of judg-
Pen was a perfectly honest critic; a great

a benevolent publisher undertakes a critical journal, to benefit his rival?" Shandon inquired.

"To benefit himself certainly, but to tell the truth too," Pen said—"*ruat cœlum,* to tell the truth."

"And my prospectus," said Shandon, with a laugh and a sneer; "do you consider that was a work of mathematical accuracy of statement?"

"Pardon me, that is not the question," Pen said; "and I don't think you very much care to argue it. I had some qualms of conscience about that same prospectus, and debated the matter with my friend Warrington. We agreed, however," Pen said, laughing, "that because the prospectus was rather declamatory and poetical, and the giant was painted upon the showboard rather larger than the original, who was inside the caravan, we need not be too scrupulous about this trifling inaccuracy, but might do our part of the show, without loss of character or remorse of conscience. We are the fiddlers, and play our tunes only; you are the showman."

"And leader of the van," said Shandon. "Well, I am glad that your conscience gave you leave to play for us."

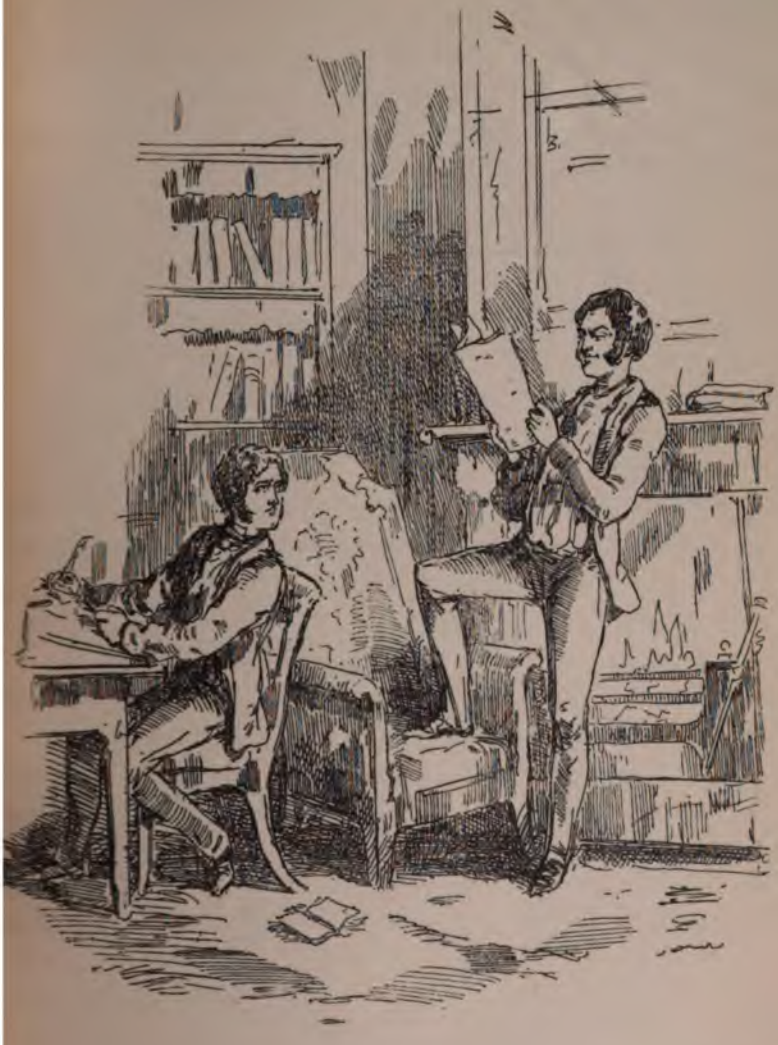
"Yes, but," said Pen, with a fine sense of the dignity of his position, "we are all party men in England, and I will stick to my party like a Briton. I will be as good-natured as you like to our own side, he is a fool who quarrels with his own nest; and I will hit the enemy as hard as you like—but with fair play, Captain, if you please. One can't tell all the truth, I suppose; but one can tell nothing but the truth: and I would rather starve, by Jove, and never earn another penny by my pen" (this redoubted instrument had now been

in use for some six weeks, and Pen spoke of it with vast enthusiasm and respect) "than strike an opponent an unfair blow, or, if called upon to place him, rank him below his honest desert."

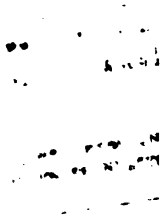
"Well, Mr. Pendennis, when we want Bacon smashed, we must get some other hammer to do it," Shandon said, with fatal good-nature; and very likely thought within himself, "A few years hence perhaps the young gentleman won't be so squeamish." The veteran Condottiere himself was no longer so scrupulous. He had fought and killed on so many a side for many a year past, that remorse had long left him. "Gad," said he, "you've a tender conscience, Mr. Pendennis. It's the luxury of all novices, and I may have had one once myself; but that sort of bloom wears off with the rubbing of the world, and I'm not going to the trouble myself of putting on an artificial complexion, like our pious friend Wenham, or our model of virtue, Wagg."

"I don't know whether some people's hypocrisy is not better, Captain, than others' cynicism."

"It's more profitable, at any rate," said the Captain, biting his nails. "That Wenham is as dull a quack as ever quacked: and you see the carriage in which he drove to dinner. 'Faith, it'll be a long time before Mrs. Shandon will take a drive in her own chariot. God help her, poor thing!" And Pen went away from his chief, after their little dispute and colloquy, pointing his own moral to the Captain's tale, and thinking to himself, "Behold this man, stored with genius, wit, learning, and a hundred good natural gifts: see how he has wrecked them, by paltering with his honesty, and forgetting to respect himself. Wilt thou remember thy-



Pen hears himself in print



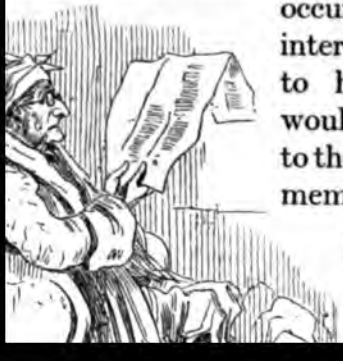
) Pen? thou art conceited enough! Wilt thou sell
nour for a bottle? No, by heaven's grace, we will
nest, whatever befals, and our mouths shall only
the truth when they open."

punishment, or, at least, a trial, was in store for
'en. In the very next Number of the "Pall Mall
te," Warrington read out, with roars of laughter,
icle which by no means amused Arthur Penden-
ho was himself at work with a criticism for the
veek's Number of the same journal; and in which
Spring Annual" was ferociously maltreated by
unknown writer. The person of all most cruelly
d was Pen himself. His verses had not appeared
is own name in the "Spring Annual," but under
sumed signature. As he had refused to review
ok, Shandon had handed it over to Mr. Bludyer,
lirections to that author to dispose of it. And he
one so effectually. Mr. Bludyer, who was a man
ry considerable talent, and of a race which, I be-
is quite extinct in the press of our time, had a cer-
iotoriety in his profession, and reputation for sav-
umour. He smashed and trampled down the poor
g flowers with no more mercy than a bull would
on a parterre; and having cut up the volume to his
's content, went and sold it at a bookstall, and pur-
d a pint of brandy with the proceeds of the volume.

CHAPTER XXXVI

E PEN APPEARS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

ET us be allowed to pass over a few months of the history of Mr. Arthur Pendennis's lifetime, during the which, many events may have occurred which were more interesting and exciting to himself, than they would be likely to prove to the reader of his present memoirs. We left him, in the last chapter, regularly entered upon his business as



Pegasus (as he must, perhaps, who has no other sala-
property), farewell poetry and aerial flights: Pega-
only rises now like Mr. Green's balloon, at periods
ertised before-hand, and when the spectators' money
been paid. Pegasus trots in harness, over the stony
ement, and pulls a cart or a cab behind him. Often
gasus does his work with panting sides and trembling
es, and not seldom gets a cut of the whip from his
ver.

Do not let us, however, be too prodigal of our pity
n Pegasus. There is no reason why this animal
uld be exempt from labour, or illness, or decay, any
re than any of the other creatures of God's world. If
gets the whip, Pegasus very often deserves it, and I
one am quite ready to protest with my friend, George
rrington, against the doctrine which some poetical
pathisers are inclined to put forward, viz., that men
letters, and what is called genius, are to be exempt
m the prose duties of this daily, bread-wanting, tax-
ing life, and are not to be made to work and pay like
ir neighbours.

Well then, the "Pall Mall Gazette" being duly es-
lished, and Arthur Pendennis's merits recognized as
lippant, witty, and amusing critic, he worked away
d every week, preparing reviews of such works as
e into his department, and writing his reviews with
ppancy certainly, but with honesty, and to the best of
power. It might be that a historian of three-score,
o had spent a quarter of a century in composing a
k of which our young gentleman disposed in the
se of a couple of days' reading at the British Mu-
m, was not altogether fairly treated by such a facile
ic; or that a poet, who had been elaborating sublime

sonnets and odes until he thought them fit for the public and for fame, was annoyed by two or three dozen pert lines in Mr. Pen's review, in which the poet's claims were settled by the critic, as if the latter were my lord on the bench, and the author a miserable little suitor trembling before him. The actors at the theatres complained of him wofully, too, and very likely he was too hard upon them. But there was not much harm done after all. It is different now, as we know; but there were so few great historians, or great poets, or great actors, in Pen's time, that scarce any at all came up for judgment before his critical desk. Those who got a little whipping, got what in the main was good for them; not that the judge was any better or wiser than the persons whom he sentenced, or indeed ever fancied himself so. Pen had a strong sense of humour and justice, and had not therefore an overweening respect for his own works; besides, he had his friend Warrington at his elbow—a terrible critic if the young man was disposed to be conceited, and more savage over Pen than ever he was to those whom he tried at his literary assize.

By these critical labours, and by occasional contributions to leading articles of the journal, when, without wounding his paper, this eminent publicist could conscientiously speak his mind, Mr. Arthur Pendennis gained the sum of four pounds four shillings weekly, and with no small pains and labour. Likewise he furnished Magazines and Reviews with articles of his composition, and is believed to have been (though on this score he never chooses to speak) London correspondent of the "Chatteris Champion," which at that time contained some very brilliant and eloquent letters from the metropolis. By these labours the fortunate youth was en-

abled to earn a sum very nearly equal to four hundred pounds a-year; and on the second Christmas after his arrival in London, he actually brought a hundred pounds to his mother, as a dividend upon the debt which he owed to Laura. That Mrs. Pendennis read every word of her son's works, and considered him to be the profoundest thinker and most elegant writer of the day; that she thought his retribution of the hundred pounds an act of angelic virtue; that she feared he was ruining his health by his labours, and was delighted when he told her of the society which he met, and of the great men of letters and fashion whom he saw, will be imagined by all readers who have seen son-worship amongst mothers, and that charming simplicity of love with which women in the country watch the career of their darlings in London. If John has held such and such a brief; if Tom has been invited to such and such a ball; or George has met this or that great and famous man at dinner; what a delight there is in the hearts of mothers and sisters at home in Somersetshire! How young Hopeful's letters are read and remembered! What a theme for village talk they give, and friendly congratulation! In the second winter, Pen came for a very brief space, and cheered the widow's heart, and lightened up the lonely house at Fairoaks. Helen had her son all to herself; Laura was away on a visit to old Lady Rockminster; the folks of Clavering Park were absent; the very few old friends of the house, Doctor Portman at their head, called upon Mr. Pen, and treated him with marked respect; between mother and son, it was all fondness, confidence, and affection. It was the happiest fortnight of the widow's whole life; perhaps in the lives of both of them. The holiday was gone only too quickly; and Pen was back in the busy

the gentle widow alone again. She sent Ar-
ney to Laura: I don't know why this young
the opportunity of leaving home when Pen
g thither, or whether he was the more piqued
by her absence.

by this time, by his own merits and his uncle's
ns, pretty well introduced into London, and
h in literary and polite circles. Amongst the
fashionable reputation stood him in no little
as considered to be a gentleman of good pres-
and better expectations, who wrote for his
han which there cannot be a greater recom-
to a young literary aspirant. Bacon, Bun-
Co., were proud to accept his articles; Mr.
asked him to dinner; Mr. Wagg looked upon
favourable eye; and they reported how they
t the houses of persons of fashion, amongst
was pretty welcome, as they did not trouble
about his means, present or future; as his ap-

morning, in company with a Peer, a Bishop, a parliamentary orator, two blue ladies of fashion, a popular preacher, the author of the last new novel, and the very latest lion imported from Egypt or from America; and

would quit this distinguished society for the back room at the newspaper office, where pens and ink and the wet proof sheets were awaiting him. Here would be Finucane, the sub-editor, with the last news from the Row: and Shandon would come in presently, and giving a nod to Pen, would begin scribbling his leading article at the

of the table, flanked by the pint of sherry,
n the attendant boy beheld him, was always
ught for the Captain: or Mr. Bludyer's roar-
ould be heard in the front room, where that
ritic would impound the books on the counter
the timid remonstrances of Mr. Midge, the
nd after looking through the volumes would
at his accustomed book-stall, and having
d dined upon the produce of the sale in a tav-
ould call for ink and paper, and proceed to
he author of his dinner and the novel. To-
ing Mr. Pen would stroll in the direction of
d take up Warrington there for a constitu-
. This exercise freed the lungs, and gave an
r dinner, after which Pen had the privilege
bow at some very pleasant houses which were
im; or the town before him for amusement.
he Opera: or the Eagle Tavern; or a ball to
ay Fair; or a quiet night with a cigar and a

last sleep. They buried honest Doolan the other day: never will he cringe or flatter, never pull long-bow or empty whiskey-noggin any more.

The London season was now blooming in its full vigour, and the fashionable newspapers abounded with information regarding the grand banquets, routs, and balls which were enlivening the polite world. Our gracious Sovereign was holding levees and drawing-rooms at St. James's: the bow-windows of the clubs were crowded with the heads of respectable red-faced newspaper-reading gentlemen: along the Serpentine trailed thousands of carriages: squadrons of dandy horsemen trampled over Rotten Row: everybody was in town in a word; and of course Major Arthur Pendennis, who was somebody, was not absent.

With his head tied up in a smart bandana handkerchief, and his meagre carcass enveloped in a brilliant Turkish dressing-gown, the worthy gentleman sate on a certain morning by his fire-side, letting his feet gently simmer in a bath, whilst he took his early cup of tea, and perused his "Morning Post." He could not have faced the day without his two hours' toilet, without his early cup of tea, without his "Morning Post." I suppose nobody in the world except Morgan, not even Morgan's master himself, knew how feeble and ancient the Major was growing, and what numberless little comforts he required.

If men sneer, as our habit is, at the artifices of an old beauty, at her paint, perfumes, ringlets; at those innumerable, and to us unknown, stratagems with which she is said to remedy the ravages of time and reconstruct the charms whereof years have bereft her; the ladies, it

sumed, are not on their side altogether igno-
en are vain as well as they, and that the toilets
ks are to the full as elaborate as their own.
hat old Blushington keeps that constant little
his cheeks; and where does old Blondel get
ation which makes his silver hair pass for
Have you ever seen Lord Hotspur get off his
he thinks nobody is looking? Taken out of
his shiny boots can hardly totter up the steps
House. He is a dashing young nobleman
see the back of him in Rotten Row; when
him on foot, what an old, old fellow! Did
rm to yourself any idea of Dick Lacy (Dick
ick these sixty years) in a natural state, and
stays? All these men are objects whom the
human life and manners may contemplate
ch profit as the most elderly Belgravian Ve-
eterate Mayfair Jezebel. An old reprobate
legs, who has never said his prayers (except

while with his feet cooling in the bath: Morgan takes them out of that place of purification, and dries them daintily, and proceeds to set the old gentleman on his legs, with waistband and wig, starched cravat, and spotless boots and gloves.

It was during these hours of the toilet that Morgan and his employer had their confidential conversations, for they did not meet much at other times of the day—the Major abhorring the society of his own chairs and tables in his lodgings; and Morgan, his master's toilet over and letters delivered, had his time very much on his own hands.

This spare time the active and well-mannered gentleman bestowed among the valets and butlers of the nobility, his acquaintance; and Morgan Pendennis, as he was styled, for, by such compound names, gentlemen's gentlemen are called in their private circles, was a frequent and welcome guest at some of the very highest tables in this town. He was a member of two influential clubs in Mayfair and Pimlico; and he was thus enabled to know the whole gossip of the town, and entertain his master very agreeably during the two hours' toilet conversation. He knew a hundred tales and legends regarding persons of the very highest *ton,* whose valets canvass their august secrets, just, my dear madam, as our own parlour-maids and dependents in the kitchen discuss our characters, our stinginess and generosity, our pecuniary means or embarrassments, and our little domestic or connubial tiffs and quarrels. If I leave this manuscript open on my table, I have not the slightest doubt Betty will read it, and they will talk it over in the lower regions to-night; and to-morrow she will bring in my breakfast with a face of such entire imperturbable

that no mortal could suppose her guilty of
ıe spy. If you and the Captain have high
n any subject, which is just possible, the cir-
s of the quarrel, and the characters of both of
e discussed with impartial eloquence over the
a-table; and if Mrs. Smith's maid should by
taking a dish of tea with yours, her presence
ıdoubtedly act as a restraint upon the discus-
stion; her opinion will be given with candour;
ext day her mistress will probably know that
ıd Mrs. Jones have been a quarrelling as usual.
s secret. Take it as a rule that John knows
: and as in our humble world so in the great-
e is no more a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*
r I; and his Grace's Man at his club, in com-
otless with other Men of equal social rank,
his master's character and affairs with the in-
ruthfulness which befits gentlemen who are
her in confidence. Who is a niggard and

a knowledge of London society, than to begin at the foundation—that is, at the kitchen-floor?

So Mr. Morgan and his employer conversed as the latter's toilet proceeded. There had been a Drawing-room on the day previous, and the Major read among the presentations that of Lady Clavering by Lady Rockminster, and of Miss Amory by her mother Lady Clavering,—and in a further part of the paper their dresses were described, with a precision and in a jargon which will puzzle and amuse the antiquary of future generations. The sight of these names carried Pendennis back to the country. "How long have the Claverings been in London?" he asked; "pray, Morgan, have you seen any of their people?"

"Sir Francis have sent away his foring man, sir," Mr. Morgan replied; "and have took a friend of mine as own man, sir. Indeed he applied on my reckmendation. You may recklect Towler, sir,—tall red-'aired man—but dyes his 'air. Was groom of the chambers in Lord Levant's family till his Lordship broke hup. It's a fall for Towler, sir; but pore men can't be particklar," said the valet, with a pathetic voice.

"Devilish hard on Towler, by gad!" said the Major, amused, "and not pleasant for Lord Levant—he, he!"

"Always knew it was coming, sir. I spoke to you of it Michaelmas was four years: when her Ladyship put the diamonds in pawn. It was Towler, sir, took 'em in two cabs to Dobree's—and a good deal of the plate went the same way. Don't you remember seeing of it at Blackwall, with the Levant arms and coronick, and Lord Levant sett'n' opp'sit' to it at the Marquis of Steyne's dinner? Beg your pardon; did I cut you, sir?"

Morgan was now operating upon the Major's chin—

he continued the theme while strapping the skilful razor. "They've took a house in Grosvenor Place, and are coming out strong, sir. Her ladyship's going to give three parties, besides a dinner a-week, sir. Her fortune won't stand it—can't stand it."

"Gad, she had a devilish good cook when I was at Fairoaks," the Major said, with very little compassion for the widow Amory's fortune.

"Marobblan was his name, sir;—Marobblan's gone away, sir," Morgan said,—and the Major, this time, with hearty sympathy, said, "he was devilish sorry to lose him."

"There's been a tremenjuous row about that Mosseer Marobblan," Morgan continued. "At a ball at Baymouth, sir, bless his impadence, he challenged Mr. Harthur to fight a jewel, sir, which Mr. Harthur was very near knocking him down, and pitchin' him outawinder, and serve him right; but Chevalier Strong, sir, came up and stopped the shindy—I beg pardon, the holtercation, sir—them French cooks has as much pride and hinsolence as if they was real gentlemen."

"I heard something of that quarrel," said the Major; "but Mirobolant was not turned off for that?"

"No, sir—that affair, sir, which Mr. Harthur forgave it him and be'aved most handsome, was hushed hup: it was about Miss Hamory, sir, that he 'ad 'is dismissial. Those French fellers, they fancy everybody is in love with 'em; and he climbed up the large grape vine to her winder, sir, and was a trying to get in, when he was caught, sir; and Mr. Strong came out, and they got the garden-engine and played on him, and there was no end of a row, sir."

"Confound his impudence! You don't mean to say

Miss Amory encouraged him," cried the Major, amazed at a peculiar expression in Mr. Morgan's countenance.

Morgan resumed his imperturbable demeanour. " Know nothing about it, sir. Servants don't know them kind of things the least. Most probably there was nothing in it—so many lies is told about families—Marobblan went away, bag and baggage, saucepans, and pianna, and all—the feller 'ad a pianna, and wrote po'try in French, and he took a lodging at Clavering, and he hankered about the primises, and it was said that Madame Fribsby, the milliner, brought letters to Miss Hamory, though I don't believe a word about it; nor that he tried to pi'son hisself with charcoal, which it was all a humbug betwigst him and Madame Fribsby; and he was nearly shot by the keeper in the park."

In the course of that very day, it chanced that the Major had stationed himself in the great window of Bays's Club in St. James's Street, at the hour in the afternoon when you see a half-score of respectable old bucks similarly recreating themselves (Bays's is rather an old-fashioned place of resort now, and many of its members more than middle-aged; but in the time of the Prince Regent, these old fellows occupied the same window, and were some of the very greatest dandies in this empire)—Major Pendennis was looking from the great window, and spied his nephew Arthur walking down the street in company with his friend Mr. Popjoy.

" Look! " said Popjoy to Pen, as they passed, " did you ever pass Bays's at four o'clock, without seeing that collection of old fogies? It's a regular museum. They ought to be cast in wax, and set up at Madame Tussaud's—"

"—In a chamber of old horrors by themselves," Pen said, laughing.

"—In the chamber of horrors! Gad, dooced good!" Pop cried. "They *are* old rogues, most of 'em, and no mistake. There's old Blondel; there's my uncle Colchicum, the most confounded old sinner in Europe; there's

—hullo! there's somebody rapping the window and nodding at us."

"It's my uncle, the Major," said Pen. "Is he an old sinner too?"

"Notorious old rogue," Pop said, wagging his head. ("Notowious old wogue," he pronounced the words, thereby rendering them much more emphatic.) "He's beckoning you in; he wants to speak to you."

"Come in too," Pen said.

"—Can't," replied the other. "Cut uncle Col. two years ago, about Mademoiselle Frangipane—Ta, ta," and the young sinner took leave of Pen, and the club of the elder criminals, and sauntered into Blacquière's, an adjacent establishment frequented by reprobates of his own age.

Colchicum, Blondel, and the senior bucks had just been conversing about the Clavering family, whose appearance in London had formed the subject of Major Pendennis's morning conversation with his valet. Mr. Blondel's house was next to that of Sir Francis Clavering, in Grosvenor Place: giving very good dinners himself, he had remarked some activity in his neighbour's kitchen. Sir Francis, indeed, had a new chef, who had come in more than once and dressed Mr. Blondel's dinner for him; that gentleman having only a remarkably expert female artist permanently engaged in his establishment, and employing such chefs of note as happened to be free on the occasion of his grand banquets. "They go to a devilish expense and see devilish bad company as yet, I hear," Mr. Blondel said,—"they scour the streets, by gad, to get people to dine with 'em. Champignon says it breaks his heart to serve up a dinner to their society. What a shame it is that those low people

e money at all," cried Mr. Blondel, whose
r had been a reputable leather-breeches
whose father had lent money to the Princes.
I had fallen in with the widow myself,"
d Colchicum, "and not been laid up with that
l gout at Leghorn.—I would have married
myself.—I'm told she has six hundred thou-
ls in the Threes."

uite so much as that,—I knew her family in
Major Pendennis said. "I knew her family
er father was an enormously rich old indigo-
know all about her,—Clavering has the next
urs in the country.—Ha! there's my nephew
vith"—"With mine,—the infernal young
d Lord Colchicum, glowering at Popjoy out
y eyebrows; and he turned away from the
Major Pendennis tapped upon it.

jor was in high good-humour. The sun was
air brisk and invigorating. He had deter-

Grace's right), and he wished all Grey Friars' School, all Oxbridge University, all Paternoster Row and the Temple, and Laura and his mother at Fairoaks, could be standing on each side of the street, to see the meeting between him and his uncle, and the most famous duke in Christendom.

"How do, Pendennis?—fine day," were his Grace's remarkable words, and with a nod of his august head he passed on—in a blue frock-coat and spotless white duck trowsers, in a white stock, with a shining buckle behind.

Old Pendennis, whose likeness to his Grace has been remarked, began to imitate him unconsciously, after they had parted, speaking with curt sentences, after the manner of the great man. We have all of us, no doubt, met with more than one military officer who has so imitated the manner of a certain Great Captain of the Age; and has, perhaps, changed his own natural character and disposition, because Fate had endowed him with an aquiline nose. In like manner have we not seen many another man pride himself on having a tall forehead and a supposed likeness to Mr. Canning? many another go through life swelling with self-gratification on account of an imagined resemblance (we say "imagined," because that anybody should be *really* like that most beautiful and perfect of men is impossible) to the great and revered George IV.: many third parties, who wore low necks to their dresses because they fancied that Lord Byron and themselves were similar in appearance: and has not the grave closed but lately upon poor Tom Bickerstaff, who, having no more imagination than Mr. Joseph Hume, looked in the glass and fancied himself like Shakspeare? shaved his forehead so as farther to resemble the immortal bard, wrote tragedies incessantly,

erfectly crazy—actually perished of his fore-
ese or similar freaks of vanity most people
frequented the world must have seen in their
. Pen laughed in his roguish sleeve at the
which his uncle began to imitate the great
whom they had just parted: but Mr. Pen was
his own way, perhaps, as the elder gentleman,
ed, with a very consequential air of his own,
jor's side.

ny dear boy," said the old bachelor, as they
through the Green Park, where many poor
ere disporting happily, and errand boys were
toss halfpenny, and black sheep were grazing
shine, and an actor was learning his part on a
l nursery maids and their charges sauntered
here, and several couples were walking in a
anner; " yes, depend on it, my boy; for a poor
e is nothing like having good acquaintances.
those men, with whom you saw me in the bow

ıe is the second-best player in England—as well he nay be; for he plays every day of his life, except Sundays (for Sir Hugh is an uncommonly religious man), from half-past three till half-past seven, when he dresses for dinner."

"A very pious manner of spending his time," Pen said, laughing, and thinking that his uncle was falling into the twaddling state.

"Gad, sir, that is not the question. A man of his estate may employ his time as he chooses. When you are a baronet, a county member, with ten thousand acres of the best land in Cheshire, and such a place as Trumpington (though he never goes there), you may do as you like."

"And so that was his brougham, sir, was it?" the nephew said, with almost a sneer.

"His brougham—O ay, yes!—and that brings me back to my point—revenons à nos moutons. Yes, begad! revenons à nos moutons. Well, that brougham is mine if I choose, between four and seven. Just as much mine as if I jobbed it from Tilbury's, begad, for thirty pound a-month. Sir Hugh is the best-natured fellow in the world; and if it hadn't been so fine an afternoon as it is, you and I would have been in that brougham at this very minute, on our way to Grosvenor Place. That is the benefit of knowing rich men;—I dine for nothing, sir; —I go into the country, and I'm mounted for nothing. Other fellows keep hounds and gamekeepers for me. *Sic vos non vobis,* as we used to say at Grey Friars, hey? I'm of the opinion of my old friend Leech, of the Forty-fourth; and a devilish good shrewd fellow he was, as most Scotchmen are. Gad, sir, Leech used to say, 'He was so poor that he couldn't afford to know a poor man.'"

lon't act up to your principles, uncle," Pen
-naturedly.
my principles; how, sir?" the Major asked,
ily.
ould have cut me in Saint James's Street, sir,"
" were your practice not more benevolent than
y; you who live with dukes and magnates of
nd would take no notice of a poor devil like
which speech we may see that Mr. Pen was
in the world, and could flatter as well as
is sleeve.

Pendennis was appeased instantly, and very
sed. He tapped affectionately his nephew's
ich he was leaning, and said,—" You, sir, you
sh and blood! Hang it, sir, I've been very
you and very fond of you, but for your con-
ollies and extravagances—and wild oats, sir,
pe, you've sown. Yes, begad! I hope you've
I hope you've sown 'em, begad! My object,

author who had made use of that remarkable phrase, and here descending from the Green Park, the pair made their way into Grosvenor Place, and to the door of the mansion occupied there by Sir Francis and Lady Clavering.

The dining-room shutters of this handsome mansion were freshly gilded; the knockers shone gorgeous upon the newly-painted door; the balcony before the drawing-room bloomed with a portable garden of the most beautiful plants, and with flowers, white, and pink, and scarlet; the windows of the upper room (the sacred chamber and dressing-room of my lady, doubtless), and even a pretty little casement of the third story, which keen-sighted Mr. Pen presumed to belong to the virgin bedroom of Miss Blanche Amory, were similarly adorned with floral ornaments, and the whole exterior face of the house presented the most brilliant aspect which fresh new paint, shining plate glass, newly cleaned bricks, and spotless mortar, could offer to the beholder.

"How Strong must have rejoiced in organising all this splendour," thought Pen. He recognised the Chevalier's genius in the magnificence before him.

"Lady Clavering is going out for her drive," the Major said. "We shall only have to leave our pasteboards, Arthur." He used the word "pasteboards," having heard it from some of the ingenious youth of the nobility about town, and as a modern phrase suited to Pen's tender years. Indeed, as the two gentlemen reached the door, a landau drove up, a magnificent yellow carriage, lined with brocade or satin of a faint cream colour, drawn by wonderful grey horses, with flaming ribbons, and harness blazing all over with crests: no less than three of these heraldic emblems surmounted the

ms on the panels, and these shields contained
s number of quarterings, betokening the an-
splendour of the houses of Clavering and
coachman in a tight silver wig surmounted
icent hammercloth (whereon the same arms
ed in bullion), and controlled the prancing
oung man still, but of a solemn countenance,
d waistcoat and buckles in his shoes—little
like those which John and Jeames, the foot-
and which we know are large, and spread ele-
the foot.

he leaves of the hall door was opened, and
of the largest of his race—was leaning
door pillar, with his ambrosial hair pow-
egs crossed; beautiful, silk-stockinged; in his
ne, gold-headed, *dolichoskion*. Jeames was
t near at hand, waiting in the hall, with the
who does not wear livery, and ready to fling
ll of hair-cloth over which her ladyship was
her carriage. These things and men the

more mature of age and heavy of foot, and one of those feet, attired in a green satin boot, with some part of a stocking, which was very fine, whatever the ankle might be which it encircled, might be seen swaying on the carriage-step, as her ladyship leaned for support on the arm of the unbending Jeames, by the enraptured observer of female beauty who happened to be passing at the time of this imposing ceremonial.

The Pendennises senior and junior beheld those charms as they came up to the door—the Major looking grave and courtly, and Pen somewhat abashed at the carriage and its owners; for he thought of sundry little passages at Clavering, which made his heart beat rather quick.

At that moment Lady Clavering, looking round, saw the pair—she was on the first carriage-step, and would have been in the vehicle in another second, but she gave a start backwards (which caused some of the powder to fly from the hair of ambrosial Jeames), and crying out, "Lor', if it isn't Arthur Pendennis and the old Major!" jumped back to terra firma directly, and holding out two fat hands, encased in tight orange-coloured gloves, the good-natured woman warmly greeted the Major and his nephew.

"Come in, both of you.—Why haven't you been before?—Get out, Blanche, and come and see your old friends.—O, I'm *so* glad to see you. We've been waitin' and waitin' for you ever so long. Come in, luncheon ain't gone down," cried out this hospitable lady, squeezing Pen's hand in both hers (she had dropped the Major's after a brief wrench of recognition), and Blanche, casting up her eyes towards the chimneys, descended from the carriage presently, with a timid, blushing, ap-

ok, and gave a little hand to Major Pen-

npanion with the spaniel looked about irreso-
loubting whether she should not take Fido his
t she too turned right about face and entered
after Lady Clavering, her daughter, and the
men. And the carriage, with the prancing
left unoccupied, save by the coachman in the

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN WHICH THE SYLPH REAPPEARS

ETTER folks than Morgan, the valet, were not so well instructed as that gentleman, regarding the amount of Lady Clavering's riches; and the legend in London upon her Ladyship's arrival in the polite metropolis, was, that her fortune was enormous. Indigo factories, opium clippers, banks owing with rupees, diamonds and jewels of native s, and vast sums of interest paid by them for loans acted by themselves or their predecessors to Lady ring's father, were mentioned as sources of her n. Her account at her London banker's was posi- known, and the sum embraced so many cyphers reate as many O's of admiration in the wondering . It was a known fact that an envoy from an In- Prince, a Colonel Altamont, the Nawaub of Luck- prime favourite, an extraordinary man, who had,

l, embraced Mahometanism, and undergone
wild and perilous adventures, was at present
ntry, trying to negotiate with the Begum
the sale of the Nawaub's celebrated nose-
nd, "the light of the Dewan."

he title of the Begum, Lady Clavering's fame
pread in London before she herself descended
Capital, and as it has been the boast of De-
Blackstone, and all panegyrists of the British
n, that we admit into our aristocracy merit of
, and that the lowliest-born man, if he but
may wear the robes of a peer, and sit along-
Cavendish or a Stanley: so it ought to be the
ur good society, that haughty though it be,
ealous of its privileges, and careful who shall
d into its circle, yet, if an individual be but
h, all barriers are instantly removed, and he
elcomed, as from his wealth he merits to be.
shows our British independence and honest
ur higher orders are not such mere haughty
as the ignorant represent them: on the con-
man have money they will hold out their hands
t his dinners, dance at his balls, marry his

sofas, he had interviews with wine merchants and purveyors who were to supply the new establishment; and at the same time the Baronet's factotum and confidential friend took the opportunity of furnishing his own chambers, and stocking his snug little cellar: his friends complimented him upon the neatness of the former; and the select guests who came in to share Strong's cutlet now found a bottle of excellent claret to accompany the meal. The Chevalier was now, as he said, "in clover:" he had a very comfortable set of rooms in Shepherd's Inn. He was waited on by a former Spanish Legionary and comrade of his whom he had left at a breach of a Spanish fort, and found at a crossing in Tottenham-court Road, and whom he had elevated to the rank of body-servant to himself and to the chum who, at present, shared his lodgings. This was no other than the favourite of the Nawaub of Lucknow, the valiant Colonel Altamont.

No man was less curious, or at any rate, more discreet, than Ned Strong, and he did not care to enquire into the mysterious connection which, very soon after their first meeting at Baymouth, was established between Sir Francis Clavering and the envoy of the Nawaub. The latter knew some secret regarding the former, which put Clavering into his power, somehow; and Strong, who knew that his patron's early life had been rather irregular, and that his career with his regiment in India had not been brilliant, supposed that the Colonel, who swore he knew Clavering well at Calcutta, had some hold upon Sir Francis, to which the latter was forced to yield. In truth, Strong had long understood Sir Francis Clavering's character, as that of a man utterly weak in purpose, in principle, and intellect, a moral and physical trifler and poltroon.

or Clavering, his Excellency had had one or
iews after their Baymouth meeting, the na-
ich conversations the Baronet did not confide
although he sent letters to Altamont by that
who was his ambassador in all sorts of af-
one of these occasions the Nawaub's envoy
been in an exceeding ill-humour; for he
avering's letter in his hand, and said with his
ular manner and emphasis:—
dred be hanged. I'll have no more letters nor
illy-shally. Tell Clavering I'll have a thou-
Jove I'll split, and burst him all to atoms.
ive me a thousand and I'll go abroad, and I
y honour as a gentleman, I'll not ask him for
r a year. Give him that message from me,
y boy; and tell him if the money ain't here
y at 12 o'clock, as sure as my name's what it
a paragraph in the newspaper on Saturday,
eek I'll blow up the whole concern."

Baden Baden: no gentleman could stand against a colour coming up fourteen times. He had been obliged to draw upon Sir Francis Clavering for means of returning home: and Clavering, though pressed for money (for he had election expenses, had set up his establishment in the country, and was engaged in furnishing his London house), yet found means to accept Colonel Altamont's bill, though evidently very much against his will; for in Strong's hearing, Sir Francis wished to heaven, with many curses, that the Colonel could have been locked up in a debtor's gaol in Germany for life, so that he might never be troubled again.

These sums for the Colonel Sir Francis was obliged to raise without the knowledge of his wife; for though perfectly liberal, nay, sumptuous in her expenditure, the good lady had inherited a tolerable aptitude for business along with the large fortune of her father, Snell, and gave to her husband only such a handsome allowance as she thought befitted a gentleman of his rank. Now and again she would give him a present, or pay an outstanding gambling debt; but she always exacted a pretty accurate account of the moneys so required; and respecting the subsidies to the Colonel, Clavering fairly told Strong that he *couldn't* speak to his wife.

Part of Mr. Strong's business in life was to procure this money and other sums, for his patron. And in the Chevalier's apartments, in Shepherd's Inn, many negotiations took place between gentlemen of the moneyed world and Sir Francis Clavering; and many valuable bank-notes and pieces of stamped paper were passed between them. When a man has been in the habit of getting in debt from his early youth, and of exchanging his promises to pay at twelve months against present

oney, it would seem as if no piece of good for-
permanently benefited him: a little while after
t of prosperity, the money-lender is pretty
be in the house again, and the bills with the old
n the market. Clavering found it more con-
see these gentry at Strong's lodgings than at
nd such was the Chevalier's friendship for the
hat although he did not possess a shilling of
s name might be seen as the drawer of almost
of exchange which Sir Francis Clavering ac-
Having drawn Clavering's bills, he got them
" in the City." When they became due he
with the bill-holders, and gave them instal-
heir debt, or got time in exchange for fresh
s. Regularly or irregularly, gentlemen must
ow: and as we read how, the other day, at Co-
troops forming that garrison were gay and
d plays, danced at balls, and consumed their
nough menaced with an assault from the

Lady Clavering couldn't for goodness gracious tell in the middle-aged style, " unless," said her good-ed ladyship, laughing, " because me and Clavering niddle-aged people; "—and here they were offered ›pious remains of the luncheon of which Lady Clav- and Blanche had just partaken. When nobody near, our little Sylphide, who scarcely ate at din- nore than the six grains of rice of Amina, the friend e Ghouls in the Arabian Nights, was most active her knife and fork, and consumed a very substan- ›ortion of mutton cutlets: in which piece of hypoc- it is believed she resembled other young ladies of on. Pen and his uncle declined the refection, but admired the dining-room with fitting compliments, ›ronounced it " very chaste," that being the proper se. There were, indeed, high-backed Dutch chairs ne seventeenth century; there was a sculptured d buffet of the sixteenth; there was a sideboard d out of the carved work of a church in the Low ntries, and a large brass cathedral lamp over the l oak table; there were old family portraits from dour Street, and tapestry from France, bits of ar-, double-handed swords and battle-axes made of *n-pierre,* looking-glasses, statuettes of saints, and den china—nothing, in a word, could be chaster. nd the dining-room was the library, fitted with and books all of a size, and wonderful easy chairs, olemn bronzes in the severe classic style. Here it hat, guarded by double doors, Sir Francis smoked s, and read " Bell's Life in London," and went to after dinner, when he was not smoking over the rd-table at his clubs, or punting at the gambling- s in Saint James's.

t could equal the chaste splendour of the
oms?—the carpets were so magnificently
your foot made no more noise on them than
v: on their white ground bloomed roses and
as warming-pans: about the room were high
ow chairs, bandy-legged chairs, chairs so at-
at it was a wonder any but a sylph could sit
marqueterie-tables covered with marvellous
china ornaments of all ages and countries,
lt daggers, Books of Beauty, yataghans,
pooshes and boxes of Parisian bonbons.
ou sate down there were Dresden shepherds
rdesses convenient at your elbow; there were
ight blue poodles and ducks and cocks and
celain; there were nymphs by Boucher, and
es by Greuze, very chaste indeed; there were
ains and brocade curtains, gilt cages with
nd love birds, two squealing cockatoos, each
g and out-chattering the other; a clock sing-

Poor Lady Clavering, meanwhile, knew little regarding these things, and had a sad want of respect for the splendours around her. "I only know they cost a precious deal of money, Major," she said to her guest, "and that I don't advise you to try one of them gossamer gilt chairs: *I* came down on one the night we gave our second dinner party. Why didn't you come and see us before? We'd have asked you to it."

"You would have liked to see Mamma break a chair, wouldn't you, Mr. Pendennis?" dear Blanche said with a sneer. She was angry because Pen was talking and laughing with Mamma, because Mamma had made a number of blunders in describing the house—for a hundred other good reasons.

"I should like to have been by to give Lady Clavering my arm if she had need of it," Pen answered, with a bow and a blush.

"*Quel preux Chevalier!*" cried the Sylphide, tossing up her little head.

"I have a fellow-feeling with those who fall, remember," Pen said. "I suffered myself very much from doing so once."

"And you went home to Laura to console you," said Miss Amory. Pen winced. He did not like the remembrance of the consolation which Laura had given to him, nor was he very well pleased to find that his rebuff in that quarter was known to the world: so as he had nothing to say in reply, he began to be immensely interested in the furniture round about him, and to praise Lady Clavering's taste with all his might.

"Me, don't praise me," said honest Lady Clavering, "it's all the upholsterer's doings and Captain Strong's; they did it all while we was at the Park—and—and—Lady Rockminster has been here and says the salongs

vell," said Lady Clavering, with an air and
eat deference.
usin Laura has been staying with her," Pen

t the dowager: it is *the* Lady Rockminster."
d!" cried Major Pendennis, when he heard
name of fashion. "If you have her ladyship's
Lady Clavering, you cannot be far wrong.
u cannot be far wrong. Lady Rockminster,
y, Arthur, is the very centre of the circle of
d taste. The rooms *are* beautiful indeed!"
ajor's voice hushed as he spoke of this great
e looked round and surveyed the apartments
d respectfully, as if he had been at church.
Lady Rockminster has took us up," said Lady

us up, Mamma," cried Blanche, in a shrill

taken us up, then," said my lady, "it's very
, and I dare say we shall like it when we git
nly at first one don't fancy being took—well,
t all. She is going to give our balls for us;

tainments, and preferred the simplicity of the home circle.

"I always think a dinner's the best the second day," said Lady Clavering, thinking to mend her first speech. "On the 14th we'll be quite a snug little party;" at which second blunder, Miss Blanche clasped her hands in despair, and said "O, Mamma, *vous êtes incorrigible.*" Major Pendennis vowed that he liked snug dinners of all things in the world, and confounded her ladyship's impudence for daring to ask such a man as *him* to a second day's dinner. But he was a man of an economical turn of mind, and bethinking himself that he could throw over these people if anything better should offer, he accepted with the blandest air. As for Pen, he was not a diner-out of thirty years' standing as yet, and the idea of a fine feast in a fine house was still perfectly welcome to him.

"What was that pretty little quarrel which engaged itself between your worship and Miss Amory?" the Major asked of Pen, as they walked away together. "I thought you used to be *au mieux* in that quarter."

"Used to be," answered Pen, with a dandified air, "is a vague phrase regarding a woman. Was and is are two very different terms, sir, as regards women's hearts especially."

"Egad, they change as we do," cried the elder. "When we took the Cape of Good Hope, I recollect there was a lady who talked of poisoning herself for your humble servant; and, begad, in three months, she ran away from her husband with somebody else. Don't get yourself entangled with that Miss Amory. She is forward, affected, and underbred; and her character is somewhat—never mind what. But don't think of her;

ten thousand pound won't do for you. What, my good fellow, is ten thousand pound? I would scarcely pay that girl's milliner's bill with the interest of the money."

"You seem to be a connoisseur in millinery, Uncle," Pen said.

"I was, sir, I was," replied the senior; "and the old war-horse, you know, never hears the sound of a trumpet, but he begins to he, he!—you understand,"—and he gave a killing though somewhat superannuated leer and bow to a carriage that passed them and entered the Park.

"Lady Catherine Martingale's carriage," he said, "mons'ous fine girls the daughters, though, gad, I remember their mother a thousand times handsomer. No, Arthur, my dear fellow, with your person and expectations, you ought to make a good coup in marriage some day or other; and though I wouldn't have this repeated at Fairoaks, you rogue, ha! ha! a reputation for a little wickedness, and for being an *homme dangereux,* don't hurt a young fellow with the women. They like it, sir—they hate a milksop . . . young men must be young men, you know. But for marriage," continued the veteran moralist, "that is a very different matter. Marry a woman with money. I've told you before it is as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one; and a doosed deal more comfortable to sit down to a well-cooked dinner, with your little entrées nicely served, than to have nothing but a damned cold leg of mutton between you and your wife. We shall have a good dinner on the 14th, when we dine with Sir Francis Clavering: stick to that, my boy, in your relations with the family. Cultivate 'em, but keep 'em for dining. No more of your youthful follies and nonsense about love in a cottage."

"It must be a cottage with a double coach-house, a

cottage of gentility, sir," said Pen, quoting the hackneyed ballad of the Devil's Walk: but his uncle did not know that poem (though, perhaps, he might be leading Pen upon the very promenade in question), and went on with his philosophical remarks, very much pleased with the aptness of the pupil to whom he addressed them. Indeed Arthur Pendennis was a clever fellow, who took his colour very readily from his neighbour and found the adaptation only too easy.

Warrington, the grumbler, growled out that Pen was becoming such a puppy that soon there would be no bearing him. But the truth is, the young man's success and dashing manners pleased his elder companion. He liked to see Pen gay and spirited, and brimful of health, and life, and hope; as a man who has long since left off being amused with clown and harlequin, still gets a pleasure in watching a child at a pantomime. Mr. Pen's former sulkiness disappeared with his better fortune: and he bloomed as the sun began to shine upon him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WHICH COLONEL ALTAMONT APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

ON the day appointed, Major Pendennis, who had formed no better engagement, and Arthur, who desired none, arrived together to dine with Sir Francis Clavering. The only tenants of

Parliament, speedily arriving, Pendennis the elder was somewhat appeased, for Welbore, though perfectly dull, and taking no more part in the conversation at dinner than the footman behind his chair, was a respectable country gentleman of ancient family and seven thousand a year; and the Major felt always at ease in such society. To these were added other persons of note: the Dowager Lady Rockminster, who had her reasons for being well with the Clavering family, and the Lady Agnes Foker, with her son Mr. Harry, our old acquaintance. Mr. Pynsent could not come, his parliamentary duties keeping him at the House, duties which sate upon the two other senators very lightly. Miss Blanche Amory was the last of the company who made her appearance. She was dressed in a killing white silk dress, which displayed her pearly shoulders to the utmost advantage. Foker whispered to Pen, who regarded her with eyes of evident admiration, that he considered her "a stunner." She chose to be very gracious to Arthur upon this day, and held out her hand most cordially, and talked about dear Fairoaks, and asked for dear Laura and his mother, and said she was longing to go back to the country, and in fact was entirely simple, affectionate, and artless.

Harry Foker thought he had never seen anybody so amiable and delightful. Not accustomed much to the society of ladies, and ordinarily being dumb in their presence, he found that he could speak before Miss Amory, and became uncommonly lively and talkative, even before the dinner was announced and the party descended to the lower rooms. He would have longed to give his arm to the fair Blanche, and conduct her down the broad carpeted stair; but she fell to the lot of Pen upon this occasion, Mr. Foker being appointed to

. Welbore Welbore, in consequence of his su-
k as an earl's grandson.

ugh he was separated from the object of his
ing the passage down stairs, the delighted
nd himself by Miss Amory's side at the din-
and flattered himself that he had manœuvred
n securing that happy place. It may be that
was not his, but that it was made by another
Blanche had thus the two young men, one on
f her, and each tried to render himself gallant
able.

mamma, from her place, surveying her dar-
was surprised at his vivacity. Harry talked
to his fair neighbour about the topics of

Taglioni in the Sylphide, Miss Amory? Bring
ouprame of Volile again, if you please (this
ssed to the attendant near him), very good:
k where the souprames come from; what be-
the legs of the fowls I wonder? She's clin-

liked to sing with him in former days. And sneering within himself, he wondered with how many other gentlemen she had sung duets since his time? But he did not think fit to put this awkward question aloud: and only said, with the very tenderest air which he could assume, "I should like to hear you sing again, Miss Blanche. I never heard a voice I liked so well as yours, I think."

"I thought you liked Laura's," said Miss Blanche.

"Laura's is a contralto: and that voice is very often out, you know," Pen said, bitterly. "I have heard a great deal of music, in London," he continued. "I'm tired of those professional people—they sing too loud—or I have grown too old or too blasé. One grows old very soon, in London, Miss Amory. And like all old fellows, I only care for the songs I heard in my youth."

"I like English music best. I don't care for foreign songs much. Get me some saddle of mutton," said Mr. Foker.

"I adore English ballads of all things," said Miss Amory.

"Sing me one of the old songs after dinner, will you?" said Pen, with an imploring voice.

"Shall I sing you an English song, after dinner?" asked the Sylphide, turning to Mr. Foker. "I will, if you will promise to come up soon:" and she gave him a perfect broadside of her eyes.

"*I'll* come up after dinner, fast enough," he said simply. "I don't care about much wine afterwards—I take my whack at dinner—I mean my share, you know; and when I have had as much as I want, I toddle up to tea. I'm a domestic character, Miss Amory—my habits are simple—and when I'm pleased I'm generally in a good

humour, ain't I, Pen?—that jelly, if you please—not that one, the other with the cherries inside. How the doose *do* they get those cherries inside the jellies?" In this way the artless youth prattled on: and Miss Amory listened to him with inexhaustible good humour. When the ladies took their departure for the upper regions, Blanche made the two young men promise faithfully to quit the table soon, and departed with kind glances to each. She dropped her gloves on Foker's side of the table, and her handkerchief on Pen's. Each had some little attention paid to him; her politeness to Mr. Foker was perhaps a little more encouraging than her kindness to Arthur: but the benevolent little creature did her best to make both the gentlemen happy. Foker caught her last glance as she rushed out of the door; that bright look passed over Mr. Strong's broad white waistcoat, and shot straight at Harry Foker's. The door closed on the charmer: he sate down with a sigh, and swallowed a bumper of claret.

As the dinner at which Pen and his uncle took their places was not one of our grand parties, it had been served at a considerably earlier hour than those ceremonial banquets of the London season, which custom has ordained shall scarcely take place before nine o'clock; and the company being small, and Miss Blanche, anxious to betake herself to her piano in the drawing-room, giving constant hints to her mother to retreat,—Lady Clavering made that signal very speedily, so that it was quite daylight yet when the ladies reached the upper apartments, from the flower-embroidered balconies of which they could command a view of the two Parks, of the poor couples and children still sauntering in the one,

and of the equipages of ladies and the horses of dandies passing through the arch of the other. The sun, in a word, had not set behind the elms of Kensington Gardens, and was still gilding the statue erected by the ladies of England in honour of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, when Lady Clavering and her female friends left the gentlemen drinking wine.

The windows of the dining-room were opened to let in the fresh air, and afforded to the passers-by in the street a pleasant or, perhaps, tantalising view of six gentlemen in white waistcoats, with a quantity of decanters and a variety of fruits before them—little boys, as they passed and jumped up at the area railings, and took a peep, said to one another, "Mi hi, Jim, shouldn't you like to be there, and have a cut of that there pine-apple?"—the horses and carriages of the nobility and gentry passed by, conveying them to Belgravian toilets: the policeman, with clamping feet, patrolled up and down before the mansion: the shades of evening began to fall: the gasman came and lighted the lamps before Sir Francis's door: the butler entered the dining-room, and illuminated the antique Gothic chandelier over the antique carved oak dining-table: so that from outside the house you looked inwards upon a night scene of feasting and wax candles; and from within you beheld a vision of a calm summer evening, and the wall of Saint James's Park, and the sky above, in which a star or two was just beginning to twinkle.

Jeames, with folded legs, leaning against the door-pillar of his master's abode, looked forth musingly upon the latter tranquil sight: whilst a spectator, clinging to the railings, examined the former scene. Policeman X, passing, gave his attention to neither, but fixed it

dividual holding by the railings, and gazing
ancis Clavering's dining-room, where Strong
ng and talking away, making the conversa-
party.

at the railings was very gorgeously attired
, jewellery, and waistcoats, which the illu-
om the house lighted up to great advantage;
re shiny; he had brass buttons to his coat, and
wristbands over his knuckles; and indeed
rand, that X imagined he beheld a member of
or a person of consideration before him.
is rank, however, the M.P., or person of con-
was considerably excited by wine; for he
reeled somewhat in his gait, and his hat was
his wild and blood-shot eyes in a manner
ber hat ever could assume. His copious black
idently surreptitious, and his whiskers of the
ple.

g's laughter, following after one of his own

looked out of the portico, and softly called "Pleaceman," and beckoned to that officer.

X marched up resolute, with one Berlin glove stuck in his beltside, and Jeames simply pointed with his index finger to the individual who was laughing against the railings. Not one single word more than "Pleaceman," did he say, but stood there in the calm summer evening, pointing calmly: a grand sight.

X advanced to the individual and said, "Now, sir, will you have the kindness to move hon?"

The individual, who was in perfect good humour, did not appear to hear one word which Policeman X uttered, but nodded and waggled his grinning head at Strong, until his hat almost fell from his head over the area railings.

"Now, sir, move on, do you hear?" cries X, in a much more peremptory tone, and he touched the stranger gently with one of the fingers inclosed in the gauntlets of the Berlin woof.

He of the many rings instantly started, or rather staggered back, into what is called an attitude of self-defence, and in that position began the operation which is entitled "squaring," at Policeman X, and showed himself brave and warlike, if unsteady. "Hullo! keep your hands off a gentleman," he said, with an oath which need not be repeated.

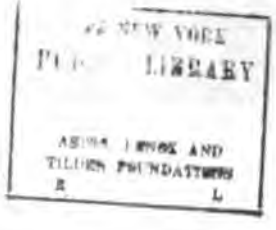
"Move on out of this," said X, "and don't be a blocking up the pavement, staring into gentlemen's dining-rooms."

"Not stare—ho, ho,—not stare—that *is* a good one," replied the other, with a satiric laugh and sneer.—'Who's to prevent me from staring, looking at my friends, if I like? not you, old highlows."

s! I dessay. Move on," answered X.
touch me, I'll pitch into you, I will," roared
" I tell you I know 'em all—That's Sir Fran-
ng, Baronet, M.P.—I know him, and he
-and that's Strong, and that's the young chap
he row at the ball. I say, Strong, Strong!"
t d—— Altamont," cried Sir Francis within,
t and a guilty look; and Strong also, with a
noyance, got up from the table, and ran out
der.

man in a white waistcoat, running out from
om bare-headed, a policeman, and an indi-
ntly attired, engaged in almost fistycuffs on
nt, were enough to make a crowd, even in
neighbourhood, at half-past eight o'clock in
, and a small mob began to assemble before
s Clavering's door. " For God's sake, come
said, seizing his acquaintance's arm. " Send
James, if you please," he added in an under

Colonel Altamont refuses
to move on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ood aghast in the hall, and placed himself before the
or: but it opened behind him, and the master of the
use made his appearance, with anxious looks.

" I *will* have some,—by —— I will," the intruder was
aring out, as Sir Francis came forward. " Hullo!
lavering, I say I'm come to have some wine with you;
ay! old boy—hay, old corkscrew? Get us a bottle of
e yellow seal, you old thief—the very best—a hundred
pees a dozen, and no mistake."

The host reflected a moment over his company.
here is only Welbore, Pendennis, and those two lads,
e thought—and with a forced laugh and piteous look,
e said,—" Well, Altamont, come in. I am very glad
o see you, I'm sure."

Colonel Altamont, for the intelligent reader has
loubtless long ere this discovered in the stranger His
Excellency the Ambassador of the Nawaub of Luck-
now, reeled into the dining-room, with a triumphant
look towards Jeames, the footman, which seemed to say,
'There, sir, what do you think of that? *Now,* am I a
gentleman or no? " and sank down into the first vacant
hair. Sir Francis Clavering timidly stammered out the
Colonel's name to his guest Mr. Welbore Welbore, and
is Excellency began drinking wine forthwith and gaz-
ng round upon the company, now with the most won-
lerful frowns, and anon with the blandest smiles, and
iccupped remarks encomiastic of the drink which he
vas imbibing.

" Very singular man. Has resided long in a native
ourt in India," Strong said, with great gravity, the
hevalier's presence of mind never deserting him—" in
ose Indian courts they get very singular habits."

" Very," said Major Pendennis, drily, and wondering

odness' name was the company into which he

ker was pleased with the new comer. "It's
ho would sing the Malay song at the Back
he whispered to Pen. "Try this pine, sir,"
id to Colonel Altamont, "it's uncommonly

—I've seen 'em feed pigs on pines," said the

e Nawaub of Lucknow's pigs are fed on
ong whispered to Major Pendennis.
course," the Major answered. Sir Francis
was, in the meanwhile, endeavouring to make
o his brother guest, for the new comer's con-
l muttered something regarding Altamont,
s an extraordinary character, very eccentric,
Indian habits—didn't understand the rules of
ciety; to which old Welbore, a shrewd old
who drank his wine with great regularity,

"Pendennis!—Pendennis be hanged!" Altamont roared out to the surprise of every one, and thumping with his fist on the table.

"My name is also Pendennis, sir," said the Major, whose dignity was exceedingly mortified by the evening's events—that he, Major Pendennis, should have been asked to such a party, and that a drunken man should have been introduced to it. "My name is Pendennis, and I will be obliged to you not to curse it too loudly."

The tipsy man turned round to look at him, and as he looked, it appeared as if Colonel Altamont suddenly grew sober. He put his hand across his forehead, and in doing so, displaced somewhat the black wig which he wore; and his eyes stared fiercely at the Major, who, in his turn, like a resolute old warrior as he was, looked at his opponent very keenly and steadily. At the end of the mutual inspection, Altamont began to button up his brass-buttoned coat, and rising up from his chair, suddenly, and to the company's astonishment, reeled towards the door, and issued from it, followed by Strong: all that the latter heard him utter was—"Captain Beak! Captain Beak, by jingo!"

There had not passed above a quarter of an hour from his strange appearance to his equally sudden departure. The two young men and the Baronet's other guest wondered at the scene, and could find no explanation for it. Clavering seemed exceedingly pale and agitated, and turned with looks of almost terror towards Major Pendennis. The latter had been eyeing his host keenly for a minute or two. "Do you know him?" asked Sir Francis of the Major.

"I am sure I have seen the fellow," the Major replied, looking as if he, too, was puzzled. "Yes, I have it. He

erter from the Horse Artillery, who got into
ub's service. I remember his face quite well."
said Clavering, with a sigh which indicated
relief of mind, and the Major looked at him
inkle of his sharp old eyes. The cab which
d desired to be called, drove away with the
and Colonel Altamont; coffee was brought to
ning gentlemen, and they went up stairs to
in the drawing-room, Foker declaring con-
to Pen that "this was the rummest go he ever
h decision, Pen said, laughing, "showed great
tion on Mr. Foker's part."

ccording to her promise, Miss Amory made
the young men. Foker was enraptured with
rmance, and kindly joined in the airs which
when he happened to be acquainted with them.
ted to talk aside with others of the party, but
rought him quickly to the piano, by singing
is own words, those which we have given in a

Miss Amory, when that young lady enquired for Captain Strong, who she wished should join her in a duet. But chancing to look up towards Sir Francis Clavering, Arthur saw a peculiar expression of alarm in the baronet's ordinarily vacuous face, and discreetly held his tongue. It was rather a dull evening. Welbore went to sleep, as he always did at music and after dinner: nor did Major Pendennis entertain the ladies with copious anecdotes and endless little scandalous stories, as his wont was, but sate silent for the most part, and appeared to be listening to the music, and watching the fair young performer.

The hour of departure having arrived, the Major rose, regretting that so delightful an evening should have passed away so quickly, and addressed a particularly fine compliment to Miss Amory, upon her splendid talents as a singer. "Your daughter, Lady Clavering," he said to that lady, "is a perfect nightingale—a perfect nightingale, begad! I have scarcely ever heard anything equal to her, and her pronunciation of every language—begad, of every language—seems to me to be perfect; and the best houses in London must open before a young lady who has such talents, and, allow an old fellow to say, Miss Amory, such a face."

Blanche was as much astonished by these compliments as Pen was, to whom his uncle, a little time since, had been speaking in very disparaging terms of the Sylph. The Major and the two young men walked home together, after Mr. Foker had placed his mother in her carriage, and procured a light for an enormous cigar.

The young gentleman's company or his tobacco did not appear to be agreeable to Major Pendennis, who eyed him askance several times, and with a look which

cated that he wished Mr. Foker would take
ıt Foker hung on resolutely to the uncle and
en until they came to the former's door in
t, where the Major wished the lads good

say, Pen," he said in a confidential whisper,
nephew back, "mind you make a point of
Grosvenor Place to-morrow. They've been
y civil; mons'ously civil and kind."
nised and wondered, and the Major's door
ı closed upon him by Morgan, Foker took
and walked with him for some time silently
igar. At last, when they had reached Char-
n Arthur's way home to the Temple, Harry
ved himself, and broke out with that eulo-
poetry, and those regrets regarding a mis-
, which have just been mentioned. And all
ng the Strand, and up to the door of Pen's
se, in Lamb Court, Temple, young Harry

CHAPTER XXXIX

RELATES TO MR. HARRY FOKER'S AFFAIRS

SINCE that fatal but delightful night in Grosvenor Place, Mr. Harry Foker's heart had been in such a state of agitation as you would hardly have thought so great a philosopher could endure. When we remember what good advice he had given to Pen in former days, how an early wisdom and knowledge of the world had manifested itself in the gifted youth; how a constant course of self-indulgence, such as becomes a gentleman of his means and expectations, ought by right to have increased his cynicism, and made him, with every succeeding day of his life, care less and less for every individual in the world, with the single exception of Mr. Harry Foker, one may wonder that he should fall into the mishap to which most of us are subject once or twice in our lives, and disquiet his great mind about a woman. But Foker, though early wise, was still a man. He could no more escape the common lot than Achilles, or Ajax, or Lord Nelson, or Adam our first father, and

ne being come, young Harry became a victim
e All-conqueror.
e went to the Back Kitchen that night after
thur Pendennis at his staircase-door in Lamb
gin-twist and devilled turkey had no charms
e jokes of his companions fell flatly on his
hen Mr. Hodgen, the singer of " The Body
had a new chant even more dreadful and
than that famous composition, Foker, al-
appeared his friend, and said " Bravo, Hod-
mmon politeness and his position as one of
f the Back Kitchen bound him to do, yet
ctly heard one word of the song, which under
" The Cat in the Cupboard," Hodgen has
ered so famous. Late and very tired, he
o his private apartments at home and sought
pillow, but his slumbers were disturbed by
his soul, and the image of Miss Amory.
how stale and distasteful his former pur-

on religious matters; at least, so the other said, who was herself of the very Highest Church faction, and made the cupboard in her room into an oratory, and fasted on every Friday in the year. Their paternal house of Drummington, Foker could very seldom be got to visit. He swore he had rather go on the tread-mill than stay there. He was not much beloved by the inhabitants. Lord Erith, Lord Rosherville's heir, considered his cousin a low person, of deplorably vulgar habits and manners; while Foker, and with equal reason, voted Erith a prig and a dullard, the nightcap of the House of Commons, the Speaker's opprobrium, the dreariest of philanthropic spouters. Nor could George Robert, Earl of Gravesend and Rosherville, ever forget that on one evening when he condescended to play at billiards with his nephew, that young gentleman poked his lordship in the side with his cue, and said, "Well, old cock, I've seen many a bad stroke in my life, but I never saw such a bad one as that there." He played the game out with angelic sweetness of temper, for Harry was his guest as well as his nephew; but he was nearly having a fit in the night; and he kept to his own rooms until young Harry quitted Drummington on his return to Oxbridge, where the interesting youth was finishing his education at the time when the occurrence took place. It was an awful blow to the venerable earl; the circumstance was never alluded to in the family; he shunned Foker whenever he came to see them in London or in the country, and could hardly be brought to gasp out a "How d'ye do?" to the young blasphemer. But he would not break his sister Agnes's heart, by banishing Harry from the family altogether; nor, indeed, could he afford to break with Mr. Foker, senior, between

whom and his lordship there had been many private transactions, producing an exchange of bank cheques from Mr. Foker, and autographs from the earl himself,

with the letters I O U written over his illustrious signature.

Besides the four daughters of Lord Gravesend whose various qualities have been enumerated in the former paragraph, his lordship was blessed with a fifth girl, the

Lady Ann Milton, who, from her earliest years and nursery, had been destined to a peculiar position in life. It was ordained between her parents and her aunt, that when Mr. Harry Foker attained a proper age, Lady Ann should become his wife. The idea had been familiar to her mind when she yet wore pinafores, and when Harry, the dirtiest of little boys, used to come back with black eyes from school to Drummington, or to his father's house of Logwood, where Lady Ann lived much with her aunt. Both of the young people coincided with the arrangement proposed by the elders, without any protests or difficulty. It no more entered Lady Ann's mind to question the order of her father, than it would have entered Esther's to dispute the commands of Ahasuerus. The heir-apparent of the house of Foker was also obedient; for when the old gentleman said, "Harry, your uncle and I have agreed that when you're of a proper age, you'll marry Lady Ann. She won't have any money, but she's good blood, and a good one to look at, and I shall make you comfortable. If you refuse, you'll have your mother's jointure, and two hundred a year during my life."—Harry, who knew that his sire, though a man of few words, was yet implicitly to be trusted, acquiesced at once in the parental decree, and said, "Well, sir, if Ann's agreeable, I say ditto. She's not a bad-looking girl."

"And she has the best blood in England, sir. Your mother's blood, your own blood, sir," said the Brewer. "There's nothing like it, sir."

"Well, sir, as you like it," Harry replied. "When you want me, please ring the bell. Only there's no hurry, and I hope you'll give us a long day. I should like to have my fling out before I marry."

away, Harry!" answered the benevolent
Nobody prevents you, do they?" And so
more was said upon this subject, and Mr.
rsued those amusements in life which suited
and hung up a little picture of his cousin in
room, amidst the French prints, the favourite
ıd dancers, the racing and coaching works of
suited his taste and formed his gallery. It
gnificant little picture, representing a simple
with ringlets; and it made, as it must be
a very poor figure by the side of Mademoiselle
ncing over a rainbow, or Mademoiselle Re-
ning in red boots and a lancer's cap.
ngaged and disposed of, Lady Ann Milton
out so much in the world as her sisters: and
d at home in London at the family house in
ıare, when her mamma with the other ladies
ıd. They talked and they danced with one
another, and the men came and went, and the

man and lady, riding and kissing each other at the full gallop; all round the chaste bed-room were more French prints, either portraits of gauzy nymphs of the Opera or lovely illustrations of the novels; or mayhap, an English chef-d'œuvre or two, in which Miss Pinckney of T. R. E. O. would be represented in tight pantaloons in her favourite page part; or Miss Rougemont as Venus; their value enhanced by the signatures of these ladies, Maria Pinckney, or Frederica Rougemont, inscribed underneath the prints in an exquisite fac-simile. Such were the pictures in which honest Harry delighted. He was no worse than many of his neighbours; he was an idle jovial kindly fast man about town; and if his rooms were rather profusely decorated with works of French art, so that simple Lady Agnes, his mamma, on entering the apartments where her darling sate enveloped in fragrant clouds of Latakia, was often bewildered by the novelties which she beheld there, why, it must be remembered, that he was richer than most young men, and could better afford to gratify his taste.

A letter from Miss Pinckney, written in a very dégagé style of spelling and hand-writing, scrawling freely over the filigree paper, and commencing by calling Mr. Harry her dear Hokey-pokey-fokey, lay on his bed-table by his side, amidst keys, sovereigns, cigar-cases, and a bit of verbena, which Miss Amory had given him, and reminding him of the arrival of the day when he was "to stand that dinner at the Elefant and Castle, at Richmond, which he had promised;" a card for a private box at Miss Rougemont's approaching benefit, a bundle of tickets for "Ben Budgeon's night, the North Lancashire Pippin, at Martin Faunce's, the Three-cornered Hat, in St. Martin's Lane; where Conkey Sam, Dick

the Nailor, the Deadman, (the Worcestershire Nobber,) would put on the gloves, and the lovers of the good old British sport were invited to attend"—these and sundry other memoirs of Mr. Foker's pursuits and pleasures lay on the table by his side when he woke.

Ah! how faint all these pleasures seemed now! What did he care for Conkey Sam or the Worcestershire Nobber? What for the French prints ogling him from all sides of the room; those regular stunning slap-up out-and-outers? And Pinckney spelling bad and calling him Hokey-fokey, confound her impudence! The idea of being engaged to a dinner at the Elephant and Castle at Richmond with that old woman, (who was seven and thirty years old, if she was a day,) filled his mind with dreary disgust now, instead of that pleasure which he had only yesterday expected to find from the entertainment.

When his fond mamma beheld her boy that morning, she remarked on the pallor of his cheek, and the general gloom of his aspect. "Why do you go on playing billiards at that wicked Spratt's?" Lady Agnes asked. "My dearest child, those billiards will kill you, I'm sure they will."

"It isn't the billiards," Harry said, gloomily.

"Then it's the dreadful Back Kitchen," said Lady Agnes. "I've often thought, d'you know, Harry, of writing to the landlady, and begging that she would have the kindness to put only very little wine in the negus which you take, and see that you have your shawl on before you get into your brougham."

"Do, ma'am. Mrs. Cutts is a most kind motherly woman," Harry said. "But it isn't the Back Kitchen, neither," he added, with a ghastly sigh.

As Lady Agnes never denied her son anything, and fell into all his ways with the fondest acquiescence, she was rewarded by a perfect confidence on young Harry's part, who never thought to disguise from her a knowledge of the haunts which he frequented; and, on the contrary, brought her home choice anecdotes from the clubs and billiard-rooms, which the simple lady relished, if she did not understand. "My son goes to Spratt's," she would say to her confidential friends. "All the young men go to Spratt's after their balls. It is *de rigueur*, my dear; and they play billiards as they used to play macao and hazard in Mr. Fox's time. Yes, my dear father often told me that they sate up *always* until nine o'clock the next morning with Mr. Fox at Brookes's, whom I remember at Drummington, when I was a little girl, in a buff waistcoat and black satin small-clothes. My brother Erith never played as a young man, nor sate up late—he had no health for it; but my boy must do as everybody does, you know. Yes, and then he often goes to a place called the Back Kitchen, frequented by all the wits and authors, you know, whom one does not see in society, but whom it is a great privilege and pleasure for Harry to meet, and there he hears the questions of the day discussed; and my dear father often said that it was our duty to encourage literature, and he had hoped to see the late Dr. Johnson at Drummington, only Dr. Johnson died. Yes, and Mr. Sheridan came over, and drank a great deal of wine—everybody drank a great deal of wine in those days—and papa's wine-merchant's bill was ten times as much as Erith's is, who gets it as he wants it from Fortnum and Mason's, and doesn't keep any stock at all.

"That was an uncommon good dinner we had yester-

n," the artful Harry broke out. " Their clear
er than ours, Moufflet will put too much tar-
everything. The suprème de volaille was
—uncommon, and the sweets were better than
sweets. Did you taste the plombière, ma'am,
raschino jelly? Stunningly good that maras-
!"

gnes expressed her agreement in these, as in
other sentiments of her son, who continued the
versation, saying,

handsome house that of the Claverings. Fur-
ould say, got up regardless of expense. Mag-
splay of plate, ma'am." The lady assented
e propositions.

nice people the Claverings."

" said Lady Agnes.

w what you mean. Lady C. ain't distangy
t she is very good-natured."

y!" mamma said, who was herself one of the

ooked at the card: but there was an omission in the invitation which did not please him.

"You have not asked Miss Whatdyecallum—Miss Emery, Lady Clavering's daughter."

"O that little creature!" Lady Agnes cried. "No, I think not, Harry."

"We must ask Miss Amory," Foker said. "I—I want to ask Pendennis; and—and he's very sweet upon her. Don't you think she sings very well, ma'am?"

"I thought her rather forward, and didn't listen to her singing. She only sang at you and Mr. Pendennis, it seemed to me. But I will ask her if you wish, Harry," and so Miss Amory's name was written on the card with her mother's.

This piece of diplomacy being triumphantly executed, Harry embraced his fond parent with the utmost affection, and retired to his own apartments, where he stretched himself on his ottoman, and lay brooding silently, sighing for the day which was to bring the fair Miss Amory under his paternal roof, and devising a hundred wild schemes for meeting her.

On his return from making the grand tour, Mr. Foker, junior, had brought with him a polyglot valet, who took the place of Stoopid, and condescended to wait at dinner, attired in shirt fronts of worked muslin, with many gold studs and chains. This man, who was of no particular country, and spoke all languages indifferently ill, made himself useful to Mr. Harry in a variety of ways,—read all the artless youth's correspondence, knew his favourite haunts and the addresses of his acquaintance, and officiated at the private dinners which the young gentleman gave. As Harry lay upon his sofa after his interview with his mamma, robed in a wonder-

g-gown, and puffing his pipe in gloomy si-
tole, too, must have remarked that something
s master's spirits; though he did not betray
d sympathy with Harry's agitation of mind.
rry began to dress himself in his out-of-door
stume, he was very hard indeed to please, and
y severe and snappish about his toilet: he
cursed, pantaloons of many different stripes,
l colours: all the boots were villainously var-
e shirts too " loud " in pattern. He scented
nd person with peculiar richness this day; and
have been the valet's astonishment, when,
blushing and hesitation on Harry's part, the
tleman asked, " I say, Anatole, when I en-
, didn't you—hem—didn't you say that you
s—hem—dress hair? "
t said, " Yes, he could."
y alors une paire de tongs,—et—curly moi
Mr. Foker said, in an easy manner; and the

Mr. Foker preparing
to conquer

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found her!—Put the dinner off—I can't go!"
ker. "No, hang it—I must go. Poyntz and
ont, and ever so many more, are coming. The
Pelham Corner at six o'clock, Anatole."
rag was not one of Mr. Foker's own equipages,
hired from a livery stable for festive purposes;
iowever, put his own carriage into requisition
ning, and for what purpose does the kind reader
Why, to drive down to Lamb Court, Temple,
Grosvenor Place by the way (which lies in the
rection of the Temple from Grosvenor Street,
body knows), where he just had the pleasure of
upwards at Miss Amory's pink window cur-
ving achieved which satisfactory feat, he drove
n's chambers. Why did he want to see his dear
en so much? Why did he yearn and long after
d did it seem necessary to Foker's very existence
hould see Pen that morning, having parted with
erfect health on the night previous? Pen had
) years in London and Foker had not paid half-
visits to his chambers. What sent him thither
uch a hurry?
?—If any young ladies read this page, I have
nform them that when the same mishap befals
ich now had for more than twelve hours befallen
'oker, people will grow interesting to them for
ey did not care sixpence on the day before; as
ther hand persons of whom they fancied them-
nd will be found to have become insipid and
able. Then your dearest Eliza or Maria of the
y, to whom you wrote letters and sent locks of
ds long, will on a sudden be as indifferent to
our stupidest relation; whilst, on the contrary,

elations you will begin to feel such a warm
uch a loving desire to ingratiate yourself with
! such a liking for that dear kind old man *his*
' He is in the habit of visiting at any house,
nces you will make in order to visit there too!
a married sister, you will like to spend long
with her. You will fatigue your servant by
tes to her, for which there will be the most
casion, twice or thrice in a day. You will cry
mma objects to your going too often to see
. The only one of them you will dislike,
His younger brother, who is at home for the
nd who will persist in staying in the room
come to see your dear new-found friend, his
ond sister. Something like this will happen
ng ladies, or, at any rate, let us hope it may.
ust go through the hot fits and the cold fits of
fever. Your mothers, if they would ac-
it, have passed through it before you were

near that fragrant flower of love. Was not he in the habit of going to her house in London? Did he not live near her in the country?—know all about the enchantress? What, I wonder, would Lady Ann Milton, Mr. Foker's cousin and *prétendue,* have said, if her ladyship had known all that was going on in the bosom of that funny little gentleman?

Alas! when Foker reached Lamb Court, leaving his carriage for the admiration of the little clerks who were lounging in the archway that leads thence into Flag Court, which leads into Upper Temple Lane, Warrington was in the chambers but Pen was absent. Pen was gone to the printing-office to see his proofs. "Would Foker have a pipe, and should the laundress go to the Cock and get him some beer?"—Warrington asked, remarking with a pleased surprise the splendid toilet of this scented and shiny-booted young aristocrat; but Foker had not the slightest wish for beer or tobacco: he had very important business: he rushed away to the "Pall Mall Gazette" office, still bent upon finding Pen. Pen had quitted that place. Foker wanted him that they might go together to call upon Lady Clavering. Foker went away disconsolate, and whiled away an hour or two vaguely at clubs; and when it was time to pay a visit, he thought it would be but decent and polite to drive to Grosvenor Place and leave a card upon Lady Clavering. He had not the courage to ask to see her when the door was opened; he only delivered two cards, with Mr. Henry Foker engraved upon them, to Jeames, in a speechless agony. Jeames received the tickets, bowing his powdered head. The varnished doors closed upon him. The beloved object was as far as ever from him, though so near. He thought he heard the tones of a

piano and of a siren singing, coming from the drawing-room and sweeping over the balcony-shrubbery of geraniums. He would have liked to stop and listen, but it might not be. "Drive to Tattersall's," he said to the groom, in a voice smothered with emotion,—"and bring my pony round," he added, as the man drove rapidly away.

As good luck would have it, that splendid barouche of Lady Clavering's, which has been inadequately described in a former chapter, drove up to her ladyship's door just as Foker mounted the pony which was in waiting for him. He bestrode the fiery animal, and dodged about the Arch of the Green Park, keeping the carriage well in view, until he saw Lady Clavering enter, and with her—whose could be that angel form, but the enchantress's, clad in a sort of gossamer, with a pink bonnet and a light-blue parasol—but Miss Amory?

The carriage took its fair owners to Madame Rigodon's cap and lace shop, to Mrs. Wolsey's Berlin worsted shop,—who knows to what other resorts of female commerce? Then it went and took ices at Hunter's, for Lady Clavering was somewhat florid in her tastes and amusements, and not only liked to go abroad in the most showy carriage in London, but that the public should see her in it too. And so, in a white bonnet with a yellow feather, she ate a large pink ice in the sunshine before Hunter's door, till Foker on his pony, and the red jacket who accompanied him, were almost tired of dodging.

Then at last she made her way into the Park, and the rapid Foker made his dash forward. What to do? Just to get a nod of recognition from Miss Amory and her mother; to cross them a half-dozen times in the drive;

to watch and ogle them from the other side of the ditch, where the horsemen assemble when the band plays in Kensington Gardens. What is the use of looking at a woman in a pink bonnet across a ditch? What is the earthly good to be got out of a nod of the head? Strange that men will be contented with such pleasures, or if not contented, at least that they will be so eager in seeking them. Not one word did Harry, he so fluent of conversation ordinarily, exchange with his charmer on that day. Mutely he beheld her return to her carriage, and drive away among rather ironical salutes from the young men in the Park. One said that the Indian widow was making the paternal rupees spin rapidly; another said that she ought to have burned herself alive, and left the money to her daughter. This one asked who Clavering was?—and old Tom Eales, who knew everybody, and never missed a day in the Park on his grey cob, kindly said that Clavering had come into an estate over head and heels in mortgage: that there were devilish ugly stories about him when he was a young man, and that it was reported of him that he had a share in a gambling-house, and had certainly shown the white feather in his regiment. "He plays still; he is in a hell every night almost," Mr. Eales added.

"I should think so, since his marriage," said a wag.

"He gives devilish good dinners," said Foker, striking up for the honour of his host of yesterday.

"I daresay, and I daresay he doesn't ask Eales," the wag said. "I say, Eales, do you dine at Clavering's—at the Begum's?"

"*I* dine there?" said Mr. Eales, who would have dined with Beelzebub if sure of a good cook, and when he came

ld have painted his host blacker than fate him.

ight, you know, although you *do* abuse him ued the wag. "They say it's very pleasant. goes to sleep after dinner; the Begum gets cherry-brandy, and the young lady sings he young gentlemen. She sings well, don't

p," said Fo. "I tell you what, Poyntz, she a—whatdyecallum—you know what I mean rmaid, you know, but that's not their name." heard a mermaid sing," Mr. Poyntz, the wag, Who ever heard a mermaid? Eales, you fellow, did you?"

make a lark of me, hang it, Poyntz," said ning red, and with tears almost in his eyes; what I mean: it's those what's-his-names— you know. I never said I was a good scholar." nobody ever said it of you, my boy," Mr.

quences now? O, Harry Foker, what a confounded little fool you have been!"

As he made this dreary soliloquy, he had cantered out of Rotten Row into the Park, and there was on the point of riding down a large old roomy family carriage, of which he took no heed, when a cheery voice cried out, "Harry, Harry!" and looking up, he beheld his aunt, the Lady Rosherville, and two of her daughters, of whom the one who spoke was Harry's betrothed, the Lady Ann.

He started back with a pale, scared look, as a truth, about which he had not thought during the whole day, came across him. *There* was his fate, there, in the back seat of that carriage!

"What is the matter, Harry? why are you so pale? You have been raking and smoking too much, you wicked boy," said Lady Ann.

Foker said, "How do, aunt," "How do, Ann," in a perturbed manner—muttered something about a pressing engagement,—indeed he saw by the Park clock that he must have been keeping his party in the drag waiting for nearly an hour—and waved a good-bye. The little man and the little pony were out of sight in an instant—the great carriage rolled away. Nobody inside was very much interested about his coming or going; the Countess being occupied with her spaniel, the Lady Lucy's thoughts and eyes being turned upon a volume of sermons, and those of Lady Ann upon a new novel, which the sisters had just procured from the library.

CHAPTER XL

ES THE READER BOTH TO RICHMOND AND GREENWICH

POOR Foker found the dinner at Richmond to be the most dreary entertainment upon which ever mortal man wasted his guineas. "I wonder how the deuce I could ever have liked these people," he thought in his own mind. "Why, I can see the crow's-feet under Rougemont's eyes, and the

in thought, seated at the head of his table, amidst melting ices, and cut pine-apples, and bottles full and empty, and cigar-ashes scattered on fruit, and the ruins of a dessert which had no pleasure for him.

"*Does* Foker ever think?" drawled out Mr. Poyntz. "Foker, here is a considerable sum of money offered by a fair capitalist at this end of the table for the present emanations of your valuable and acute intellect, old boy!"

"What the deuce is that Poyntz a talking about?" Miss Pinckney asked of her neighbour. "I hate him. He's a drawlin', sneerin' beast."

"What a droll of a little man is that little Fokare, my lor'," Mademoiselle Coralie said, in her own language, and with the rich twang of that sunny Gascony in which her swarthy cheeks and bright black eyes had got their fire. "What a droll of a man! He does not look to have twenty years."

"I wish I were of his age," said the venerable Colchicum, with a sigh, as he inclined his purple face towards a large goblet of claret.

"*C'te Jeunesse. Peuh! je m'en fiche,*" said Madame Brack, Coralie's mamma, taking a great pinch out of Lord Colchicum's delicate gold snuff-box. "*Je n'aime que les hommes faits, moi. Comme milor. Coralie! n'est-ce pas que tu n'aimes que les hommes faits, ma bichette?*"

My lord said, with a grin, "You flatter me, Madame Brack."

"*Taisez-vous, maman; vous n'êtes qu'une bête,*" Coralie cried, with a shrug of her robust shoulders; upon which, my lord said that *she* did not flatter at any rate; and pocketed his snuff-box, not desirous that Madame

ubious fingers should plunge too frequently
lackabaw.

s no need to give a prolonged detail of the
conversation which ensued during the rest of
net; a conversation which would not much
reader. And it is scarcely necessary to say,
dies of the *corps de danse* are not like Miss
any more than that all peers resemble that
member of their order, the late lamented Vis-
chicum.

ker drove his lovely guests home to Brompton
g that night; but he was quite thoughtful and
uring the whole of the little journey from
; neither listening to the jokes of the friends
n and on the box by his side, nor enlivening
as his wont, by his own facetious sallies. And
ladies whom he had conveyed alighted at the
eir house, and asked their accomplished coach-
her he would not step in and take something

in Grosvenor Place, and at the windows which he supposed to be those of the beloved object; and he moaned and he sighed in a way piteous and surprising to witness, which Policeman X did, who informed Sir Francis Clavering's people, as they took the refreshment of beer on the coach-box at the neighbouring public-house, after bringing home their lady from the French play, that there had been another chap hanging about the premises that evening—a little chap, dressed like a swell.

And now, with that perspicuity and ingenuity and enterprise which only belongs to a certain passion, Mr. Foker began to dodge Miss Amory through London, and to appear wherever he could meet her. If Lady Clavering went to the French play, where her ladyship had a box, Mr. Foker, whose knowledge of the language, as we have heard, was not conspicuous, appeared in a stall. He found out where her engagements were (it is possible that Anatole, his man, was acquainted with Sir Francis Clavering's gentleman, and so got a sight of her ladyship's engagement-book), and at many of these evening parties Mr. Foker made his appearance—to the surprise of the world, and of his mother especially, whom he ordered to apply for cards to these parties, for which until now he had shown a supreme contempt. He told the pleased and unsuspicious lady that he went to parties because it was right for him to see the world: he told her that he went to the French play because he wanted to perfect himself in the language, and there was no such good lesson as a comedy or vaudeville;—and when one night the astonished Lady Agnes saw him stand up and dance, and complimented him upon his elegance and activity, the mendacious little rogue asserted that he had learned to dance in Paris, whereas

Anatole knew that his young master used to go off privily to an academy in Brewer Street, and study there for some hours in the morning. The casino of our modern days was not invented, or was in its infancy as yet; and gentlemen of Mr. Foker's time had not the facilities of acquiring the science of dancing which are enjoyed by our present youth.

Old Pendennis seldom missed going to church. He considered it to be his duty as a gentleman to patronise the institution of public worship, and that it was a correct thing to be seen at church of a Sunday. One day, it chanced that he and Arthur went thither together; the latter, who was now in high favour, had been to breakfast with his uncle, from whose lodging they walked across the Park to a church not far from Belgrave Square. There was a charity sermon at Saint James's, as the Major knew by the bills posted on the pillars of his parish church, which probably caused him, for he was a thrifty man, to forsake it for that day: besides, he had other views for himself and Pen. "We will go to church, sir, across the Park; and then, begad, we will go to the Claverings' house, and ask them for lunch in a friendly way. Lady Clavering likes to be asked for lunch, and is uncommonly kind, and monstrous hospitable."

"I met them at dinner last week, at Lady Agnes Foker's, sir," Pen said, "and the Begum was very kind indeed. So she was in the country: so she is everywhere. But I share your opinion about Miss Amory; one of your opinions, that is, uncle, for you were changing, the last time we spoke about her."

"And what do you think of her now?" the elder said.

"I think her the most confounded little flirt in Lon-

don," Pen answered, laughing. "She made a tremendous assault upon Harry Foker, who sat next to her; and to whom she gave all the talk, though I took her down."

"Bah! Henry Foker is engaged to his cousin, all the world knows it; not a bad coup of Lady Rosherville's, that. I should say, that the young man at his father's death, and old Mr. Foker's life's devilish bad: you know he had a fit, at Arthur's last year; I should say, that young Foker won't have less than fourteen thousand a year from the brewery, besides Logwood and the Norfolk property. I've no pride about *me,* Pen. I like a man of birth, certainly, but dammy, I like a brewery which brings in a man fourteen thousand a year; hey, Pen? Ha, ha, that's the sort of man for me. And I recommend you, now that you are *lancéd* in the world, to stick to fellows of that sort; to fellows who have a stake in the country, begad."

"Foker sticks to me, sir," Arthur answered. "He has been at our chambers several times lately. He has asked me to dinner. We are almost as great friends as we used to be in our youth: and his talk is about Blanche Amory from morning till night. I'm sure he's sweet upon her."

"I'm sure he is engaged to his cousin, and that they will keep the young man to his bargain," said the Major. "The marriages in these families are affairs of state. Lady Agnes was made to marry old Foker by the late Lord, although she was notoriously partial to her cousin who was killed at Albuera afterwards, and who saved her life out of the lake at Drummington. I remember Lady Agnes, sir, an exceedingly fine woman. But what did she do?—of course she married her father's

hy, Mr. Foker sate for Drummington till the Bill, and paid dev'lish well for his seat, too. may depend upon this, sir, that Foker senior, parvenu, and loves a great man, as all parvenus mbitious views for his son as well as himself, your friend Harry must do as his father bids rd bless you! I've known a hundred cases of oung men and women: hey, Master Arthur, ke me? They kick, sir, they resist, they make f a riot and that sort of thing, but they end ng to reason, begad."

he is a dangerous girl, sir," Pen said. "I was ith her myself once, and very far gone, too," "but that is years ago."

you? How far did it go? Did she return l the Major, looking hard at Pen.

th a laugh, said "that at one time he did think etty well in Miss Amory's good graces. But r did not like her, and the affair went off."

was a devilish accomplished, clever girl: and would make a good wife with a sensible husband."

"How do you know about her money?" Pen asked, smiling. "You seem to have information about everybody, and to know about all the town."

"I do know a few things, sir, and I don't tell all I know. Mark that," the uncle replied. "And as for that charming Miss Amory,—for charming, begad! she is,—if I saw her Mrs. Arthur Pendennis, I should neither be sorry nor surprised, begad! and if you object to ten thousand pound, what would you say, sir, to thirty, or forty, or fifty?" and the Major looked still more knowingly, and still harder at Pen.

"Well, sir," he said, to his godfather and namesake, "make her Mrs. Arthur Pendennis. You can do it as well as I."

"Psha! you are laughing at me, sir," the other replied, rather peevishly, "and you ought not to laugh so near a church gate. Here we are at St. Benedict's. They say Mr. Oriel is a beautiful preacher."

Indeed, the bells were tolling, the people were trooping into the handsome church, the carriages of the inhabitants of the lordly quarter poured forth their pretty loads of devotees, in whose company Pen and his uncle, ending their edifying conversation, entered the fane. I do not know whether other people carry their worldly affairs to the church door. Arthur, who, from habitual reverence and feeling, was always more than respectful in a place of worship, thought of the incongruity of their talk, perhaps; whilst the old gentleman at his side was utterly unconscious of any such contrast. His hat was brushed; his wig was trim: his neck-cloth was perfectly tied. He looked at every soul in the congregation, it is

ald heads and the bonnets, the flowers and the
but so demurely, that he hardly lifted up his
his book—from his book which he could not

tion. Following the direction of Harry's eye, which strayed a good deal from his book, Pen found that it alighted upon a yellow bonnet and a pink one: and that these bonnets were on the heads of Lady Clavering and Blanche Amory. If Pen's uncle is not the only man who has talked about his worldly affairs up to the church door, is poor Harry Foker the only one who has brought his worldly love into the aisle?

When the congregation issued forth at the conclusion of the service, Foker was out amongst the first, but Pen came up with him presently, as he was hankering about the entrance which he was unwilling to leave, until my lady's barouche, with the bewigged coachman, had borne away its mistress and her daughter from their devotions.

When the two ladies came out, they found together the Pendennises, uncle and nephew, and Harry Foker, Esquire, sucking the crook of his stick, standing there in the sunshine. To see and to ask to eat were simultaneous with the good-natured Begum, and she invited the three gentlemen to luncheon straightway.

Blanche, too, was particularly gracious. "O! do come," she said to Arthur, "if you are not too great a man. I want so to talk to you about—but we mustn't say what, *here,* you know. What would Mr. Oriel say?" And the young devotee jumped into the carriage after her mamma.—"I've read every word of it. It's *adorable,*" she added, still addressing herself to Pen.

"I know *who* is," said Mr. Arthur, making rather a pert bow.

"What's the row about?" asked Mr. Foker, rather puzzled.

"I suppose Miss Clavering means 'Walter Lor-

raine,' " said the Major, looking knowing, and nodding at Pen.

" I suppose so, sir. There was a famous review in the ' Pall Mall ' this morning. It was Warrington's doing though, and I must not be too proud."

" A review in Pall Mall?—Walter Lorraine? What the doose do you mean? " Foker asked. " Walter Lorraine died of the measles, poor little beggar, when we were at Grey Friars. I remember his mother coming up."

" You are not a literary man, Foker," Pen said laughing, and hooking his arm into his friend's. " You must know I have been writing a novel, and some of the papers have spoken very well of it. Perhaps you don't read the Sunday papers? "

" I read ' Bell's Life ' regular, old boy," Mr. Foker answered: at which Pen laughed again, and the three gentlemen proceeded in great good humour to Lady Clavering's house.

The subject of the novel was resumed after lunch by Miss Amory, who indeed loved poets and men of letters if she loved anything, and was sincerely an[illegible] in feeling. " Some of the [illegible] me cry, positively they did,"

Pen said, with some fatuit[illegible] I have a part of *vos larmes*, M[illegible] Major (who had no[illegible] book) put on his [illegible] are some passages [illegible] and,"—" O, if it ma[illegible] clared she would not [illegible]

" Don't, mamma," B[illegible] of her shoulders; and then

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he book, about the snatches of poetry interspersed in t, about the two heroines, Leonora and Neæra; about he two heroes, Walter Lorraine and his rival the young Duke—" and what good company you introduce us to," said the young lady, archly, " *quel ton!* How much of your life have you passed at court, and are you a prime minister's son, Mr. Arthur? "

Pen began to laugh—" It is as cheap for a novelist to create a Duke as to make a Baronet," he said. " Shall I tell you a secret, Miss Amory? I promoted all my characters at the request of the publisher. The young Duke was only a young Baron when the novel was first written; his false friend, the Viscount, was a simple commoner, and so on with all the characters of the story."

" What a wicked, satirical, pert young man you have become! *Comme vous voilà formé!* " said the young lady. " How different from Arthur Pendennis of the country! Ah! I think I like Arthur Pendennis of the country best, though! " and she gave him the full benefit of her eyes,—both of the fond appealing glance into his own, and of the modest look downwards towards the carpet, which showed off her dark eyelids and long fringed lashes.

Pen of course protested that he had not changed in the least, to which the young lady replied by a tender sigh; and thinking that she had done quite enough to make Arthur happy or miserable (as the case might be), he proceeded to cajole his companion, Mr. Harry Foker, who during the literary conversation had sate silently imbibing the head of his cane, and wishing he was a clever chap like that Pen.

If the Major thought that by telling Miss Amory of Mr. Foker's engagement to his cousin, Lady Ann Mil-

ch information the old gentleman neatly con-
the girl as he sate by her side at luncheon below
if, we say, the Major thought that the know-
this fact would prevent Blanche from paying
ner attention to the young heir of Foker's En-
vas entirely mistaken. She became only the
cious to Foker: she praised him, and everything
g to him; she praised his mamma; she praised
which he rode in the Park; she praised the
eloques or gimcracks which the young gentle-
e at his watch-chain, and that dear little darling
, and those dear little delicious monkeys' heads
y eyes, which ornamented Harry's shirt, and
he buttons of his waistcoat. And then, having
nd coaxed the weak youth until he blushed
ed with pleasure, and until Pen thought she
d gone quite far enough, she took another

afraid Mr. Foker is a very sad young man,"

Almost perfect happiness

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nd I adore Richmond, that I do; and I adore Green-
ich, and I say, I *should* like to go there."

" Why should not we three bachelors," the Major here
oke out, gallantly, and to his nephew's special surprise,
beg these ladies to honour us with their company at
reenwich? Is Lady Clavering to go on for ever being
spitable to us, and may we make no return? Speak
r yourselves, young men,—eh, begad! Here is my
phew, with his pockets full of money—his pockets full,
gad! and Mr. Henry Foker, who, as I have heard
y, is pretty well to do in the world,—how is your lovely
usin, Lady Ann, Mr. Foker?—here are these two
ung ones,—and they allow an old fellow like me to
eak. Lady Clavering, will you do me the favour to
my guest? and Miss Blanche shall be Arthur's if she
ll be so good."

" Oh delightful!" cried Blanche.

" I like a bit of fun too," said Lady Clavering; " and
will take some day when Sir Francis—"

" When Sir Francis dines out,—yes, Mamma," the
ughter said, " it will be charming."

And a charming day it was. The dinner was ordered
Greenwich, and Foker, though he did not invite Miss
mory, had some delicious opportunities of conversation
ith her during the repast, and afterwards on the bal-
ny of their room at the hotel, and again during the
ive home in her ladyship's barouche. Pen came down
ith his uncle, in Sir Hugh Trumpington's brougham,
hich the Major borrowed for the occasion. " I am an
d soldier, begad," he said, " and I learned in early life
make myself comfortable."

And, being an old soldier, he allowed the two young

men to pay for the dinner between them, and all t way home in the brougham he rallied Pen about M Amory's evident partiality for him: praised her go looks, spirits, and wit: and again told Pen, in the stri est confidence, that she would be a devilish deal rich than people thought.

CHAPTER XLI

CONTAINS A NOVEL INCIDENT

SOME account has been given, in a former part of this story, how Mr. Pen, during his residence at home, after his defeat at Oxbridge, had occupied himself with various literary compositions, and amongst other works, had written the greater part of a novel. This book, written under the influence of his youthful embarrassments, amaıd pecuniary, was of a very fierce, gloomy, and ate sort,—the Byronic despair, the Wertherian dency, the mocking bitterness of Mephistopheles st, were all reproduced and developed in the char- the hero; for our youth had just been learning man language, and imitated, as almost all clever , his favourite poets and writers. Passages in ımes once so loved, and now read so seldom, still e mark of the pencil with which he noted them days. Tears fell upon the leaf of the book, per- r blistered the pages of his manuscript, as the ate young man dashed his thoughts down. If he the book afterwards, he had no ability or wish

thoughts and meaning
story, how many insipic
ing, and dull tales exc
smile passed over Pen's
recalled the time and fe
pompous some of the
how weak others were i
pressed his full heart!
then favourite author, a
confess, though he had
originally then. As he m
lected the place and ho
ghost of the dead feelin
he blushed to review the f
those blots on the page?
ground where camels' hoo
traces of withered herba
that water was there onc
was no longer green, a
dried up.

He used this simile on
the latter

:en the manuscript out of a long-neglected chest, con-
ning old shooting jackets, old Oxbridge scribbling
)ks, his old surplice, and battered cap and gown, and
ıer memorials of youth, school, and home. He read
the volume in bed until he fell asleep, for the com-
:ncement of the tale was somewhat dull, and he had
ne home tired from a London evening party.

"By Jove!" said Pen, thumping down his papers,
vhen I think that these were written only a very few
ars ago, I am ashamed of my memory. I wrote this
ıen I believed myself to be eternally in love with that
:le coquette, Miss Amory. I used to carry down
:ses to her, and put them into the hollow of a tree,
d dedicate them 'Amori.'"

"That was a sweet little play upon words," Warring-
ı remarked, with a puff. "Amory—Amori. It
)wed profound scholarship. Let us hear a bit of the
bbish." And he stretched over from his easy chair,
d caught hold of Pen's manuscript with the fire-tongs,
ıich he was just using in order to put a coal into his
)e. Thus, in possession of the volume, he began to
ıd out from the "Leaves from the Life-book of Wal-
· Lorraine."

"'False as thou art beautiful! heartless as thou art
ir! mockery of Passion!' Walter cried, addressing
:onora; 'what evil spirit hath sent thee to torture me
? O Leonora * * *'"

"Cut that part out," cried Pen, making a dash at
: book, which, however, his comrade would not release.
Well! don't read it out at any rate. That's about my
ıer flame, my first—Lady Mirabel that is now. I
w her last night at Lady Whiston's. She asked me to
party at her house, and said that, as old friends, we

ought to meet oftener. She has been seeing me any time these two years in town, and never thought of inviting me before; but seeing Wenham talking to me, and Monsieur Dubois, the French literary man, who had a dozen orders on, and might have passed for a Marshal of France, she condescended to invite me. The Claverings are to be there on the same evening. Won't it be exciting to meet one's two flames at the same table?"

"Two flames!—two heaps of burnt-out cinders," Warrington said. "Are both the beauties in this book?"

"Both, or something like them," Pen said. "Leonora, who marries the Duke, is the Fotheringay. I drew the Duke from Magnus Charters, with whom I was at Oxbridge; it's a little like him; and Miss Amory is Neæra. By gad, Warrington, I did love that first woman! I thought of her as I walked home from Lady Whiston's in the moonlight; and the whole early scenes came back to me as if they had been yesterday. And when I got home, I pulled out the story which I wrote about her and the other three years ago: do you know, outrageous as it is, it has some good stuff in it; and if Bungay won't publish it, I think Bacon will."

"That's the way of poets," said Warrington. "They fall in love, jilt, or are jilted; they suffer and they cry out that they suffer more than any other mortals: and when they have experienced feelings enough they note them down in a book, and take the book to market. All poets are humbugs, all literary men are humbugs; directly a man begins to sell his feelings for money he's a humbug. If a poet gets a pain in his side from too good a dinner, he bellows Ai, Ai, louder than Prometheus."

"I suppose a poet has greater sensibility than another

man," said Pen, with some spirit. "That is what makes him a poet. I suppose that he sees and feels more keenly: it is that which makes him speak of what he feels and sees. You speak eagerly enough in your leading articles when you espy a false argument in an opponent, or detect a quack in the House. Paley, who does not care for any thing else in the world, will talk for an hour about a question of law. Give another the privilege which you take yourself, and the free use of his faculty, and let him be what nature has made him. Why should not a man sell his sentimental thoughts as well as you your political ideas, or Paley his legal knowledge? Each alike is a matter of experience and practice. It is not money which causes you to perceive a fallacy, or Paley to argue a point; but a natural or acquired aptitude for that kind of truth: and a poet sets down his thoughts and experiences upon paper as a painter does a landscape or a face upon canvas, to the best of his ability, and according to his particular gift. If ever I think I have the stuff in me to write an epic, by Jove I will try. If I only feel that I am good enough to crack a joke or tell a story, I will do that."

"Not a bad speech, young one," Warrington said, "but that does not prevent all poets from being humbugs."

"What—Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare and all?"

"Their names are not to be breathed in the same sentence with you pigmies," Warrington said; "there are men and men, sir."

"Well, Shakspeare was a man who wrote for money, just as you and I do," Pen answered; at which Warrington confounded his impudence, and resumed his pipe and his manuscript.

vas not the slightest doubt then that this doc-
tained a great deal of Pen's personal experi-
that " Leaves from the Life-book of Walter
would never have been written but for
endennis's own private griefs, passions, and
s we have become acquainted with these in
part of his biography, it will not be necessary
rge extracts from the novel of " Walter Lor-
which the young gentleman had depicted such
he thought were likely to interest the reader,
table for the purposes of his story.

ough he had kept it in his box for nearly half
od during which, according to the Horatian
work of art ought to lie ripening (a maxim,
f which may, by the way, be questioned alto-
r. Pen had not buried his novel for this time,
at the work might improve, but because he
w where else to bestow it, or had no particular
e it. A man who thinks of putting away a

whom he admired; and when he now reviewed his little performance, he was keenly enough alive to its faults, and pretty modest regarding its merits. It was not very good, he thought; but it was as good as most books of the kind that had the run of circulating libraries and the career of the season. He had critically examined more than one fashionable novel by the authors of the day then popular, and he thought that his intellect was as good as theirs, and that he could write the English language as well as those ladies or gentlemen; and as he now ran over his early performance, he was pleased to find here and there passages exhibiting both fancy and vigour, and traits, if not of genius, of genuine passion and feeling. This, too, was Warrington's verdict, when that severe critic, after half-an-hour's perusal of the manuscript, and the consumption of a couple of pipes of tobacco, laid Pen's book down, yawning portentously. "I can't read any more of that balderdash now," he said; "but it seems to me there is some good stuff in it, Pen, my boy. There's a certain greenness and freshness in it which I like somehow. The bloom disappears off the face of poetry after you begin to shave. You can't get up that naturalness and artless rosy tint in after days. Your cheeks are pale, and have got faded by exposure to evening parties, and you are obliged to take curling-irons, and macassar, and the deuce-knows-what to your whiskers; they curl ambrosially, and you are very grand and genteel, and so forth; but, ah! Pen, the spring time was the best."

"What the deuce have my whiskers to do with the subject in hand?" Pen said (who, perhaps, may have been nettled by Warrington's allusion to those ornaments, which, to say the truth, the young man coaxed,

d, and oiled, and perfumed, and petted, in absurd manner). "Do you think we can do with 'Walter Lorraine?' Shall we take him isher's, or make an *auto-da-fé* of him?"

" Have I? Here goes," said Pen, and " Walter Lor-
ne " went off the table, and was flung on to the coals.
it the fire having done its duty of boiling the young
in's breakfast-kettle, had given up work for the day,
d had gone out, as Pen knew very well; and Warring-
n, with a scornful smile, once more took up the manu-
ipt with the tongs from out of the harmless cinders.
" O, Pen, what a humbug you are! " Warrington said;
nd, what is worst of all, sir, a clumsy humbug. I saw
u look to see that the fire was out before you sent
Valter Lorraine ' behind the bars. No, we won't burn
n: we will carry him to the Egyptians, and sell him.
'e will exchange him away for money, yea, for silver
d gold, and for beef and for liquors, and for tobacco
d for raiment. This youth will fetch some price in
e market; for he is a comely lad, though not over
ong; but we will fatten him up, and give him the
th, and curl his hair, and we will sell him for a hun-
ed piastres to Bacon or to Bungay. The rubbish is
able enough, sir; and my advice to you is this: the
xt time you go home for a holiday, take ' Walter Lor-
ne ' in your carpet-bag—give him a more modern air,
une away, though sparingly, some of the green pas-
ges, and add a little comedy, and cheerfulness, and
ire, and that sort of thing, and then we'll take him to
rket, and sell him. The book is not a wonder of won-
rs, but it will do very well."
" Do you think so, Warrington? " said Pen, delighted,
r this was great praise from his cynical friend.
" You silly young fool! I think it's uncommonly
ver," Warrington said in a kind voice. " So do you,
." And with the manuscript which he held in his hand
playfully struck Pen on the cheek. That part of Pen's

ce turned as red as it had ever done in the
ys of his blushes: he grasped the other's hand
Thank you, Warrington," with all his might;
e retired to his own room with his book, and
greater part of the day upon his bed re-read-
d he did as Warrington had advised, and
t a little, and added a great deal, until at
had fashioned "Walter Lorraine" pretty
the shape in which, as the respected novel-
ws, it subsequently appeared.

ne was at work upon this performance, the
ed Warrington artfully inspired the two gen-
o "read" for Messrs. Bacon and Bungay
greatest curiosity regarding "Walter Lor-
l pointed out the peculiar merits of its dis-
author. It was at the period when the novel
e Fashionable," was in vogue among us; and
n did not fail to point out, as before, how
man of the very first fashion himself, and re-

Bacon, when he found that Bungay was about to treat, of course began to be anxious and curious, and desired to outbid his rival. Was anything settled between Mr. Pendennis and the odious house "over the way" about the new book? Mr. Hack, the confidential reader, was told to make inquiries, and see if anything was to be done; and the result of the inquiries of that diplomatist was, that one morning, Bacon himself toiled up the stair-case of Lamb Court, and to the door on which the names of Mr. Warrington and Mr. Pendennis were painted.

For a gentleman of fashion, as poor Pen was represented to be, it must be confessed, that the apartments he and his friend occupied were not very suitable. The ragged carpet had grown only more ragged during the two years of joint occupancy: a constant odour of tobacco perfumed the sitting-room: Bacon tumbled over the laundress's buckets in the passage through which he had to pass; Warrington's shooting jacket was as tattered at the elbows as usual; and the chair which Bacon was requested to take on entering, broke down with the publisher. Warrington burst out laughing, said that Bacon had got the game chair, and bawled out to Pen to fetch a sound one from his bed-room. And seeing the publisher looking round the dingy room with an air of profound pity and wonder, asked him whether he didn't think the apartments were elegant, and if he would like, for Mrs. Bacon's drawing-room, any of the articles of furniture? Mr. Warrington's character, as a humourist, was known to Mr. Bacon: "I never can make that chap out," the publisher was heard to say, "or tell whether he is in earnest or only chaffing."

It is very possible that Mr. Bacon would have set the

men down as impostors altogether, but that
ed to be on the breakfast-table certain cards
n which the post of the morning had brought
, and which happened to come from some
d personages of the *beau-monde,* into which
man had his introduction. Looking down
Bacon saw that the Marchioness of Steyne
home to Mr. Arthur Pendennis upon a given
hat another lady of distinction proposed to
ng at her house upon a certain future even-
rington saw the admiring publisher eyeing
ments. "Ah," said he, with an air of sim-
endennis is one of the most affable young
knew, Mr. Bacon. Here is a young fellow
with all the great men in London, and yet
is mutton-chop with you and me quite con-
There's nothing like the affability of the old
ntleman."

nothing," said Mr. Bacon.

for it? would he give Bacon the refusal of it? he would find our house a liberal house, and so forth. The delighted Pen assumed an air of indifference, and said that he was already in treaty with Bungay, and could give no definite answer. This piqued the other into such liberal, though vague offers, that Pen began to fancy Eldorado was opening to him, and that his fortune was made from that day.

I shall not mention what was the sum of money which Mr. Arthur Pendennis finally received for the first edition of his novel of "Walter Lorraine," lest other young literary aspirants should expect to be as lucky as he was, and unprofessional persons forsake their own callings, whatever they may be, for the sake of supplying the world with novels, whereof there is already a sufficiency. Let no young people be misled and rush fatally into romance-writing: for one book which succeeds let them remember the many that fail, I do not say deservedly or otherwise, and wholesomely abstain: or if they venture, at least let them do so at their own peril. As for those who have already written novels, this warning is not addressed, of course, to them. Let them take their wares to market; let them apply to Bacon and Bungay, and all the publishers in the Row, or the metropolis, and may they be happy in their ventures! This world is so wide, and the tastes of mankind happily so various, that there is always a chance for every man, and he may win the prize by his genius or by his good fortune. But what is the chance of success or failure; of obtaining popularity, or of holding it when achieved? One man goes over the ice, which bears him, and a score who follow flounder in. In fine, Mr. Pendennis's was an exceptional case, and applies to himself only: and I assert

and will to the last maintain, that it is one
rite a novel, and another to get money for it.
t, then, or good fortune, or the skilful play-
Bungay against Bacon which Warrington
(and which an amateur novelist is quite wel-
upon any two publishers in the trade), Pen's
actually sold for a certain sum of money to
two eminent patrons of letters whom we have
to our readers. The sum was so considerable
nought of opening an account at a banker's or
a cab and horse, or of descending into the
of Lamb Court into newly furnished apart-
of migrating to the fashionable end of the

Pendennis advised the latter move strongly;
his eyes with wonder when he heard of the
that had befallen Pen; and which the latter,
it occurred, hastened eagerly to communicate
e. The Major was almost angry that Pen

able counsellor than the old gentleman in the person of his friend, and in his own conscience, which said to him, "Be grateful for this piece of good fortune; don't plunge into any extravagances. Pay back Laura!" And he wrote a letter to her, in which he told her his thanks and his regard; and inclosed to her such an instalment of his debt as nearly wiped it off. The widow and Laura herself might well be affected by the letter. It was written with genuine tenderness and modesty; and old Dr. Portman, when he read a passage in the letter, in which Pen, with an honest heart full of gratitude, humbly thanked Heaven for his present prosperity, and for sending him such dear and kind friends to support him in his ill-fortune,—when Doctor Portman read this portion of the letter, his voice faltered, and his eyes twinkled behind his spectacles. And when he had quite finished reading the same, and had taken his glasses off his nose, and had folded up the paper and given it back to the widow, I am constrained to say, that after holding Mrs. Pendennis's hand for a minute, the Doctor drew that lady towards him and fairly kissed her: at which salute, of course, Helen burst out crying on the Doctor's shoulder, for her heart was too full to give any other reply: and the Doctor, blushing a great deal after his feat, led the lady, with a bow, to the sofa, on which he seated himself by her; and he mumbled out, in a low voice, some words of a Great Poet whom he loved very much, and who describes how in the days of his prosperity he had made "the widow's heart to sing for joy."

"The letter does the boy very great honour, very great honour, my dear," he said, patting it as it lay on Helen's knee—"and I think we have all reason to be thankful for it—very thankful. I need not tell you

quarter, my dear, for you are a sainted
yes, Laura, my love, your mother is a sainted
And Mrs. Pendennis, ma'am, I shall order
the book for myself, and another at the Book

ay be sure that the widow and Laura walked
eet the mail which brought them their copy of
cious novel, as soon as that work was printed
for delivery to the public: and that they read
other: and that they also read it privately and
y, for when the widow came out of her room
ssing-gown at one o'clock in the morning with
wo, which she had finished, she found Laura
volume three in bed. Laura did not say
out the book, but Helen pronounced that
happy mixture of Shakspeare, and Byron,
ter Scott, and was quite certain that her son
greatest genius, as he was the best son, in the

worldling, whose whole thoughts were bent upon pleasure and rank and fortune? He never alluded to—to old times, when he spoke of her. He had forgotten them and her, perhaps: had he not forgotten other things and people?

These thoughts may have passed in Miss Laura's mind, though she did not, she could not, confide them to Helen. She had one more secret, too, from that lady, which she could not divulge, perhaps because she knew how the widow would have rejoiced to know it. This regarded an event which had occurred during that visit to Lady Rockminster, which Laura had paid in the last Christmas holidays: when Pen was at home with his mother, and when Mr. Pynsent, supposed to be so cold and so ambitious, had formally offered his hand to Miss Bell. No one except herself and her admirer knew of this proposal: or that Pynsent had been rejected by her, and probably the reasons she gave to the mortified young man himself, were not those which actuated her refusal, or those which she chose to acknowledge to herself. "I never," she told Pynsent, "can accept such an offer as that which you make me, which you own is unknown to your family, as I am sure it would be unwelcome to them. The difference of rank between us is too great. You are very kind to me here—too good and kind, dear Mr. Pynsent—but I am little better than a dependant."

"A dependant! who ever so thought of you? You are the equal of all the world," Pynsent broke out.

"I am a dependant at home, too," Laura said, sweetly, "and indeed, I would not be otherwise. Left early a poor orphan, I have found the kindest and tenderest of mothers, and I have vowed never to leave her—never.

not speak of this again—here, under your roof, or elsewhere. It is impossible."

ady Rockminster asks you herself, will you er?" Pynsent cried, eagerly.

Laura said. "I beg you never to speak of nore. I must go away if you do."—And with ft him.

t never asked for Lady Rockminster's inter- e knew how vain it was to look for that: and poke again on that subject to Laura or to any

at length the famous novel appeared, it not with applause from more impartial critics than dennis, but, luckily for Pen, it suited the taste blic, and obtained a quick and considerable . Before two months were over, Pen had the n and surprise of seeing the second edition ter Lorraine" advertised in the newspapers;

ened by prosperity and kindness, as there are men of ther dispositions, who become arrogant and graceless nder good fortune. Happy he who can endure one or he other with modesty and good-humour! Lucky he who has been educated to bear his fate, whatsoever it may e, by an early example of uprightness, and a childish raining in honour!

CHAPTER XLII

ALSATIA

BRED up, like a bailiff or a shabby attorney, about the purlieus of the Inns of Court, Shepherd's Inn is always to be found in the close neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Temple. Somewhere behind the black gables and smutty chimney-stacks of Wych Street,

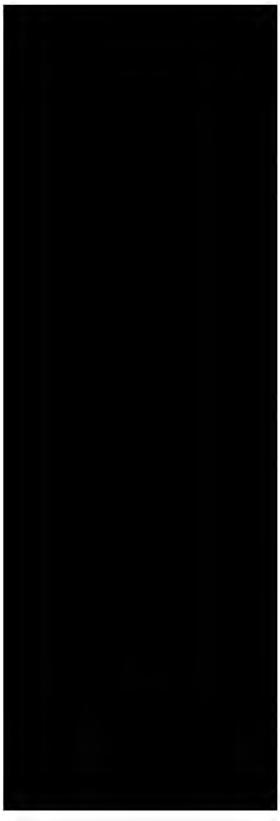
chant here, in deadly guttural tones, satirical songs against the Whig administration, against the bishops and dignified clergy, against the German relatives of an august royal family: Punch sets up his theatre, sure of an audience, and occasionally of a halfpenny from the swarming occupants of the houses: women scream after their children for loitering in the gutter, or, worse still, against the husband who comes reeling from the gin-shop;—there is a ceaseless din and life in these courts, out of which you pass into the tranquil, old-fashioned quadrangle of Shepherd's Inn. In a mangy little grass-plat in the centre rises up the statue of Shepherd, defended by iron-railings from the assaults of boys. The Hall of the Inn, on which the founder's arms are painted, occupies one side of the square, the tall and ancient chambers are carried round other two sides, and over the central archway, which leads into Oldcastle Street, and so into the great London thoroughfare.

The Inn may have been occupied by lawyers once: but the laity have long since been admitted into its precincts, and I do not know that any of the principal legal firms have their chambers here. The offices of the Polwheedle and Tredyddlum Copper Mines occupy one set of the ground-floor chambers; the Registry of Patent Inventions and Union of Genius and Capital Company, another;—the only gentleman whose name figures here, and in the "Law List," is Mr. Campion, who wears moustachios, and who comes in his cab twice or thrice in a week; and whose West End offices are in Curzon Street, Mayfair, where Mrs. Campion entertains the nobility and gentry to whom her husband lends money. There, and on his glazed cards, he is Mr. Somerset Campion; here he is Campion & Co.; and the same tuft which

his chin, sprouts from the under lip of the firm. It is splendid to see his cab-horse harg with heraldic bearings, as the vehicle stops leading to his chambers. The horse flings is nostrils as he chafes and tosses under the . The reins and the breeches of the groom ng white,—the lustre of that equipage makes in that shady place.

friend, Captain Costigan, has examined cab and horse many an afternoon, as he ut the court in his carpet slippers and dress- with his old hat cocked over his eye. He suns re after his breakfast when the day is suita- oes and pays a visit to the porter's lodge, oats the heads of the children, and talks to on about the thayatres and me daughther abel. Mrs. Bolton was herself in the profes- and danced at the Wells in early days as the of Mr. Serle's forty pupils.

The Captain in the
Porter's lodge



longs to emulate. She has a good voice and a pretty
e and figure for the stage; and she prepares the
ms and makes the beds and breakfasts for Messrs.
tigan and Bows, in return for which the latter in-

cts her in music and singing. But for his unfor-
ate propensity to liquor (and in that excess she sup-
s that all men of fashion indulge), she thinks the
ain the finest gentleman in the world, and believes
ll the versions of all his stories; and she is very fond
Mr. Bows too, and very grateful to him, and this

old gentleman has a fatherly fondness for
r in truth his heart is full of kindness, and he
sy unless he loves somebody.
has had the carriages of visitors of distinc-
his humble door in Shepherd's Inn: and to
alk of a morning (for his evening song is of
re melancholy nature) you would fancy that
s and Lady Mirabel were in the constant habit
at his chambers, and bringing with them the
ity to visit the "old man, the honest old half-
n, poor old Jack Costigan," as Cos calls him-

h is, that Lady Mirabel has left her husband's
h has been stuck in the little looking-glass
antel-piece of the sitting-room at No. 4, for
months past), and has come in person to see
but not of late days. A kind person, dis-
ischarge her duties gravely, upon her mar-
Sir Charles, she settled a little pension upon

vee at the Castle at Dublin that poor old Jack Costigan has attended in his time. Did the Juke look pretty well? Bedad, I'll call at Apsley House and lave me cyard upon 'um. I thank ye, James, a little dthrop more champeane." Indeed, he was magnificent in his courtesy to all, and addressed his observations not only to the master and the guests, but to the domestics who waited at the table, and who had some difficulty in maintaining their professional gravity while they waited on Captain Costigan.

On the first two or three visits to his son-in-law, Costigan maintained a strict sobriety, content to make up for his lost time when he got to the Back Kitchen, where he bragged about his son-in-law's clar't and burgundee, until his own utterance began to fail him, over his sixth tumbler of whiskey-punch. But with familiarity his caution vanished, and poor Cos lamentably disgraced himself at Sir Charles Mirabel's table, by premature inebriation. A carriage was called for him: the hospitable door was shut upon him. Often and sadly did he speak to his friends at the Kitchen of his resemblance to King Lear in the plee—of his having a thankless choild, bedad—of his being a pore worn-out lonely old man, dthriven to dthrinking by ingratitude, and seeking to dthrown his sorrows in punch.

It is painful to be obliged to record the weaknesses of fathers, but it must be furthermore told of Costigan, that when his credit was exhausted and his money gone, he would not unfrequently beg money from his daughter, and make statements to her not altogether consistent with strict truth. On one day a bailiff was about to lead him to prison, he wrote, " unless the—to you insignificant—sum of three pound five can be forthcom-

ing to liberate a poor man's grey hairs from gaol." And the good-natured Lady Mirabel dispatched the money necessary for her father's liberation, with a caution to him to be more economical for the future. On a second occasion the Captain met with a frightful accident, and broke a plate-glass window in the Strand, for which the proprietor of the shop held him liable. The money was forthcoming this time too, to repair her papa's disaster, and was carried down by Lady Mirabel's servant to the slipshod messenger and aide-de-camp of the Captain, who brought the letter announcing his mishap. If the servant had followed the Captain's aide-de-camp who carried the remittance, he would have seen that gentleman, a person of Costigan's country too (for have we not said, that however poor an Irish gentleman is, he always has a poorer Irish gentleman to run on his errands and transact his pecuniary affairs?), call a cab from the nearest stand, and rattle down to the Roscius's Head, Harlequin Yard, Drury Lane, where the Captain was indeed in pawn, and for several glasses containing rum and water, or other spirituous refreshment, of which he and his staff had partaken. On a third melancholy occasion he wrote that he was attacked by illness, and wanted money to pay the physician whom he was compelled to call in; and this time Lady Mirabel, alarmed about her father's safety, and perhaps reproaching herself that she had of late lost sight of him, called for her carriage and drove to Shepherd's Inn, at the gate of which she alighted, whence she found the way to her father's chambers, "No. 4, third floor, name of Podmore over the door," the portress said, with many curtsies, pointing towards the door of the house into which the affectionate daughter en-

Her ladyship's visit

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d and mounted the dingy stair. Alas! the door,
nounted by the name of Podmore, was opened to
by poor Cos in his shirt-sleeves, and prepared with
gridiron to receive the mutton-chops which Mrs.
on had gone to purchase.

lso, it was not pleasant for Sir Charles Mirabel to
letters constantly addressed to him at Brookes's,
the information that Captain Costigan was in the
waiting for an answer; or when he went to play
ubber at the Travellers', to be obliged to shoot out
is brougham and run up the steps rapidly, lest his
er-in-law should seize upon him; and to think that
e he read his paper or played his whist, the Captain
walking on the opposite side of Pall Mall, with that
dful cocked hat, and the eye beneath it fixed steadily
ı the windows of the club. Sir Charles was a weak
; he was old, and had many infirmities: he cried
ıt his father-in-law to his wife, whom he adored
senile infatuation: he said he must go abroad,—he
t go and live in the country,—he should die, or have
her fit, if he saw that man again—he knew he
ld. And it was only by paying a second visit to
tain Costigan, and representing to him, that if he
ued Sir Charles by letters or addressed him in the
:t, or made any further applications for loans, his
vance would be withdrawn altogether, that Lady
ıbel was enabled to keep her papa in order, and to
ıre tranquillity to her husband. And on occasion of
visit, she sternly rebuked Bows for not keeping a
:r watch over the Captain; desired that he should
be allowed to drink in that shameful way; and that
people at the horrid taverns which he frequented
ld be told, upon no account to give him credit.

nduct is bringing me to the grave," she said
e looked perfectly healthy), " and you, as an
Ir. Bows, and one that pretended to have a
us, ought to be ashamed of abetting him in
were the thanks which honest Bows got for
hip and his life's devotion. And I do not
at the old philosopher was much worse off
other men, or had greater reason to grumble.

econd floor of the next house to Bows's, in
Inn, at No. 3, live two other acquaintances
olonel Altamont, agent to the Nawaub of
and Captain the Chevalier Edward Strong.
t all is over their door. The Captain does not
et all the world know where he lives, and his
the address of a Jermyn Street hotel; and
Ambassador Plenipotentiary of the Indian
he is not an envoy accredited to the Courts of
s or Leadenhall Street, but is here on a con-
ission, quite independent of the East India

quartered than he, in his crib in Shepherd's Inn. There were three rooms below: the office where Strong transacted his business—whatever that might be—and where still remained the desk and railings of the departed officials who had preceded him, and the Chevalier's own bedroom and sitting-room; and a private stair led out of the office to two upper apartments, the one occupied by Colonel Altamont, and the other serving as the kitchen of the establishment, and the bed-room of Mr. Grady, the attendant. These rooms were on a level with the apartments of our friends Bows and Costigan next door at No. 4; and by reaching over the communicating leads, Grady could command the migonette-box which bloomed in Bows's window.

From Grady's kitchen casement often came odours still more fragrant. The three old soldiers who formed the garrison of No. 4, were all skilled in the culinary art. Grady was great at an Irish stew; the Colonel was famous for pillaus and curries; and as for Strong, he could cook anything. He made French dishes and Spanish dishes, stews, fricassees, and omelettes, to perfection; nor was there any man in England more hospitable than he when his purse was full, or his credit was good. At those happy periods, he could give a friend, as he said, a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and a good song afterwards; and poor Cos often heard with envy the roar of Strong's choruses, and the musical clinking of the glasses, as he sate in his own room, so far removed and yet so near to those festivities. It was not expedient to invite Mr. Costigan always: his practice of inebriation was lamentable; and he bored Strong's guests with his stories when sober, and with his maudlin tears when drunk.

e and motley set they were, these friends of
er; and though Major Pendennis would not
relished their company, Arthur and War-
d it not a little. There was a history about
of the set: they seemed all to have had their
k and bad fortune. Most of them had won-
mes and speculations in their pockets, and
making rapid and extraordinary fortunes.
had been in Queen Christina's army, when
g had fought on the other side; and was now
a little scheme for smuggling tobacco into
ich must bring thirty thousand a year to any
ould advance fifteen hundred, just to bribe
er of the Excise who held out, and had wind
ne. Tom Diver, who had been in the Mexi-
knew of a specie-ship which had been sunk
year of the war, with three hundred and
sand dollars on board, and a hundred and
sand pounds in bars and doubloons. "Give
hundred pounds," Tom said, "and I'm off

the old gentleman died and left him that famous property, from which he got no rents now, and of which nobody exactly knew the situation. Added to these was Sir Francis Clavering, Bart., who liked their society, though he did not much add to its amusements by his convivial powers. But he was made much of by the company now, on account of his wealth and position in the world. He told his little story and sang his little song or two with great affability; and he had had his own history, too, before his accession to good fortune; and had seen the inside of more prisons than one, and written his name on many a stamped paper.

When Altamont first returned from Paris, and after he had communicated with Sir Francis Clavering from the hotel at which he had taken up his quarters (and which he had reached in a very denuded state, considering the wealth of diamonds and rubies with which this honest man was entrusted), Strong was sent to him by his patron the Baronet; paid his little bill at the inn, and invited him to come and sleep for a night or two at the chambers, where he subsequently took up his residence. To negotiate with this man was very well, but to have such a person settled in his rooms, and to be constantly burthened with such society, did not suit the Chevalier's taste much; and he grumbled not a little to his principal.

"I wish you would put this bear into somebody else's cage," he said to Clavering. "The fellow's no gentleman. I don't like walking with him. He dresses himself like a nigger on a holiday. I took him to the play the other night; and, by Jove, sir, he abused the actor who was doing the part of villain in the play, and swore at him so, that the people in the boxes wanted to turn

...e fellow
him to stand up l
deuce does he con
whole story, Fran
have robbed a chu
had better get it o
tell me what this A
you."

"Hang him! I w
only reply; and his
Strong did not thinl
ther at that time; bu
discover for himself
tamont and Claverin

CHAPTER XLIII

:ICH THE COLONEL NARRATES SOME OF HIS ADVENTURES

EARLY in the forenoon of the day after the dinner in Grosvenor Place, at which Colonel Altamont had chosen to appear, the Colonel emerged from his chamber in the upper story at Shepherd's Inn, and entered into Strong's sitting-room, where the Chevalier sate in his easy chair with the newspaper and his cigar. He was a man who made his tent le wherever he pitched it, and long before Alrrival, had done justice to a copious breakfast ;gs and broiled rashers, which Mr. Grady had *ecundum artem.* Good-humoured and talkaeferred any company rather than none; and had not the least liking for his fellow-lodger, not have grieved to hear that the accident had m which Sir Francis Clavering desired so fer- kept on fair terms with him. He had seen to bed with great friendliness on the night ınd taken away his candle for fear of accifinding a spirit-bottle empty, upon which he

[illegible] both had been his
the worthy Captain sn
night, and woke with a g
struggles or difficulties or

The first act of Colon
Grady for a pint of pale
into a pewter flagon, when
lips. He put down the t
breath, wiped his mouth in
ference of the colour of h
kers had long struck Capta
that his hair was fair under
remarks upon these circums
great breath, and professed
by his draught. "Nothing
"when the coppers are hot.
dozen of Bass at Calcutta, a

"And at Lucknow, I su
laugh. "I got the beer for
want it after last night." A
about his adventures of the

"I cannot help m[illegible]"

quite quiet. Grady gave me just my two tumblers, and I intended to pass the evening at the Black and Red as sober as a parson. Why did you leave that confounded sample-bottle of Hollands out of the cupboard, Strong? Grady must go out too, and leave me the kettle a-boiling for tea. It was of no use, I couldn't keep away from it. Washed it all down, sir, by Jingo. And it's my belief I had some more, too, afterwards at that infernal little thieves' den."

"What, were you there too?" Strong asked, "and before you came to Grosvenor Place? That was beginning betimes."

"Early hours to be drunk and cleared out before nine o'clock, eh? But so it was. Yes, like a great big fool, I must go there; and found the fellows dining, Blackland and young Moss, and two or three more of the thieves. If we'd gone to Rouge et Noir, I must have won. But we didn't try the black and red. No, hang 'em, they know'd I'd have beat 'em at that—I must have beat 'em—I can't help beating 'em, I tell you. But they was too cunning for me. That rascal Blackland got the bones out, and we played hazard on the dining-table. And I dropped all the money I had from you in the morning, be hanged to my luck. It was that that set me wild, and I suppose I must have been very hot about the head, for I went off thinking to get some more money from Clavering, I recollect; and then—and then I don't much remember what happened till I woke this morning, and heard old Bows at No. 3 playing on his pianner."

Strong mused for a while as he lighted his cigar with a coal. "I should like to know how you always draw money from Clavering, Colonel," he said.

The Colonel burst out with a laugh—"Ha, ha! he owes it me," he said.

"I don't know that that's a reason with Frank for paying," Strong answered. "He owes plenty besides you."

"Well, he gives it me because he is so fond of me," the other said with the same grinning sneer. "He loves me like a brother; you know he does, Captain.—No?—He don't?—Well, perhaps he don't; and if you ask me no questions, perhaps I'll tell you no lies, Captain Strong—put that in your pipe and smoke it, my boy."

"But I'll give up that confounded brandy-bottle," the Colonel continued, after a pause. "I must give it up, or it'll be the ruin of me."

"It makes you say queer things," said the Captain, looking Altamont hard in the face. "Remember what you said last night, at Clavering's table."

"Say? What *did* I say?" asked the other hastily. "Did I split anything? Dammy, Strong, did I split anything?"

"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies," the Chevalier replied on his part. Strong thought of the words Mr. Altamont had used, and his abrupt departure from the Baronet's dining-table and house as soon as he recognised Major Pendennis, or Captain Beak, as he called the Major. But Strong resolved to seek an explanation of these words otherwise than from Colonel Altamont, and did not choose to recall them to the other's memory. "No," he said then, "you didn't split, as you call it, Colonel; it was only a trap of mine to see if I could make you speak; but you didn't say a word that anybody could comprehend—you were too far gone for that."

So much the better, Altamont thought; and heaved a great sigh, as if relieved. Strong remarked the emotion, but took no notice, and the other being in a communicative mood, went on speaking.

"Yes, I own to my faults," continued the Colonel. "There is some things I can't, do what I will, resist: a bottle of brandy, a box of dice, and a beautiful woman. No man of pluck and spirit, no man as was worth his salt ever could, as I know of. There's hardly p'raps a country in the world in which them three ain't got me into trouble."

"Indeed?" said Strong.

"Yes, from the age of fifteen, when I ran away from home, and went cabin-boy on board an Indiaman, till now, when I'm fifty year old, pretty nigh, them women have always been my ruin. Why, it was one of 'em, and with such black eyes and jewels on her neck, and sattens and ermine like a duchess, I tell you—it was one of 'em at Paris that swept off the best part of the thousand pound as I went off with. Didn't I ever tell you of it? Well, I don't mind. At first I was very cautious, and having such a lot of money, kep' it close and lived like a gentleman—Colonel Altamont, Meurice's hotel, and that sort of thing—never played, except at the public tables, and won more than I lost. Well, sir, there was a chap that I saw at the hotel and the Palace Royal too, a regular swell fellow, with white kid gloves and a tuft to his chin, Bloundell-Bloundell his name was, as I made acquaintance with somehow, and he asked me to dinner, and took me to Madame the Countess de Foljambe's soirées—such a woman, Strong!—such an eye!—such a hand at the pianner. Lor' bless you, she'd sit down and sing to you, and gaze at you, until she warbled your soul

out of your body a'most. She asked me to go to her evening parties every Toosday; and didn't I take opera-boxes and give her dinners at the restaurateur's, that's all! But I had a run of luck at the tables, and it was not in the dinners and opera-boxes that poor Clavering's money went. No, be hanged to it, it was swep' off in another way. One night, at the Countess's, there was several of us at supper—Mr. Bloundell-Bloundell, the Honourable Deuceace, the Marky de la Tour de Force—all tip-top nobs, sir, and the height of fashion, when we had supper, and champagne you may be sure in plenty, and then some of that confounded brandy. I would have it—I would go on at it—the Countess mixed the tumblers of punch for me, and we had cards as well as grog after supper, and I played and drank until I don't know what I did. I was like I was last night. I was taken away and put to bed somehow, and never woke until the next day, to a roaring headache, and to see my servant, who said the Honourable Deuceace wanted to see me, and was waiting in the sitting-room. 'How are you, Colonel?' says he, a coming into my bed-room. 'How long did you stay last night after I went away? The play was getting too high for me, and I'd lost enough to you for one night.'

"'To me,' says I, 'how's that, my dear feller?' (for though he was an Earl's son, we was as familiar as you and me). 'How's that, my dear feller,' says I, and he tells me, that he had borrowed thirty louis of me at vingt-et-un, that he gave me an I O U for it the night before, which I put into my pocket-book before he left the room. I takes out my card-case—it was the Countess as worked it for me—and there was the I O U sure enough, and he paid me thirty louis in gold down upon the table at my

bed-side. So I said he was a gentleman, and asked him if he would like to take anything, when my servant should get it for him; but the Honourable Deuceace don't drink of a morning, and he went away to some business which he said he had.

" Presently there's another ring at my outer door; and this time it's Bloundell-Bloundell and the Marky that comes in. ' Bong jour, Marky,' says I. ' Good morning—no headache,' says he. So I said I had one; and how I must have been uncommon queer the night afore; but they both declared I didn't show no signs of having had too much, but took my liquor as grave as a judge.

" ' So,' says the Marky, ' Deuceace has been with you; we met him in the Palais Royal as we were coming from breakfast. Has he settled with you? Get it while you can: he's a slippery card; and as he won three ponies of Bloundell, I recommend you to get your money while he has some.'

" ' He has paid me,' says I; ' but I knew no more than the dead that he owed me anything, and don't remember a bit about lending him thirty louis.'

" The Marky and Bloundell looks and smiles at each other at this; and Bloundell says, ' Colonel, you are a queer feller. No man could have supposed, from your manners, that you had tasted anything stronger than tea all night, and yet you forget things in the morning. Come, come,—tell that to the marines, my friend,—we won't have it at any price.'

" ' *En effet,*' says the Marky, twiddling his little black moustachios in the chimney-glass, and making a lunge or two as he used to do at the fencing-school. (He was a wonder at the fencing-school, and I've seen him knock down the image fourteen times running, at Lepage's.)

ak of affairs. Colonel, you understand that
honour are best settled at once: perhaps it
convenient to you to arrange our little mat-
night.'

little matters?' says I. 'Do you owe me
Marky?'

says he; 'do not let us have any more jesting.
r note of hand for three hundred and forty
voici!' says he, taking out a paper from his
k.

nine for two hundred and ten,' says Bloun-
dell, and he pulls out *his* bit of paper.

n such a rage of wonder at this, that I sprang
and wrapped my dressing-gown round me.
ome here to make a fool of me?' says I. 'I
you two hundred, or two thousand, or two
won't pay you a farthing. Do you suppose
ch me with your notes of hand? I laugh at
you; and I believe you to be a couple—'

ple of what?' says Mr. Blaundell. 'You of

Colonel Altamont,'—that was the phrase he used"—Altamont said with a grin—"and I got plenty more of this language from the two fellers, and was in the thick of the row with them, when another of our party came in. This was a friend of mine—a gent I had met at Boulogne, and had taken to the Countess's myself. And as he hadn't played at all on the previous night, and had actually warned me against Bloundell and the others, I told the story to him, and so did the other two.

"'I am very sorry,' says he. 'You would go on playing: the Countess entreated you to discontinue. These gentlemen offered repeatedly to stop. It was you that insisted on the large stakes, not they.' In fact he charged dead against me: and when the two others went away, he told me how the Marky would shoot me as sure as my name was—was what it is. 'I left the Countess crying, too,' said he. 'She hates these two men; she has warned you repeatedly against them' (which she actually had done, and often told me never to play with them), 'and now, Colonel, I have left her in hysterics almost, lest there should be any quarrel between you, and that confounded Marky should put a bullet through your head. It's my belief,' says my friend, 'that that woman is distractedly in love with you.'

"'Do you think so?' says I; upon which my friend told me how she had actually gone down on her knees to him and said, 'Save Colonel Altamont!'

"As soon as I was dressed, I went and called upon that lovely woman. She gave a shriek and pretty near fainted when she saw me. She called me Ferdinand,—I'm blest if she didn't."

"I thought your name was Jack," said Strong, with a

laugh; at which the Colonel blushed very much behind his dyed whiskers.

"A man may have more names than one, mayn't he, Strong?" Altamont asked. "When I'm with a lady, I like to take a good one. She called me by my Christian name. She cried fit to break your heart. I can't stand seeing a woman cry—never could—not whilst I'm fond of her. She said she could not bear to think of my losing so much money in her house. Wouldn't I take her diamonds and necklaces, and pay part?

"I swore I wouldn't touch a farthing's worth of her jewellery, which perhaps I did not think was worth a great deal,—but what can a woman do more than give you her all? That's the sort I like, and I know there's plenty of 'em. And I told her to be easy about the money, for I would not pay one single farthing.

"'Then they'll shoot you,' says she; 'they'll kill my Ferdinand.'

"They'll kill my Jack wouldn't have sounded well in French," Strong said, laughing.

"Never mind about names," said the other sulkily: "a man of honour may take any name he chooses, I suppose."

"Well, go on with your story," said Strong. "She said they would kill you."

"'No,' says I, 'they won't: for I will not let that scamp of a Marquis send me out of the world; and if he lays a hand on me, I'll brain him, Marquis as he is.'

"At this the Countesss shrank back from me as if I had said something very shocking. 'Do I understand Colonel Altamont aright?' says she; 'and that a British officer refuses to meet any person who provokes him to the field of honour?'

"'Field of honour be hanged, Countess!' says I. 'You would not have me be a target for that little scoundrel's pistol practice.'

"'Colonel Altamont,' says the Countess, 'I thought you were a man of honour—I thought, I—but no matter. Good bye, sir.'—And she was sweeping out of the room, her voice regular choking in her pocket-handkerchief.

"'Countess!' says I, rushing after her and seizing her hand.

"'Leave me, Monsieur le Colonel,' says she, shaking me off, 'my father was a General of the Grand Army. A soldier should know how to pay *all* his debts of honour.'

"What could I do? Everybody was against me. Caroline said I had lost the money: though I didn't remember a syllable about the business. I had taken Deuceace's money too; but then it was because he offered it to me, you know, and that's a different thing. Every one of these chaps was a man of fashion and honour; and the Marky and the Countess of the first families in France. And by Jove, sir, rather than offend her, I paid the money up: five hundred and sixty gold Napoleons, by Jove: besides three hundred which I lost when I had my revenge.

"And I can't tell you at this minute whether I was done or not," concluded the Colonel, musing. "Sometimes I think I was: but then Caroline was so fond of me. That woman would never have seen me done: never, I'm sure she wouldn't: at least, if she would, I'm deceived in woman."

Any further revelations of his past life which Altamont might have been disposed to confide to his honest

e Chevalier, were interrupted by a knocking
door of their chambers; which, when opened
he servant, admitted no less a person than Sir
avering into the presence of the two worthies.
vernor, by Jove," cried Strong, regarding the
his patron with surprise. "What's brought
" growled Altamont, looking sternly from
eavy eyebrows at the Baronet. "It's no good,

And indeed, good very seldom brought Sir
avering into that or any other place.
r he came into Shepherd's Inn, it was money
t the unlucky baronet into those precincts;
was commonly a gentleman of the money-
rld in waiting for him at Strong's chambers,
ion's below; and a question of bills to nego-
enew. Clavering was a man who had never
debts fairly in the face, familiar as he had
hem all his life; as long as he could renew a
d was easy regarding it; and he would sign

or ungrateful. He could not move through life except leaning on the arm of somebody; and yet he never had an agent but he mistrusted him; and marred any plans which might be arranged for his benefit, by secretly acting against the people whom he employed. Strong knew Clavering, and judged him quite correctly. It was not as friends that this pair met; but the Chevalier worked for his principal, as he would when in the army have pursued a harassing march, or undergone his part in the danger and privations of a siege; because it was his duty, and because he had agreed to it. "What is it he wants?" thought the two officers of the Shepherd's Inn garrison, when the Baronet came among them.

His pale face expressed extreme anger and irritation. "So, sir," he said, addressing Altamont, "you've been at your old tricks."

"Which of 'um?" asked Altamont, with a sneer.

"You have been at the Rouge et Noir: you were there last night," cried the Baronet.

"How do you know,—were you there?" the other said. "I was at the Club: but it wasn't on the colours I played,—ask the Captain,—I've been telling him of it. It was with the bones. It was at hazard, Sir Francis, upon my word and honour it was;" and he looked at the Baronet with a knowing humorous mock humility, which only seemed to make the other more angry.

"What the deuce do I care, sir, how a man like you loses his money, and whether it is at hazard or roulette?" screamed the Baronet, with a multiplicity of oaths, and at the top of his voice. "What I will not have, sir, is that you should use my name, or couple it with yours.—Damn him, Strong, why don't you keep him in better order? I tell you he has gone and used my name again,

a bill upon me, and lost the money on the
n't stand it—I won't stand it. Flesh and
t bear it—Do you know how much I have
u, sir?"
as only a very little 'un, Sir Francis—only
nd, Captain Strong, they wouldn't stand an-
t oughtn't to anger you, Governor. Why, it's
I did not even mention it to Strong,—did I
ain? I protest it had quite slipped my
d all on account of that confounded liquor I

or no liquor, sir, it is no business of mine. I
what you drink, or where you drink it—only
in my house. And I will not have you break-
house of a night, and a fellow like you in-
nself on my company: how dared you show
Grosvenor Place last night, sir,—and—and
suppose my friends must think of me when
man of your sort walking into my dining-

you that have been such a friend to the shop, and are a baronet and a member of parliament, and a gentleman and no mistake—Damme, it's ungrateful."

"By heavens, if ever you do it again—If ever you dare to show yourself in my house; or give my name at a gambling-house or at any other house, by Jove—at any other house—or give any reference at all to me, or speak to me in the street, by Gad, or anywhere else until I speak to you—I'll disclaim you altogether—I won't give you another shilling."

"Governor, don't be provoking," Altamont said, surly. "Don't talk to me about daring to do this thing or t'other, or when my dander is up it's the very thing to urge me on. I oughtn't to have come last night, I know I oughtn't: but I told you I was drunk, and that ought to be sufficient between gentleman and gentleman."

"You a gentleman! dammy, sir," said the Baronet, 'how dares a fellow like you to call himself a gentleman?"

"I ain't a baronet, I know," growled the other; "and I've forgotten how to be a gentleman almost now, but—but I was one once, and my father was one, and I'll not have this sort of talk from you, Sir F. Clavering, that's flat. I want to go abroad again. Why don't you come down with the money, and let me go? Why the devil are you to be rolling in riches, and me to have none? Why should you have a house and a table covered with plate, and me be in a garret here in this beggarly Shepherd's Inn? We're partners, ain't we? I've as good a right to be rich as you have, haven't I? Tell the story to Strong here, if you like; and ask him to be umpire between us. I don't mind letting my secret out to a man that won't

k here, Strong—perhaps you guess the story
ıe fact is, me and the Governor—"
old your tongue," shrieked out the Baronet
" You shall have the money as soon as I can
n't made of money. I'm so pressed and bad-
on't know where to turn. I shall go mad;
shall. I wish I was dead, for I'm the most
rute alive. I say, Mr. Altamont, don't mind
I'm out of health—and I'm devilish bilious
g—hang me, I abuse everybody, and don't
I say. Excuse me if I've offended you. I
nd get that little business done. Strong shall
my word he shall. And I say, Strong, my
to speak to you. Come into the office for a

ll Clavering's assaults ended in this ignomini-
ıd in a shameful retreat. Altamont sneered
aronet as he left the room, and entered into
o talk privately with his factotum.

vish I had never touched those confounded bones. I ıad such a run of luck last night, with five for the main, ınd seven to five all night, until those ruffians wanted to ›ay me with Altamont's bill upon me. The luck turned 'rom that minute. Never held the box again for three ıains, and came away cleared out, leaving that infernal heque behind me. How shall I pay it? Blackland von't hold it over. Hulker and Bullock will write about t directly to her ladyship. By Jove, Ned, I'm the most ıiserable brute in all England."

It was necessary for Ned to devise some plan to con- ole the Baronet under this pressure of grief; and no oubt he found the means of procuring a loan for his ıatron, for he was closeted at Mr. Campion's offices that ay for some time. Altamont had once more a guinea r two in his pocket, with a promise of a farther settle- ıent; and the Baronet had no need to wish himself dead 'or the next two or three months at least. And Strong, ›utting together what he had learned from the Colonel ınd Sir Francis, began to form in his own mind a pretty ıccurate opinion as to the nature of the tie which bound he two men together.

CHAPTER XLIV

A CHAPTER OF CONVERSATIONS

VERY day, after the entertainments at Grosvenor Place and Greenwich, of which we have seen Major Pendennis partake, the worthy gentleman's friendship and cordiality for the Clavering family seemed to increase. His calls were frequent; his attentions to the lady

also ready to make himself useful to the Baronet in any way agreeable to the latter.

In spite of his present station and fortune, the world persisted in looking rather coldly upon Clavering, and strange suspicious rumours followed him about. He was blackballed at two clubs in succession. In the House of Commons, he only conversed with a few of the most disreputable members of that famous body, having a happy knack of choosing bad society, and adapting himself naturally to it, as other people do to the company of their betters. To name all the senators with whom Clavering consorted, would be invidious. We may mention only a few. There was Captain Raff, the honourable member for Epsom, who retired after the last Goodwood races, having accepted, as Mr. Hotspur, the whip of the party, said, a mission to the Levant; there was Hustingson, the patriotic member for Islington, whose voice is never heard now denunciating corruption, since his appointment to the Governorship of Coventry Island; there was Bob Freeny, of the Booterstown Freenys, who is a dead shot, and of whom we therefore wish to speak with every respect; and of all these gentlemen, with whom in the course of his professional duty Mr. Hotspur had to confer, there was none for whom he had a more thorough contempt and dislike than for Sir Francis Clavering, the representative of an ancient race, who had sat for their own borough of Clavering time out of mind in the House. "If that man is wanted for a division," Hotspur said, "ten to one he is to be found in a hell. He was educated in the Fleet, and he has not heard the end of Newgate yet, take my word for it. He'll muddle away the Begum's fortune at thimble-rig, be caught picking pockets, and finish on

he hulks." And if the high-born Hotspur, wi
opinion of Clavering, could yet from profe
easons be civil to him, why should not Maj
nis also have reasons of his own for being atte
this unlucky gentleman?

has a very good cellar and a very good cook," t
said; " as long as he is silent he is not offensi
very seldom speaks. If he chooses to freque
g-tables, and lose his money to blacklegs, wh
to me? Don't look too curiously into any ma
Pen, my boy; every fellow has some cupboa
ouse, begad, which he would not like you and
into. Why should we try, when the rest of t
open to us? And a devilish good house, too,
I know. And if the man of the family is
could wish, the women are excellent. The Begu
ver-refined, but as kind a woman as ever liv
ilish clever too; and as for the little Blanche, y
y opinion about her, you rogue; you know

temptuously of the institution, and in favour of a bachelor life.

"You are very happy, sir," said he, "and you get on very well alone, and so do I. With a wife at my side, I should lose my place in society; and I don't, for my part, much fancy retiring into the country with a Mrs. Pendennis; or taking my wife into lodgings to be waited upon by the servant-of-all-work. The period of my little illusions is over. You cured me of my first love, who certainly was a fool, and would have had a fool for her husband, and a very sulky discontented husband too if she had taken me. We young fellows live fast, sir; and I feel as old at five-and-twenty as many of the old fo——the old bachelors—whom I see in the bow-window at Bays's. Don't look offended, I only mean that I am *blasé* about love matters, and that I could no more fan myself into a flame for Miss Amory now, than I could adore Lady Mirabel over again. I wish I could; I rather like Sir Mirabel for his infatuation about her, and think his passion is the most respectable part of his life."

"Sir Charles Mirabel was always a theatrical man, sir," the Major said, annoyed that his nephew should speak flippantly of any person of Sir Charles's rank and station. "He has been occupied with theatricals since his early days. He acted at Carlton House when he was Page to the Prince; he has been mixed up with that sort of thing: he could afford to marry whom he chooses; and Lady Mirabel is a most respectable woman, received everywhere—everywhere, mind. The Duchess of Connaught receives her, Lady Rockminster receives her—it doesn't become young fellows to speak lightly of people in that station. There's not a more respectable woman

l than Lady Mirabel:—and the old fogies, as
nem, at Bays's, are some of the first gentle-
gland, of whom you youngsters had best learn
nners, and a little breeding, and a little mod-
nd the Major began to think that Pen was
xceedingly pert and conceited, and that the
e a great deal too much of him.

jor's anger amused Pen. He studied his un-
arities with a constant relish, and was always
numour with his worldly old Mentor. "I am
er of fifteen years' standing, sir," he said,
and if you think that *we* are disrespectful,
see those of the present generation. A pro-
urs came to breakfast with me the other day.
ne to ask him, and I did it to please you. We
s sights together, and dined at the club, and
e play. He said the wine at the Polyanthus
good as Ellis's wine at Richmond, smoked
n's Cavendish after breakfast, and when I

and governess; and rather governed them than permitted himself to be led by their orders. With his papa he was silent and sulky, seldom making his appearance, however, in the neighbourhood of that gentleman; with his mamma he roared and fought when any contest between them arose as to the gratification of his appetite, or other wish of his heart; and in his disputes with his governess over his book, he kicked that quiet creature's shins so fiercely, that she was entirely overmastered and subdued by him. And he would have so treated his sister Blanche, too, and did on one or two occasions attempt to prevail over her; but she showed an immense resolution and spirit on her part, and boxed his ears so soundly, that he forbore from molesting Miss Amory, as he did the governess and his mamma, and his mamma's maid.

At length, when the family came to London, Sir Francis gave forth his opinion, that "the little beggar had best be sent to school." Accordingly the young son and heir of the house of Clavering was despatched to the Rev. Otto Rose's establishment at Twickenham, where young noblemen and gentlemen were received preparatory to their introduction to the great English public schools.

It is not our intention to follow Master Clavering in his scholastic career; the paths to the Temple of Learning were made more easy to him than they were to some of us of earlier generations. He advanced towards that fane in a carriage-and-four, so to speak, and might halt and take refreshment almost whenever he pleased. He wore varnished boots from the earliest period of youth, and had cambric handkerchiefs and lemon-coloured kid gloves, of the smallest size ever manufactured by Privat. They dressed regularly at Mr. Rose's to come down to dinner; the young gentlemen had shawl dressing-gowns,

ir bed-rooms, horse and carriage exercise oc-
and oil for their hair. Corporal punishment
ther dispensed with by the Principal, who
at moral discipline was entirely sufficient to
; and the boys were so rapidly advanced in
ches of learning, that they acquired the art of
pirits and smoking cigars, even before they
ough to enter a public school. Young Frank
stole his father's Havannahs, and conveyed
hool, or smoked them in the stables, at a sur-
arly period of life, and at ten years old drank
gne almost as stoutly as any whiskered cornet
s could do.

is interesting youth came home for his vaca-
r Pendennis was as laboriously civil and gra-
n as he was to the rest of the family; although
d rather a contempt for old Wigsby, as the
s denominated,—mimicked him behind his
e polite Major bowed and smirked to Lady

ton's dressing-gown; and smoked a short pipe, and recounted the history of a fight between Tuffy and Long Biggings, at Rose's, greatly to the edification of the two gentlemen his hosts.

As the Major rightly predicted, Lady Clavering was very grateful for Arthur's attention to the boy; more grateful than the lad himself, who took attentions as a matter of course, and very likely had more sovereigns in his pocket than poor Pen, who generously gave him one of his own slender stock of those coins.

The Major, with the sharp eyes with which Nature endowed him, and with the glasses of age and experience, watched this boy, and surveyed his position in the family without seeming to be rudely curious about their affairs. But, as a country neighbour, one who had many family obligations to the Claverings, an old man of the world, he took occasion to find out what Lady Clavering's means were, how her capital was disposed, and what the boy was to inherit. And setting himself to work,—for what purposes will appear, no doubt, ulteriorly,—he soon had got a pretty accurate knowledge of Lady Clavering's affairs and fortune, and of the prospects of her daughter and son. The daughter was to have but a slender provision; the bulk of the property was, as before has been said, to go to the son,—his father did not care for him or anybody else,—his mother was dotingly fond of him as the child of her latter days,—his sister disliked him. Such may be stated, in round numbers, to be the result of the information which Major Pendennis got. "Ah! my dear madam," he would say, patting the head of the boy, "this boy may wear a baron's coronet on his head on some future coronation,

if matters are but managed rightly, and if Sir Francis Clavering would but play his cards well."

At this the widow Amory heaved a deep sigh. "He

plays only too much of his cards, Major, I'm afraid," she said. The Major owned that he knew as much; did not disguise that he had heard of Sir Francis Clavering's unfortunate propensity to play; pitied Lady Clavering sincerely; but spoke with such genuine sentiment and sense, that her ladyship, glad to find a person of ex-

perience to whom she could confide her grief and her condition, talked about them pretty unreservedly to Major Pendennis, and was eager to have his advice and consolation. Major Pendennis became the Begum's confidant and house-friend, and as a mother, a wife, and a capitalist, she consulted him.

He gave her to understand (showing at the same time a great deal of respectful sympathy) that he was acquainted with some of the circumstances of her first unfortunate marriage, and with even the person of her late husband, whom he remembered in Calcutta—when she was living in seclusion with her father. The poor lady, with tears of shame more than of grief in her eyes, told her version of her story. Going back a child to India after two years at a European school, she had met Amory, and foolishly married him. "Oh, you don't know how miserable that man made me," she said, "or what a life I passed betwixt him and my father. Before I saw him I had never seen a man except my father's clerks and native servants. You know we didn't go into society in India on account of—" ("I know," said Major Pendennis, with a bow). "I was a wild, romantic child, my head was full of novels which I'd read at school—I listened to his wild stories and adventures, for he was a daring fellow, and I thought he talked beautifully of those calm nights on the passage out, when he used to . . . Well, I married him, and I was wretched from that day—wretched with my father, whose character you know, Major Pendennis, and I won't speak of: but he wasn't a good man, sir,—neither to my poor mother, nor to me, except that he left me his money,—nor to no one else that I ever heard of: and he didn't do many kind actions in his lifetime, I'm afraid.

Amory, he was almost worse; he was a spend-
my father was close: he drank dreadfully,
rious when in that way. He wasn't in any
or faithful husband to me, Major Penden-
he'd died in the gaol before his trial, instead
ds, he would have saved me a deal of shame
ppiness since, sir." Lady Clavering added:
ps I should not have married at all if I had
anxious to change his horrid name, and I
en happy in my second husband, as I sup-
now, sir. Ah, Major Pendennis, I've got
sure, and I'm a lady, and people fancy I'm
, but I ain't. We all have our cares, and
troubles: and many's the day that I sit down
y grand dinners with an aching heart, and
t do I lay awake on my fine bed, a great deal
py than the maid that makes it. For I'm
y woman, Major, for all the world says;
he Begum her diamonds, and carriages, and

but she was full of spirits, and bounced out with her blunders and talk, and murdered the king's English with the utmost liveliness and good humour.

"Begad, she is not such a bad woman!" the Major thought within himself. "She is not refined, certainly, and calls 'Apollo' 'Apoller;' but she has some heart, and I like that sort of thing, and a devilish deal of money, too. Three stars in India Stock to her name, begad! which that young cub is to have—is he?" And he thought how he should like to see a little of the money transferred to Miss Blanche, and better still, one of those stars shining in the name of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

Still bent upon pursuing his schemes, whatsoever they might be, the old negotiator took the privilege of his intimacy and age, to talk in a kindly and fatherly manner to Miss Blanche, when he found occasion to see her alone. He came in so frequently at luncheon-time, and became so familiar with the ladies, that they did not even hesitate to quarrel before him; and Lady Clavering, whose tongue was loud, and temper brusque, had many a battle with the Sylphide in the family friend's presence. Blanche's wit seldom failed to have the mastery in these encounters, and the keen barbs of her arrows drove her adversary discomfited away. "I am an old fellow," the Major said; "I have nothing to do in life. I have my eyes open. I keep good counsel. I am the friend of both of you; and if you choose to quarrel before me, why, I shan't tell any one. But you are two good people, and I intend to make it up between you. I have between lots of people—husbands and wives, fathers and sons, daughters and mammas, before this. I like it; I've nothing else to do."

One day, then, the old diplomatist entered Lady

drawing-room, just as the latter quitted it,
a high state of indignation, and ran past
stairs to her own apartments. " She couldn't
m now," she said; " she was a great deal too
h that—that—that little wicked "—anger
rest of the words, or prevented their utter-
Lady Clavering had passed out of hearing.
ar good Miss Amory," the Major said, enter-
wing-room, " I see what is happening. You
na have been disagreeing. Mothers and
lisagree in the best families. It was but last
healed up a quarrel between Lady Clapper-
r daughter Lady Claudia. Lady Lear and
laughter have not spoken for fourteen years.
more worthy people than these I never knew
e course of my life; for everybody but each
rable. But they can't live together: they
live together: and I wish, my dear creature,
soul, that I could see you with an establish-

second place in any society. I have watched you, Miss Amory: you are ambitious; and your proper sphere is command. You ought to shine; and you never can in this house, I know it. I hope I shall see you in another and a happier one some day, and the mistress of it."

The Sylphide shrugged her lily shoulders with a look of scorn. "Where is the Prince, and where is the palace, Major Pendennis?" she said. "I am ready. But there is no romance in the world now, no real affection."

"No, indeed," said the Major, with the most sentimental and simple air which he could muster.

"Not that I know anything about it," said Blanche, casting her eyes down, "except what I have read in novels."

"Of course not," Major Pendennis cried; "how should you, my dear young lady? and novels ain't true, as you remark admirably, and there is no romance left in the world. Begad, I wish I was a young fellow like my nephew."

"And what," continued Miss Amory, musing, "what are the men whom we see about at the balls every night —dancing guardsmen, penniless Treasury clerks—boobies! If I had my brother's fortune, I might have such an establishment as you promise me—but with my name, and with my little means, what am I to look to? A country parson, or a barrister in a street near Russell Square, or a captain in a dragoon regiment, who will take lodgings for me, and come home from the mess tipsy and smelling of smoke like Sir Francis Clavering. That is how we girls are destined to end life. Oh, Major Pendennis, I am sick of London, and of balls, and of young dandies with their chin-tips, and of the insolent great ladies who know us one day and cut us the next

e world altogether. I should like to leave
o a convent, that I should. I shall never find
understand me. And I live here as much
family and in the world, as if I were in a
up for ever. I wish there were Sisters of
e, and that I could be one and catch the
die of it—I wish to quit the world. I am
: but I am tired, I have suffered so much—
o disillusionated—I'm weary, I'm weary—
Angel of Death would come and beckon me

ch may be interpreted as follows. A few
a great lady, Lady Flamingo, had cut Miss
Lady Clavering. She was quite mad be-
uld not get an invitation to Lady Drum's
the end of the season and nobody had pro-
: she had made no sensation at all, she who
h cleverer than any girl of the year, and of
adies forming her special circle. Dora who

any place for herself in the world.—We are grown doosid republican. Talent ranks with birth and wealth now, begad: and a clever man with a clever wife may take any place they please."

Miss Amory did not of course in the least understand what Major Pendennis meant.—Perhaps she thought over circumstances in her mind and asked herself, could he be a negotiator for a former suitor of hers, and could he mean Pen? No, it was impossible—He had been civil, but nothing more.—So she said, laughing, "Who is the clever man, and when will you bring him to me, Major Pendennis? I am dying to see him."

At this moment a servant threw open the door, and announced Mr. Henry Foker: at which name, and the appearance of our friend, both the lady and the gentleman burst out laughing.

"That is not the man," Major Pendennis said. "He is engaged to his cousin, Lord Gravesend's daughter.—Good-by, my dear Miss Amory."

Was Pen growing worldly, and should a man not get the experience of the world and lay it to his account? "He felt, for his part," as he said, "that he was growing very old very soon. How this town forms and changes us," he said once to Warrington. Each had come in from his night's amusement; and Pen was smoking his pipe, and recounting, as his habit was, to his friend the observations and adventures of the evening just past. "How I am changed," he said, "from the simpleton boy at Fairoaks, who was fit to break his heart about his first love! Lady Mirabel had a reception to-night, and was as grave and collected as if she had been born a Duchess, and had never seen a trap-door in her

gave me the honour of a conversation, and
me about 'Walter Lorraine,' quite kindly."
condescension," broke in Warrington.

had not read the book (as indeed I believe she never read a book in her life), but that Lady Rockminster had, and that the Duchess of Connaught pronounced it to be very clever. In that case, I said I should die happy, for that to please those two ladies was in fact the great aim of my existence, and having their approbation, of course I need look for no other. Lady Mirabel looked at me solemnly out of her fine eyes, and said, 'Oh, indeed,' as if she understood me; and then she asked me whether I went to the Duchess's Thursdays, and when I said No, hoped she should see me there, and that I must try and get there, everybody went there—everybody who was in society: and then we talked of the new ambassador from Timbuctoo, and how he was better than the old one, and how Lady Mary Billington was going to marry a clergyman quite below her in rank; and how Lord and Lady Ringdove had fallen out three months after their marriage about Tom Pouter of the Blues, Lady Ringdove's cousin—and so forth. From the gravity of that woman you would have fancied she had been born in a palace, and lived all the seasons of her life in Belgrave Square."

"And you, I suppose you took your part in the conversation pretty well, as the descendant of the Earl your father, and the heir of Fairoaks Castle?" Warrington said. "Yes, I remember reading of the festivities which occurred when you came of age. The Countess gave a brilliant tea soirée to the neighbouring nobility; and the tenantry were regaled in the kitchen with a leg of mutton and a quart of ale. The remains of the banquet were distributed amongst the poor of the village, and the entrance to the park was illuminated until old John put the candle out on retiring to rest at his usual hour."

other is not a countess," said Pen, "though
y good blood in her veins too—but commoner
have never met a peeress who was more than
Ir. George; and if you will come to Fairoaks
shall judge for yourself of her and of my
They are not so witty as the London women,
ertainly are as well bred. The thoughts of
the country are turned to other objects than
occupy your London ladies. In the country
as her household and her poor, her long calm
ong calm evenings."

sh long," Warrington said, "and a great deal
I've tried 'em."

onotony of that existence must be to a certain
ancholy—like the tune of a long ballad; and
y grave and gentle, sad and tender: it would
rable else. The loneliness of women in the
akes them of necessity soft and sentimental.
life of calm duty, constant routine, mystic

or if she tumbles into a sleep at the end of August, and lies torpid until the spring? She goes into the world every night, and sits watching her marriageable daughters dancing till long after dawn. She has a nursery of little ones, very likely, at home, to whom she administers example and affection; having an eye likewise to bread-and-milk, catechism, music and French, and roast leg of mutton at one o'clock; she has to call upon ladies of her own station, either domestically or in her public character, in which she sits upon Charity Committees, or Ball Committees, or Emigration Committees, or Queen's College Committees, and discharges I don't know what more duties of British stateswomanship. She very likely keeps a poor-visiting list; has conversations with the clergyman about soup or flannel, or proper religious teaching for the parish; and (if she lives in certain districts) probably attends early church. She has the newspapers to read, and, at least, must know what her husband's party is about, so as to be able to talk to her neighbour at dinner; and it is a fact that she reads every new book that comes out; for she can talk, and very smartly and well, about them all, and you see them all upon her drawing-room table. She has the cares of her household besides:—to make both ends meet; to make the girls' milliner's bills appear not too dreadful to the father and paymaster of the family; to snip off, in secret, a little extra article of expenditure here and there, and convey it, in the shape of a bank-note, to the boys at college or at sea; to check the encroachments of tradesmen and housekeepers' financial fallacies; to keep upper and lower servants from jangling with one another, and the household in order. Add to this, that she has a secret taste for some

nce, models in clay, makes experiments in
or plays in private on the violoncello,—and
out exaggeration, many London ladies are
—and you have a character before you such
estors never heard of, and such as belongs
our era and period of civilization. Ye gods!
y we live and grow! In nine months, Mr.
ws you a pine-apple as large as a portman-
as a little one, no bigger than a Dutch cheese,
years to attain his majority in old times; and
of pine-apples so is the race of man. Hoiaper
e Greek for a pine-apple, Warrington?"
'or mercy's sake, stop with the English and
come to the Greek," Warrington cried out,
" I never heard you make such a long speech,
re that you had penetrated so deeply into the
steries. Who taught you all this, and into
loirs and nurseries have you been peeping,
s smoking my pipe, and reading my book,

"Well, go in and win, young 'un. I'll sit and mark the game," Warrington said, surveying the ardent young fellow with an almost fatherly pleasure. "A generous fellow plays for the play, a sordid one for the stake; an old fogy sits by and smokes the pipe of tranquillity, while Jack and Tom are pummelling each other in the ring."

"Why don't you come in, George, and have a turn with the gloves? You are big enough and strong enough," Pen said. "Dear old boy, you are worth ten of me."

"You are not quite as tall as Goliath, certainly," the other answered, with a laugh that was rough and yet tender. "And as for me, I am disabled. I had a fatal hit in early life. I will tell you about it some day. You may, too, meet with your master. Don't be too eager, or too confident, or too worldly, my boy."

Was Pendennis becoming worldly, or only seeing the world, or both? and is a man very wrong for being after all only a man? Which is the most reasonable, and does his duty best: he who stands aloof from the struggle of life, calmly contemplating it, or he who descends to the ground, and takes his part in the contest? "That philosopher," Pen said, "had held a great place amongst the leaders of the world, and enjoyed to the full what it had to give of rank and riches, renown and pleasure, who came, weary-hearted, out of it, and said that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Many a teacher of those whom we reverence, and who steps out of his carriage up to his carved cathedral place, shakes his lawn ruffles over the velvet cushion, and cries out that the whole struggle is an accursed one, and the works of

are evil. Many a conscience-stricken mystic
it altogether, and shuts himself out from it
vent walls (real or spiritual), whence he can
p to the sky, and contemplate the heaven out
ere is no rest, and no good.

e earth, where our feet are, is the work of the
r as the immeasurable blue yonder, in which
lies into which we would peer. Who ordered
condition of life, ordered weariness, ordered
rdered poverty, failure, success—to this man
place, to the other a nameless struggle with
-to that a shameful fall, or paralysed limb, or
ident—to each some work upon the ground
on, until he is laid beneath it." While they
g, the dawn came shining through the win-
e room, and Pen threw them open to receive
orning air. "Look, George," said he; "look
e sun rise: he sees the labourer on his way
work-girl plying her poor needle; the law-

CHAPTER XLV

MISS AMORY'S PARTNERS

THE noble Henry Foker, of whom we have lost sight for a few pages, has been in the meanwhile occupied, as we might suppose a man of his constancy would be, in the pursuit and indulgence of his all-absorbing passion of love.

He longed after her, and cursed the fate which separated him from her. When Lord Gravesend's family retired to the country (his lordship leaving his proxy with the venerable Lord Bagwig), Harry still remained lingering on in London, certainly not much to the sorrow of Lady Ann, to whom he was affianced, and who did not in the least miss him. Wherever Miss Amory went, this infatuated young fellow continued to follow her; and being aware that his engagement to his cousin was known in the world, he was forced to make a mystery of his passion, and confine it to his own breast, so that it was so pent in there and pressed down, that it is a wonder he did not explode some day with the stormy secret, and perish collapsed after the outburst.

There had been a grand entertainment at Gaunt

one beautiful evening in June, and the next
nals contained almost two columns of the
he most closely printed nobility and gentry
been honoured with invitations to the ball.
e guests were Sir Francis and Lady Claver-
ss Amory, for whom the indefatigable Major
had procured an invitation, and our two
nds Arthur and Harry. Each exerted him-
anced a great deal with Miss Blanche. As
rthy Major, he assumed the charge of Lady
and took care to introduce her to that de-
f the mansion where her ladyship specially
ed herself, namely, the refreshment-room,
ngst pictures of Titian and Giorgione, and
raits of Vandyke and Reynolds, and enor-
rs of gold and silver, and pyramids of large
l constellations of wax candles—in a manner
egardless of expense, in a word—a supper

at the close of the entertainment), and he recommended Mr. Honeyman, Lady Steyne's medical man, to look carefully after the Begum, and to call and get news of her ladyship the next day.

Sir Francis Clavering made his appearance, and skulked for a while about the magnificent rooms; but the company and the splendour which he met there were not to the Baronet's taste, and after tossing off a tumbler of wine or two at the buffet, he quitted Gaunt House for the neighbourhood of Jermyn Street, where his friends Loder, Punter, little Moss Abrams, and Captain Skewball were assembled at the familiar green table. In the rattle of the box, and of their agreeable conversation, Sir Francis's spirits rose to their accustomed point of feeble hilarity.

Mr. Pynsent, who had asked Miss Amory to dance, came up on one occasion to claim her hand, but scowls of recognition having already passed between him and Mr. Arthur Pendennis in the dancing-room, Arthur suddenly rose up and claimed Miss Amory as his partner for the present dance, on which Mr. Pynsent, biting his lips and scowling yet more savagely, withdrew with a profound bow, saying that he gave up his claim. There are some men who are always falling in one's way in life. Pynsent and Pen had this view of each other; and regarded each other accordingly.

"What a confounded conceited provincial fool that is!" thought the one. "Because he has written a two-penny novel, his absurd head is turned, and a kicking would take his conceit out of him."

"What an impertinent idiot that man is!" remarked the other to his partner. "His soul is in Downing Street; his neck-cloth is foolscap; his hair is sand; his

lers; his vitals are tape and sealing-wax; he in his cradle; and never laughed since he was ɔt three times at the same joke of his chief. same liking for that man, Miss Amory, that cold boiled veal." Upon which Blanche of arked, that Mr. Pendennis was wicked, *mé-*fectly abominable, and wondered what he when *her* back was turned.

Say that you have the most beautiful figure immest waist in the world, Blanche—Miss nean. I beg your pardon. Another turn; this d make an alderman dance."

ou have left off tumbling when you waltz, nche asked, archly looking up at her partner's

lls and one gets up again in life, Blanche; I used to call you so in old times, and it is t name in the world: besides, I have practised

talk when she was in the company of this love-stricken partner. It was she who asked him how that dear little pony was, and looked at him and thanked him with such a tender kindness and regret, and refused the dear little pony with such a delicate sigh when he offered it. "I have nobody to ride with in London," she said. "Mamma is timid, and her figure is not pretty on horseback. Sir Francis never goes out with me. He loves me like—like a stepdaughter. Oh, how delightful it must be to have a father—a father, Mr. Foker!"

"O, uncommon," said Mr. Harry, who enjoyed that blessing very calmly, upon which, and forgetting the sentimental air which she had just before assumed, Blanche's grey eyes gazed at Foker with such an arch twinkle, that both of them burst out laughing, and Harry enraptured and at his ease began to entertain her with a variety of innocent prattle—good kind simple Foker talk, flavoured with many expressions by no means to be discovered in dictionaries, and relating to the personal history of himself or horses, or other things dear and important to him, or to persons in the ball-room then passing before them, and about whose appearance or character Mr. Harry spoke with artless freedom, and a considerable dash of humour.

And it was Blanche who, when the conversation flagged, and the youth's modesty came rushing back and overpowering him, knew how to reanimate her companion: asked him questions about Logwood, and whether it was a pretty place? Whether he was a hunting-man, and whether he liked women to hunt? (in which case she was prepared to say that she adored hunting)—but Mr. Foker expressing his opinion against sporting females, and pointing out Lady Bulfinch, who happened

as a horse-godmother, whom he had seen at
a cigar in her face, Blanche too expressed her
of the sports of the field, and said it would
shudder to think of a dear sweet little fox
l, on which Foker laughed and waltzed with
gour and grace.

he end of the waltz,—the last waltz they had
ght,—Blanche asked him about Drumming-
nether it was a fine house. His cousins, she
were very accomplished: Lord Erith she had
hich of his cousins was his favourite? Was
Ann? Yes, she was sure it was she: sure
s and his blushes. She was tired of dancing;
ng very late; she must go to mamma;—and,
other word, she sprang away from Harry
n, and seized upon Pen's, who was swagger-
he dancing-room, and again said, "Mamma,
ake me to mamma, dear Mr. Pendennis!"
Harry with a Parthian shot, as she fled from

read his book, which was very wicked and clever; asked Miss Blanche if she had read it,—at which Pen blushed and winced. Why, Blanche was one of the heroines of the novel. Blanche, in black ringlets and a little altered, was the Neæra of "Walter Lorraine."

Blanche had read it: the language of the eyes expressed her admiration and rapture at the performance. This little play being achieved, the Marquis of Steyne made other two profound bows to Lady Clavering and her daughter, and passed on to some other of his guests at the splendid entertainment.

Mamma and daughter were loud in their expressions of admiration of the noble Marquis so soon as his broad back was turned upon them. "He said they make a very nice couple," whispered Major Pendennis to Lady Clavering. Did he now, really? Mamma thought they would; Mamma was so flustered with the honour which had just been shown to her, and with other intoxicating events of the evening, that her good humour knew no bounds. She laughed, she winked, and nodded knowingly at Pen; she tapped him on the arm with her fan; she tapped Blanche; she tapped the Major;—her contentment was boundless, and her method of showing her joy equally expansive.

As the party went down the great staircase of Gaunt House, the morning had risen stark and clear over the black trees of the square; the skies were tinged with pink; and the cheeks of some of the people at the ball, —ah, how ghastly they looked! That admirable and devoted Major above all,—who had been for hours by Lady Clavering's side ministering to her and feeding her body with everything that was nice, and her ear with everything that was sweet and flattering,—oh! what

he was! The rings round his eyes were of the bistre; those orbs themselves were like the gs whereof Lady Clavering and Blanche had l; the wrinkles in his old face were furrowed ashes; and a silver stubble, like an elderly

good humour; with twinges of rheumatism in the back and knees; with weary feet burning in his varnished boots,—so tired, oh, so tired and longing for bed! If a man, struggling with hardship and bravely overcoming it, is an object of admiration for the gods, that Power in whose chapels the old Major was a faithful worshipper must have looked upwards approvingly upon the constancy of Pendennis's martyrdom. There are sufferers in that cause as in the other: the negroes in the service of Mumbo Jumbo tattoo and drill themselves with burning skewers with great fortitude; and we read that the priests in the service of Baal gashed themselves and bled freely. You who can smash the idols, do so with a good courage; but do not be too fierce with the idolators,—they worship the best thing they know.

The Pendennises, the elder and the younger, waited with Lady Clavering and her daughter until her ladyship's carriage was announced, when the elder's martyrdom may be said to have come to an end, for the good-natured Begum insisted upon leaving him at his door in Bury Street; so he took the back seat of the carriage, after a feeble bow or two, and speech of thanks, polite to the last, and resolute in doing his duty. The Begum waved her dumpy little hand by way of farewell to Arthur and Foker, and Blanche smiled languidly out upon the young men, thinking whether she looked very wan and green under her rose-coloured hood, and whether it was the mirrors at Gaunt House, or the fatigue and fever of her own eyes, which made her fancy herself so pale.

Arthur, perhaps, saw quite well how yellow Blanche looked, but did not attribute that peculiarity of her complexion to the effect of the looking-glasses, or to any

sight or her own. Our young man of the
d use his eyes very keenly, and could see
ace pretty much as nature had made it. But
'oker it had a radiance which dazzled and
n: he could see no more faults in it than in
ich was now flaring over the house-tops.

other wicked London habits which Pen had
he moralist will remark that he had got to
bad hours; and often was going to bed at
hen sober country people were thinking of
Men get used to one hour as to another.
newspapers, Covent-Garden market people,
en and coffee-sellers, chimney-sweeps, and
and ladies of fashion who frequent balls, are
lively at three or four o'clock of a morning,
ary mortals are snoring. We have shown
chapter how Pen was in a brisk condition of
s period, inclined to smoke his cigar at ease,
ak freely.

"You fire at everybody, Pen—you're grown awful, that you are," Foker said. "Now, you've pulled about Blondel's yellow wig, and Colchicum's black one, why don't you have a shy at a brown one, hay? you know whose I mean. It got into Lady Clavering's carriage."

"Under my uncle's hat? My uncle is a martyr, Foker, my boy. My uncle has been doing excruciating duties all night. He likes to go to bed rather early. He has a dreadful head-ache if he sits up and touches supper. He always has the gout if he walks or stands much at a ball. He has been sitting up, and standing up, and supping. He has gone home to the gout and the head-ache, and for my sake. Shall I make fun of the old boy? no, not for Venice!"

"How do you mean that he has been doing it for your sake?" Foker asked, looking rather alarmed.

"Boy! canst thou keep a secret if I impart it to thee?" Pen cried out, in high spirits. "Art thou of good counsel? Wilt thou swear? Wilt thou be mum, or wilt thou peach? Wilt thou be silent and hear, or wilt thou speak and die?" And as he spoke, flinging himself into an absurd theatrical attitude, the men in the cab-stand in Piccadilly wondered and grinned at the antics of the two young swells.

"What the doose are you driving at?" Foker asked, looking very much agitated.

Pen, however, did not remark this agitation much, but continued in the same bantering and excited vein. "Henry, friend of my youth," he said, "and witness of my early follies, though dull at thy books, yet thou art not altogether deprived of sense,—nay, blush not, Henrico, thou hast a good portion of that, and of courage

ss too, at the service of thy friends. Were
t of poverty, I would come to my Foker's
ere I in grief, I would discharge my grief
mpathising bosom—"
on, Pen—go on," Foker said.
d, Henrico, upon thy studs, and upon thy
rked by the hands of beauty, to adorn the
alour! Know then, friend of my boyhood's
Arthur Pendennis, of the Upper Temple,
aw, feels that he is growing lonely, and old
rrowing his temples, and Baldness is busy
wn. Shall we stop and have a drop of coffee
, it looks very hot and nice? Look how that
lowing at his saucer. No, you won't? Aris-
esume my tale. I am getting on in life. I
evilish little money. I want some. I am
f getting some, and settling in life. I'm
f settling. I'm thinking of marrying, old
hinking of becoming a moral man; a steady

the hardy son of the humble apothecary. You can't live without an establishment, and your houses in town and country. A snug little house somewhere off Belgravia, a brougham for my wife, a decent cook, and a fair bottle of wine for my friends at home sometimes; these simple necessaries suffice for me, my Foker." And here Pendennis began to look more serious. Without bantering further, Pen continued, "I've rather serious thoughts of settling and marrying. No man can get on in the world without some money at his back. You must have a certain stake to begin with, before you can go in and play the great game. Who knows that I'm not going to try, old fellow? Worse men than I have won at it. And as I have not got enough capital from my fathers, I must get some by my wife—that's all."

They were walking down Grosvenor Street, as they talked, or rather as Pen talked, in the selfish fulness of his heart; and Mr. Pen must have been too much occupied with his own affairs to remark the concern and agitation of his neighbour, for he continued—"We are no longer children, you know, you and I, Harry. Bah! the time of our romance has passed away. We don't marry for passion, but for prudence and for establishment. What do you take your cousin for? Because she is a nice girl, and an Earl's daughter, and the old folks wish it, and that sort of thing."

"And you, Pendennis," asked Foker, "you ain't very fond of the girl—you're going to marry?"

Pen shrugged his shoulders. "*Comme ça,*" said he; "I like her well enough. She's pretty enough; she's clever enough. I think she'll do very well. And she has got money enough—that's the great point. Psha! you know who she is, don't you? I thought you were sweet

urself one night when we dined with her
It's little Amory."
thought so," Foker said; "and has she ac-
n?"
uite," Arthur replied, with a confident smile,
ned to say, I have but to ask, and she comes
instant.
ot quite," said Foker; and he broke out with
dful laugh, that Pen, for the first time, turned
ts from himself towards his companion, and
by the other's ghastly pale face.
ear fellow, Fo! what's the matter? You're
aid, in a tone of real concern.
hink it was the champagne at Gaunt House,
It ain't that. Come in; let me talk to you
ute. I'll tell you what it is. D— it, let me
ody," Foker said.
ere at Mr. Foker's door by this time, and,
Harry walked with his friend into his apart-

feel as if I should go mad sometimes. I can't stand it, Pen. I couldn't bear to hear you talking about her, just now, about marrying her only because she's money. Ah, Pen! *that* ain't the question in marrying. I'd bet anything it ain't. Talking about money and such a girl as that, it's—it's—whatd'yecall'em—*you* know what I mean—I ain't good at talking—sacrilege, then. If she'd have me, I'd take and sweep a crossing, that I would!"

"Poor Fo! I don't think that would tempt her," Pen said, eyeing his friend with a great deal of real good-nature and pity. "She is not a girl for love and a cottage."

"She ought to be a duchess, I know that very well, and I know she wouldn't take me unless I could make her a great place in the world—for I ain't good for anything myself much—I ain't clever and that sort of thing," Foker said sadly. "If I had all the diamonds that all the duchesses and marchionesses had on to-night, wouldn't I put 'em in her lap? But what's the use of talking? I'm booked for another race. It's that kills me, Pen. I can't get out of it; though I die, I can't get out of it. And though my cousin's a nice girl, and I like her very well, and that, yet I hadn't seen this one when our Governors settled that matter between us. And when you talked, just now, about her doing very well, and about her having money enough for both of you, I thought to myself it isn't money or mere liking a girl, that ought to be enough to make a fellow marry. He may marry, and find he likes somebody else better. All the money in the world won't make you happy then. Look at me; I've plenty of money, or shall have, out of the mash-tubs, as you call 'em. My Governor thought he'd made it all right for me in settling my marriage

with my cousin. I tell you it won't do; and when Lady Ann has got her husband, it won't be happy for either of us, and she'll have the most miserable beggar in town."

"Poor old fellow!" Pen said, with rather a cheap magnanimity, "I wish I could help you. I had no idea of this, and that you were so wild about the girl. Do you think she would have you without your money? No. Do you think your father would agree to break off your engagement with your cousin? You know him very well, and that he would cast you off rather than do so."

The unhappy Foker only groaned a reply, flinging himself prostrate on a sofa, face forwards, his head in his hands.

"As for my affair," Pen went on—"my dear fellow, if I had thought matters were so critical with you, at least I would not have pained you by choosing you as my confidant. And my business is not serious, at least not as yet. I have not spoken a word about it to Miss Amory. Very likely she would not have me if I asked her. Only I have had a great deal of talk about it with my uncle, who says that the match might be an eligible one for me. I'm ambitious and I'm poor. And it appears Lady Clavering will give her a good deal of money, and Sir Francis might be got to—never mind the rest. Nothing is settled, Harry. They are going out of town directly. I promise you I won't ask her before she goes. There's no hurry: there's time for everybody. But, suppose you got her, Foker. Remember what you said about marriages just now, and the misery of a man who doesn't care for his wife; and what sort of a wife would you have who didn't care for her husband?"

"But she would care for me," said Foker, from his

sofa—" that is, I think she would. Last night only, as we were dancing, she said—"

"What did she say?" Pen cried, starting up in great wrath. But he saw his own meaning more clearly than Foker, and broke off with a laugh—"Well, never mind what she said, Harry. Miss Amory is a clever girl, and says numbers of civil things—to you—to me, perhaps—and who the deuce knows to whom besides? Nothing's settled, old boy. At least, *my* heart won't break if I don't get her. Win her if you can, and I wish you joy of her. Good-bye! Don't think about what I said to you. I was excited, and confoundedly thirsty in those hot rooms, and didn't, I suppose, put enough Seltzer water into the champagne. Good night! I'll keep your counsel too. 'Mum' is the word between us; and 'let there be a fair fight, and let the best man win,' as Peter Crawley says."

So saying, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, giving a very queer and rather dangerous look at his companion, shook him by the hand, with something of that sort of cordiality which befitted his just repeated simile of the boxing-match, and which Mr. Bendigo displays when he shakes hands with Mr. Caunt before they fight each other for the champion's belt and two hundred pounds a-side. Foker returned his friend's salute with an imploring look, and a piteous squeeze of the hand, sank back on his cushions again, and Pen, putting on his hat, strode forth into the air, and almost over the body of the matutinal housemaid, who was rubbing the steps at the door.

"And so he wants her too? does he?" thought Pen as he marched along—and noted within himself with a fatal keenness of perception and almost an infernal

hat the very pains and tortures which that
t of Foker's was suffering gave a zest and
to his own pursuit of Blanche: if pursuit
be called which had been no pursuit as yet,
ort and idle dallying. "She said something
she? perhaps she gave him the fellow flower
nd he took out of his coat and twiddled in
and finger a poor little shrivelled crumpled
ad faded and blackened with the heat and
night.—"I wonder to how many more she
er artless tokens of affection—the little flirt"
ung his into the gutter, where the water may
hed it, and where any amateur of rosebuds
picked it up. And then bethinking him
y was quite bright, and that the passers-by
aring at his beard and white neck-cloth, our
ng gentleman took a cab and drove to the

his the boy that prayed at his mother's knee

him grow dim in the poisoned air, and suffice to light him no more?

When Pen was gone away, poor Harry Foker got up from the sofa, and taking out from his waistcoat—the splendidly buttoned, the gorgeously embroidered, the work of his mamma—a little white rosebud, he drew from his dressing-case, also the maternal present, a pair of scissors, with which he nipped carefully the stalk of the flower, and placing it in a glass of water opposite his bed, he sought refuge there from care and bitter remembrances.

It is to be presumed that Miss Blanche Amory had more than one rose in her bouquet, and why should not the kind young creature give out of her superfluity, and make as many partners as possible happy?

CHAPTER XLVI

MONSEIGNEUR S'AMUSE

THE exertions of that last night at Gaunt House had proved almost too much for Major Pendennis; and as soon as he could move his weary old body with safety, he transported himself groaning to Buxton, and sought relief in the healing waters of that place. Parliament broke up. Sir Francis Claver-

abroad taking their pleasure: the tailors had grown moustachios and were gone up the Rhine: the bootmakers were at Ems or Baden, blushing when they met their customers at those places of recreation, or punting beside their creditors at the gambling-tables: the clergymen of St. James's only preached to half a congregation, in which there was not a single sinner of distinction: the band in Kensington Gardens had shut up their instruments of brass and trumpets of silver: only two or three old flies and chaises crawled by the banks of the Serpentine, and Clarence Bulbul, who was retained in town by his arduous duties as a Treasury clerk, when he took his afternoon ride in Rotten Row, compared its loneliness to the vastness of the Arabian desert, and himself to a Bedouin wending his way through that dusty solitude. Warrington stowed away a quantity of Cavendish tobacco in his carpet bag, and betook himself, as his custom was in the vacation, to his brother's house in Norfolk. Pen was left alone in chambers for a while, for this man of fashion could not quit the metropolis when he chose always: and was at present detained by the affairs of his newspaper, the "Pall Mall Gazette," of which he acted as the editor and chargé d'affaires during the temporary absence of the chief, Captain Shandon, who was with his family at the salutary watering-place of Boulogne sur Mer.

Although, as we have seen, Mr. Pen had pronounced himself for years past to be a man perfectly *blasé* and wearied of life, yet the truth is that he was an exceedingly healthy young fellow still; with a fine appetite, which he satisfied with the greatest relish and satisfaction at least once a-day; and a constant desire for society, which showed him to be anything but misanthropical.

not get a good dinner he sate down to a bad
tire contentment; if he could not procure the
f witty or great or beautiful persons, he put
y society that came to hand; and was per-
fied in a tavern parlour or on board a Green-
boat, or in a jaunt to Hampstead with Mr.
his colleague at the "Pall Mall Gazette;" or
the summer theatres across the river: or to
Gardens of Vauxhall, where he was on terms
ip with the great Simpson, and where he
rincipal comic singer or the lovely equestrian
a by the hand. And while he could watch
s or the graces of these with a satiric humour
ot deprived of sympathy, he could look on
e of kindness at the lookers on too; at the
youth bent upon enjoyment, and here taking
onest parents, with their delighted children
nd clapping their hands at the show: at the
ts, whose laughter was less innocent though

servant-girl in the Park—or innocent little Tommy that was feeding the ducks whilst the nurse listened. And indeed a man, whose heart is pretty clean, can indulge in this pursuit with an enjoyment that never ceases, and is only perhaps the more keen because it is secret and has a touch of sadness in it; because he is of his mood and humour lonely, and apart although not alone.

Yes, Pen used to brag and talk in his impetuous way to Warrington. "I was in love so fiercely in my youth, that I have burned out that flame for ever, I think; and if ever I marry, it will be a marriage of reason that I will make, with a well-bred, good-tempered, good-looking person who has a little money, and so forth, that will cushion our carriage in its course through life. As for romance, it is all done; I have spent that out, and am old before my time—I'm proud of it."

"Stuff!" growled the other, "you fancied you were getting bald the other day, and bragged about it as you do about everything. But you began to use the bear's-grease pot directly the hairdresser told you; and are scented like a barber ever since."

"You are Diogenes," the other answered, "and you want every man to live in a tub like yourself. Violets smell better than stale tobacco, you grizzly old cynic." But Mr. Pen was blushing whilst he made this reply to his unromantical friend, and indeed cared a great deal more about himself still than such a philosopher perhaps should have done. Indeed, considering that he was careless about the world, Mr. Pen ornamented his person with no small pains in order to make himself agreeable to it, and for a weary pilgrim as he was, wore very tight boots and bright varnish.

It was in this dull season of the year then, of a shining

ht in Autumn, that Mr. Pendennis, having
at his newspaper office a brilliant leading
ch as Captain Shandon himself might have
d the Captain been in good humour, and in-
ork, which he never would do except under
—that Mr. Arthur Pendennis having writ-
icle, and reviewed it approvingly as it lay
in its wet proof sheet at the office of the
ought him that he would cross the water, and
self with the fireworks and other amusements
ll. So he affably put in his pocket the order
itted "Editor of Pall Mall Gazette and
that place of recreation, and paid with the
realm a sufficient sum to enable him to cross
Bridge. The walk thence to the Gardens
nt, the stars were shining in the skies above,
own upon the royal property, whence the
d Roman candles had not yet ascended to
e stars.

smart manner, was crying out in a voice which Pen at once recognised—

"Bedad, sir, if ye doubt me honour, will ye obleege me by stipping out of that box, and—"

"Lor', Capting!" cried the elder lady.

"Don't bother me," said the man in the box.

"And ask Mr. Hodgen himself, who's in the gyardens, to let these leedies pass. Don't be froightened, me dear madam, I'm not going to quarl with this gintleman, at any reet before leedies. Will ye go, sir, and desoire Mr. Hodgen (whose orther I keem in with, and he's me most intemate friend, and I know he's goan' to sing the 'Body Snatcher' here to-night), with Captain Costigan's compliments, to stip out and let in the leedies —for meself, sir, oi've seen Vauxhall, and I scawrun any interfayrance on moi account: but for these leedies, one of them has never been there, and oi should think ye'd hardly take advantage of me misfartune in losing the tickut, to deproive her of her pleasure."

"It ain't no use, Captain. I can't go about your business," the checktaker said; on which the Captain swore an oath, and the elder lady said, "Lor', 'ow provokin'!"

As for the young one, she looked up at the Captain and said, "Never mind, Captain Costigan, I'm sure I don't want to go at all. Come away, mamma." And with this, although she did not want to go at all, her feelings overcame her, and she began to cry.

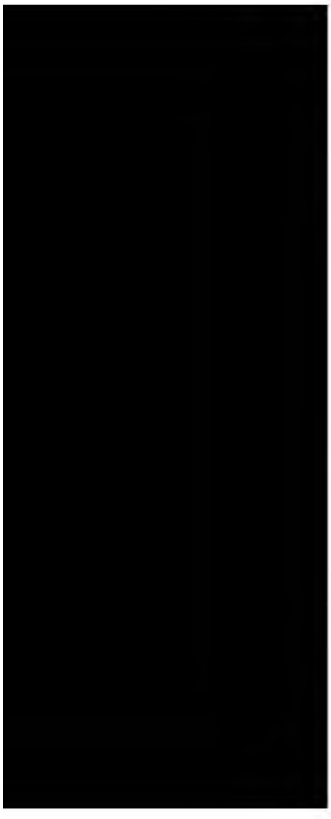
"Me poor child!" the Captain said. "Can ye see that, sir, and will ye not let this innocent creature in?"

"It ain't my business," cried the door-keeper, peevishly, out of the illuminated box. And at this minute Arthur came up, and recognising Costigan, said, "Don't you know me, Captain? Pendennis!" And he took off

l made a bow to the two ladies. "Me dear dear friend!" cried the Captain, extending endennis the grasp of friendship; and he rapned to the other what he called "a most unthratong." He had an order for Vauxhall, two, from Mr. Hodgen, then within the Garsinging (as he did at the Back Kitchen and y's concerts,) the "Body Snatcher," the General Wolfe," the "Banner of Blood," favourite melodies, and, having this order for ion of two persons, he thought that it would e, and had come accordingly to the Gardens ends. But, on his way, Captain Costigan had per of admission—it was not forthcoming at he leedies must go back again, to the great ment of one of them, as Pendennis saw.

ad a great deal of good-nature for everybody, ould he refuse his sympathy in such a case Ie had seen the innocent face as it looked up

Captain Costigan
in perplexity



garden? Will you kindly make use of my purse? And —and I have a ticket myself which will admit two—I hope, ma'am, you will permit me?"

The first impulse of the Prince of Fairoaks was to pay for the whole party, and to make away with his newspaper order as poor Costigan had done with his own ticket. But his instinct, and the appearance of the two women, told him that they would be better pleased if he did not give himself the airs of a *grand seigneur,* and he handed his purse to Costigan, and laughingly pulled out his ticket with one hand, as he offered the other to the elder of the ladies—ladies was not the word—they had bonnets and shawls, and collars and ribbons, and the youngest showed a pretty little foot and boot under her modest grey gown, but his Highness of Fairoaks was courteous to every person who wore a petticoat, whatever its texture was, and the humbler the wearer only the more stately and polite in his demeanour.

"Fanny, take the gentleman's arm," the elder said; "since you will be so very kind—I've seen you often come in at our gate, sir, and go in to Captain Strong's at No. 4."

Fanny made a little curtsey, and put her hand under Arthur's arm. It had on a shabby little glove, but it was pretty and small. She was not a child, but she was scarcely a woman as yet; her tears had dried up, her cheek mantled with youthful blushes, and her eyes glistened with pleasure and gratitude, as she looked up into Arthur's kind face.

Arthur, in a protecting way, put his other hand upon the little one resting on his arm. "Fanny's a very pretty little name," he said; "and so you know me, do you?"

"We keep the lodge, sir, at Shepherd's Inn," Fanny

curtsey; " and I've never been at Vauxhall, didn't like me to go—and—and—O—O—eautiful!" She shrank back as she spoke, th wonder and delight as she saw the Royal laze before her with a hundred million of a splendour such as the finest fairy tale, the pmime she had ever witnessed at the theatre, realised. Pen was pleased with her pleasure, l to his side the little hand which clung so im. " What would I not give for a little of e?" said the *blasé* young man.

urse, Pendennis, me dear boy," said the Cap- behind him. " Will ye count it? it's all —ye thrust in old Jack Costigan (he thrusts madam). Ye've been me preserver, Pen, n 'um since choildhood, Mrs. Bolton; he's the of Fairoaks Castle, and many's the cooper ve dthrunk there with the first nobilitee of countee)—Mr. Pendennis, ye've been me

two ladies, in a patronising and affable manner pointing out to them the edifices worthy of note, and discoorsing, according to his wont, about other cities and countries which he had visited, and the people of rank and fashion with whom he had the honour of an acquaintance. Nor could it be expected, that, arrived in the Royal property, and strongly illuminated by the flare of the twenty thousand additional lamps, the Captain could relax from his dignity, and give an arm to a lady who was, in fact, little better than a housekeeper or charwoman.

But Pen, on his part, had no such scruples. Miss Fanny Bolton did not make his bed nor sweep his chambers; and he did not choose to let go his pretty little partner. As for Fanny, her colour heightened, and her bright eyes shone the brighter with pleasure, as she leaned for protection on the arm of such a fine gentleman as Mr. Pen. And she looked at numbers of other ladies in the place, and at scores of other gentlemen under whose protection they were walking here and there; and she thought that her gentleman was handsomer and grander looking than any other gent there. Of course there were votaries of pleasure of all ranks in the garden—rakish young surgeons, fast young clerks and commercialists, occasional dandies of the Guard regiments, and the rest. Old Lord Colchicum was there in attendance upon Mademoiselle Caracoline, who had been riding in the ring; and who talked her native French very loud, and used idiomatic expressions of exceeding strength as she walked about, leaning on the arm of his lordship.

Colchicum was in attendance upon Mademoiselle Caracoline, little Tom Tufthunt was in attendance upon Lord Colchicum; and rather pleased, too, with his posi-

n Don Juan scales the wall, there's never a
eporello to hold the ladder. Tom Tufthunt
ppy to act as friend to the elderly Viscount,
e the fowl, and to make the salad at supper.
and his young lady met the Viscount's party,
eer only gave Arthur a passing leer of recog-
lordship's eyes passed from Pen's face under
of Pen's companion. But Tom Tufthunt
head very good-naturedly at Mr. Arthur,
How are you, old boy?" and looked ex-
wing at the god-father of this history.
the great rider at Astley's; I have seen her
s Bolton said, looking after Mademoiselle
" and who is that old man? is it not the
n the ring?"
Lord Viscount Colchicum, Miss Fanny,"
ith an air of protection. He meant no harm;
sed to patronise the young girl, and he was
sed that she should be so pretty, and that

M., the younger sister, took the leading business at the Norwich circuit in 182—; and she herself had played for two seasons with some credit T.R.E.O., T.R.S.W., until she fell down a trap-door and broke her leg); the girls at Fanny's school, we say, took no account of her, and thought her a dowdy little creature as long as she remained under Miss Minifer's instruction. And it was unremarked and almost unseen in the dark porter's lodge of Shepherd's Inn, that this little flower bloomed into beauty.

So this young person hung upon Mr. Pen's arm, and they paced the gardens together. Empty as London was, there were still some two millions of people left lingering about it, and amongst them one or two of the acquaintances of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

Amongst them, silent and alone, pale, with his hands in his pockets, and a rueful nod of the head to Arthur as they met, passed Henry Foker, Esq. Young Henry was trying to ease his mind by moving from place to place, and from excitement to excitement. But he thought about Blanche as he sauntered in the dark walks; he thought about Blanche as he looked at the devices of the lamps. He consulted the fortune-teller about her, and was disappointed when that gipsy told him that he was in love with a dark lady who would make him happy; and at the concert, though Mr. Momus sang his most stunning comic songs, and asked his most astonishing riddles, never did a kind smile come to visit Foker's lips. In fact, he never heard Mr. Momus at all.

Pen and Miss Bolton were hard by listening to the same concert, and the latter remarked, and Pen laughed at, Mr. Foker's wobegone face.

Fanny asked what it was that made that odd-looking

so dismal? "I think he is crossed in love!"
"Isn't that enough to make any man dismal,
And he looked down at her, splendidly pro-
, like Egmont at Clara in Goethe's play, or
t Amy in Scott's novel.
d in love, is he? poor gentleman," said Fanny
, and her eyes turned round towards him with
ndness and pity—but Harry did not see the
lark eyes.
dy do, Mr. Pendennis?"—a voice broke in
as that of a young man in a large white coat
neck-cloth, over which a dingy shirt collar was
s to exhibit a dubious neck—with a large pin
or other metal, and an imaginative waistcoat
dingly fanciful glass buttons, and trowsers
with a loud voice, "Come look at me, and see
and tawdry I am; my master, what a dirty
d a little stick in one pocket of his coat, and
ink satin on the other arm—"How dy do—

from the pocket where his cane was, and pulling off the top of his card case with his teeth produced thence a visiting ticket, which he handed to Pen.

"You are exceedingly kind, I am sure," said Pen: "but I regret that I have an engagement which will take me out of town to-morrow night." And the Marquis of Fairoaks, wondering that such a creature as this could have the audacity to give him a card, put Mr. Huxter's card into his waistcoat pocket with a lofty courtesy. Pos-

Samuel Huxter was not aware that there was social difference between Mr. Arthur Pendenself. Mr. Huxter's father was a surgeon and at Clavering, just as Mr. Pendennis's papa a surgeon and apothecary at Bath. But the of some men is beyond all calculation.

old fellow, never mind," said Mr. Huxter, ys frank and familiar, was from vinous exven more affable than usual. "If ever you g, look up at our place,—I'm mostly at home ; and there's generally a cheese in the cup-, ta.—There's the bell for the fireworks ringe along, Mary." And he set off running with the crowd in the direction of the fireworks.

Pen presently, when this agreeable youth was t, begin to run with his little companion; Mrs. lowing after them, with Captain Costigan at But the Captain was too majestic and digni- movements to run for friend or enemy, and

that she fell back with a little cry, upon which, of course, Arthur caught her adroitly in his arms, and, just for protection, kept her so defended, until they mounted the stair, and took their places.

Poor Foker sate alone on one of the highest benches,

his face illuminated by the fireworks, or in their absence by the moon. Arthur saw him, and laughed, but did not occupy himself about his friend much. He was engaged with Fanny. How she wondered! how happy she was! how she cried oh, oh, oh, as the rockets soared into the air, and showered down in azure, and emerald, and vermilion. As these wonders blazed and disappeared before her, the little girl thrilled and trembled with

Arthur's side—her hand was under his arm
it pressing him as she looked up delighted.
eautiful they are, sir!" she cried.
all me sir, Fanny," Arthur said.
blush rushed up into the girl's face. "What
you?" she said, in a low voice, sweet and
"What would you wish me to say, sir?"
Fanny! Well, I forgot; it is best so, my
dennis said, very kindly and gently. "I
u Fanny?"
" she said, and the little hand pressed his
ore very eagerly, and the girl clung to him
uld feel her heart beating on his shoulder.
call you Fanny, because you are a young
good girl, Fanny, and I am an old gentle-
you mustn't call me anything but sir, or Mr.
if you like; for we live in very different
nny; and don't think I speak unkindly; and
do you take your hand away, Fanny? Are

quiver, and he began forthwith to coax her and soothe her, and to utter a hundred-and-twenty little ejaculations of pity and sympathy, which need not be repeated here, because they would be absurd in print. So would a mother's talk to a child be absurd in print; so would a lover's to his bride. That sweet artless poetry bears no translation; and is too subtle for grammarians' clumsy definitions. You have but the same four letters to describe the salute which you perform on your grandmother's forehead, and that which you bestow on the sacred cheek of your mistress; but the same four letters, and not one of them a labial. Do we mean to hint that Mr. Arthur Pendennis made any use of the monosyllable in question? Not so. In the first place, it was dark: the fireworks were over, and nobody could see him; secondly, he was not a man to have this kind of secret, and tell it; thirdly, and lastly, let the honest fellow who has kissed a pretty girl, say what would have been his own conduct in such a delicate juncture?

Well, the truth is, that however you may suspect him, and whatever you would have done under the circumstances, or Mr. Pen would have liked to do, he behaved honestly, and like a man. "I will not play with this little girl's heart," he said within himself, "and forget my own or her honour. She seems to have a great deal of dangerous and rather contagious sensibility, and I am very glad the fireworks are over, and that I can take her back to her mother. Come along, Fanny; mind the steps, and lean on me. Don't stumble, you heedless little thing; this is the way, and there is your mamma at the door."

And there, indeed, Mrs. Bolton was, unquiet in spirit, and grasping her umbrella. She seized Fanny with ma-

eness and eagerness, and uttered some rapid
ne girl in an under tone. The expression in
ostigan's eye—standing behind the matron
ng at Pendennis from under his hat—was, I
to say, indefinably humorous.
o much so, that Pen could not refrain from
nto a laugh. "You should have taken my
Bolton," he said, offering it. "I am very
ng Miss Fanny back quite safe to you. We
u would have followed us up into the gallery.
d the fireworks, didn't we?"
!" said Miss Fanny, with rather a demure

ne bouquet was magnificent," said Pen. "And
urs since I had anything to eat, ladies; and
would permit me to invite you to supper."
said Costigan, "I'd loike a snack tu; only I
e purse, or I should have invoited these leedies
ion."

worthy matron, subdued her suspicions and her anger. Since he *would* be so obliging, she thought she could take a little bit of lobster, and so they all marched away to a box; and Costigan called for a waither with such a loud and belligerent voice, as caused one of those officials instantly to run to him.

The *carte* was examined on the wall, and Fanny was asked to choose her favourite dish; upon which the young creature said she was fond of lobster, too, but also owned to a partiality for raspberry-tart. This delicacy was provided by Pen, and a bottle of the most frisky champagne was moreover ordered for the delight of the ladies. Little Fanny drank this;—what other sweet intoxication had she not drunk in the course of the night?

When the supper, which was very brisk and gay, was over, and Captain Costigan and Mrs. Bolton had partaken of some of the rack punch that is so fragrant at Vauxhall, the bill was called and discharged by Pen with great generosity,—"loike a foin young English gentleman of th' olden toime, be Jove," Costigan enthusiastically remarked. And as, when they went out of the box, he stepped forward and gave Mrs. Bolton his arm, Fanny fell to Pen's lot, and the young people walked away in high good-humour together, in the wake of their seniors.

The champagne and the rack punch, though taken in moderation by all persons, except perhaps poor Cos, who lurched ever so little in his gait, had set them in high spirits and good humour, so that Fanny began to skip and move her brisk little feet in time to the band, which was playing waltzes and galops for the dancers. As they came up to the dancing, the music and Fanny's

l to go quicker together—she seemed to
f naturally, from the ground, and as if she
ression to keep her there.
n't you like a turn?" said the Prince of Fair-
hat fun it would be! Mrs. Bolton, ma'am, do
her once round." Upon which Mr. Costigan
wid you!" and Mrs. Bolton not refusing
was an old war-horse, and would have liked,
pet's sound, to have entered the arena her-
y's shawl was off her back in a minute, and
thur were whirling round in a waltz in the
great deal of queer, but exceedingly joyful

no mishap this time with little Fanny, as he
iss Blanche in old days,—at least, there was
of his making. The pair danced away with
y and contentment,—first a waltz, then a
a waltz again, until, in the second waltz, they
ed by another couple who had joined the

emphatic), and was joined in his abuse by the shrill language and laughter of his partner;—to the interruption of the ball, the terror of poor little Fanny, and the immense indignation of Pen.

Arthur was furious; and not so angry at the quarrel as at the shame attending it. A battle with a fellow like that! A row in a public garden, and with a porter's daughter on his arm! What a position for Arthur Pendennis! He drew poor little Fanny hastily away from the dancers to her mother, and wished that lady, and Costigan, and poor Fanny under ground, rather than there, in his companionship, and under his protection.

When Huxter commenced his attack, that free-spoken young gentleman had not seen who was his opponent; and directly he was aware that it was Arthur whom he had insulted, he began to make apologies. "Hold your stoopid tongue, Mary," he said to his partner. "It's an old friend and crony at home. I beg pardon, Pendennis; wasn't aware it was you, old boy." Mr. Huxter had been one of the boys of the Clavering School, who had been present at a combat which has been mentioned in the early part of this story, when young Pen knocked down the biggest champion of the academy, and Huxter knew that it was dangerous to quarrel with Arthur.

His apologies were as odious to the other as his abuse had been. Pen stopped his tipsy remonstrances by telling him to hold his tongue, and desiring him not to use his (Pendennis's) name in that place or any other; and he walked out of the gardens with a titter behind him from the crowd, every one of whom he would have liked to massacre for having been witness to the degrading broil. He walked out of the gardens,

tting poor little Fanny, who came trembling
with her mother and the stately Costigan.
brought back to himself by a word from the
ho touched him on the shoulder just as they
g the inner gate.
no ray-admittance except ye pay again," the
d. "Hadn't I better go back and take the
message?"
t out laughing. "Take him a message! Do
would fight with such a fellow as that?" he

! Don't, don't!" cried out little Fanny.
you be so wicked, Captain Costigan?" The
ttered something about honour, and winked
at Pen, but Arthur said gallantly, "No,
n't be frightened. It was my fault to have
such a place. I beg your pardon, to have
to dance there." And he gave her his arm
and called a cab, and put his three friends

ıispered to him that he would see 'um in the morning he was inclined, and take his message to that " scoun-rel." But the Captain was in his usual condition when made the proposal; and Pen was perfectly sure that ither he nor Mr. Huxter, when they awoke, would nember anything about the dispute.

CHAPTER XLVII

A VISIT OF POLITENESS

POSTIGAN never roused Pen from his slumbers; there was no hostile message from Mr. Huxter to disturb him; and when Pen woke, it was with a brisker and more lively feeling than ordinarily attends that moment in the day of the tired and *blasé* London man. A city man wakes up to care and consols, and the

interest him, for the excitement of literary composition pretty soon subsides with the hired labourer, and the delight of seeing one's self in print only extends to the first two or three appearances in the magazine or newspaper page. Pegasus put into harness, and obliged to run a stage every day, is as prosaic as any other hack, and won't work without his whip or his feed of corn. So, indeed, Mr. Arthur performed his work at the "Pall Mall Gazette" (and since his success as a novelist with an increased salary), but without the least enthusiasm, doing his best or pretty nearly, and sometimes writing ill and sometimes well. He was a literary hack, naturally fast in pace, and brilliant in action.

Neither did society, or that portion which he saw, excite or amuse him overmuch. In spite of his brag and boast to the contrary, he was too young as yet for women's society, which probably can only be had in perfection when a man has ceased to think about his own person, and has given up all designs of being a conqueror of ladies; he was too young to be admitted as an equal amongst men who had made their mark in the world, and of whose conversation he could scarcely as yet expect to be more than a listener. And he was too old for the men of pleasure of his own age; too much a man of pleasure for the men of business; destined in a word to be a good deal alone. Fate awards this lot of solitude to many a man; and many like it from taste, as many without difficulty bear it. Pendennis, in reality, suffered it very equanimously; but in words, and according to his wont, grumbled over it not a little.

"What a nice little artless creature that was," Mr. Pen thought at the very instant of waking after the Vauxhall affair; "what a pretty natural manner she

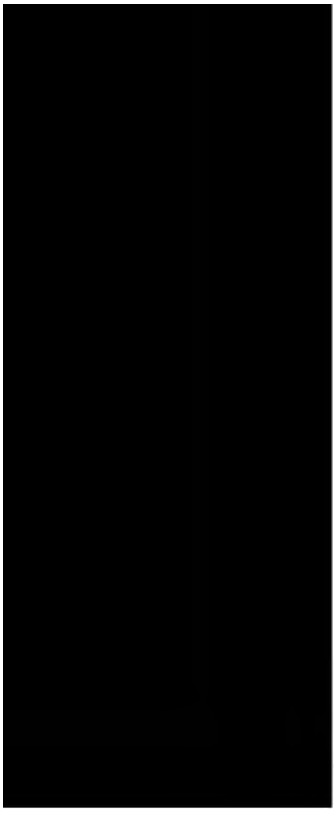
uch pleasanter than the minauderies of the
s in the ball-rooms" (and here he recalled
some instances, of what he could not help
the artful simplicity of Miss Blanche, and
stupid graces of other young ladies in the
l); "who could have thought that such a
could grow in a porter's lodge, or bloom in
old flower-pot of a Shepherd's Inn? So she
g from old Bows? If her singing voice is as
r speaking voice, it must be pretty. I like
ilées voices. 'What would you like me to
ndeed. Poor little Fanny! It went to my
pt the grand air with her, and tell her to call
But we'll have no nonsense of that sort—no
Margaret business for me. That old Bows!
s her to sing, does he? He's a dear old fel-
ws: a gentleman in those old clothes: a phi-
d with a kind heart, too. How good he was
Fotheringay business. He, too, has had his

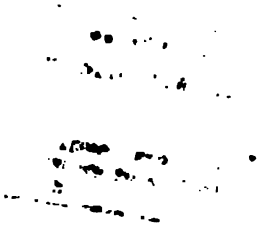
termined *roué* and artful Lovelace who ever set about deceiving a young girl, he could hardly have adopted better means for fascinating and overcoming poor little Fanny Bolton than those which he had employed on the previous night. His dandified protecting air, his conceit, generosity, and good humour, the very sense of good and honesty which had enabled him to check the tremulous advances of the young creature, and not to take advantage of that little fluttering sensibility,—his faults and his virtues at once contributed to make her admire him; and if we could peep into Fanny's bed (which she shared in a cupboard, along with those two little sisters to whom we have seen Mr. Costigan administering gingerbread and apples), we should find the poor little maid tossing upon her mattress, to the great disturbance of its other two occupants, and thinking over all the delights and events of that delightful, eventful night, and all the words, looks, and actions of Arthur, its splendid hero. Many novels had Fanny read, in secret and at home, in three volumes and in numbers. Periodical literature had not reached the height which it has attained subsequently, and the girls of Fanny's generation were not enabled to purchase sixteen pages of excitement for a penny, rich with histories of crime, murder, oppressed virtue, and the heartless seductions of the aristocracy; but she had had the benefit of the circulating library which, in conjunction with her school and a small brandy-ball and millinery business, Miss Minifer kept,—and Arthur appeared to her at once as the type and realisation of all the heroes of all those darling greasy volumes which the young girl had devoured. Mr. Pen, we have seen, was rather a dandy about shirts and haberdashery in general. Fanny had looked with delight at the fine-

ness of his linen, at the brilliancy of his shirt studs, at his elegant cambric pocket-handkerchief and white gloves, and at the jetty brightness of his charming boots. The Prince had appeared and subjugated the poor little handmaid. His image traversed constantly her restless slumbers; the tone of his voice, the blue light of his eyes, the generous look, half love, half pity, —the manly protecting smile, the frank, winning laughter,—all these were repeated in the girl's fond memory. She felt still his arm encircling her, and saw him smiling so grand as he filled up that delicious glass of champagne. And then she thought of the girls, her friends, who used to sneer at her—of Emma Baker, who was so proud, forsooth, because she was engaged to a cheesemonger, in a white apron, near Clare Market; and of Betsy Rodgers, who made such a to-do about *her* young man—an attorney's clerk, indeed, that went about with a bag!

So that, at about two o'clock in the afternoon—the Bolton family having concluded their dinner (and Mr. B., who besides his place of porter of the Inn, was in the employ of Messrs. Tressler, the eminent undertakers of the Strand, being absent in the country with the Countess of Estrich's hearse), when a gentleman in a white hat and white trowsers made his appearance under the Inn archway, and stopped at the porter's wicket, Fanny was not in the least surprised, only delighted, only happy, and blushing beyond all measure. She knew it could be no other than He. She knew He'd come. There he was: there was his Royal Highness beaming upon her from the gate. She called to her mother, who was busy in the upper apartment, " Mamma, mamma," and ran to the wicket at once, and opened it, pushing

A visitor at Shepherd's Inn





aside the other children. How she blushed as she gave her hand to him! How affably he took off his white hat as he came in; the children staring up at him! He asked Mrs. Bolton if she had slept well, after the fatigues of the night, and hoped she had no headache; and he said that as he was going that way, he could not pass the door without asking news of his little partner.

Mrs. Bolton was perhaps rather shy and suspicious about these advances; but Mr. Pen's good humour was inexhaustible; he could not see that he was unwelcome. He looked about the premises for a seat, and none being disengaged—for a dish-cover was on one, a work-box on the other, and so forth—he took one of the children's chairs, and perched himself upon that uncomfortable eminence. At this, the children began laughing, the child Fanny louder than all—at least, she was more amused than any of them, and amazed at his Royal Highness's condescension. *He* to sit down in that chair —that little child's chair!—Many and many a time after, she regarded it: haven't we almost all such furniture in our rooms, that our fancy peoples with dear figures, that our memory fills with sweet smiling faces, which may never look on us more?

So Pen sate down and talked away with great volubility to Mrs. Bolton. He asked about the undertaking business, and how many mutes went down with Lady Estrich's remains; and about the Inn, and who lived there. He seemed very much interested about Mr. Campion's cab and horse, and had met that gentleman in society. He thought he should like shares in the Polwheedle and Tredyddlum; did Mrs. Bolton do for those chambers? Were there any chambers to let in the

as better than the Temple: he should like to
in Shepherd's Inn. As for Captain Strong,
el Altamont—was his name? he was deeply
n them too. The Captain was an old friend
He had dined with him at chambers here,
Colonel came to live with him. What sort of
e Colonel? Wasn't he a stout man, with a
ity of jewellery, and a wig and large black
ery black (here Pen was immensely wag-
aused hysteric giggles of delight from the
ry black indeed; in fact, blue black; that is
h greenish purple? That was the man; he
, too, at Sir Fr . . . in society.

know," said the ladies, "Sir F. —— is Sir
g: he's often here: two or three times a week
ptain. My little boy has been out for bill
him. Oh Lor'! I beg pardon, I shouldn't
oned no secrets," Mrs. Bolton blurted out,
d perfectly into good-nature by this time.

Mrs. Bolton, and to the utmost of her knowledge and ability, which, in truth, were not very great.

These questions answered, and Pen being at a loss for more, luckily recollected his privilege as a member of the Press, and asked the ladies whether they would like any orders for the play? The play was their delight, as it is almost always the delight of every theatrical person. When Bolton was away professionally (it appeared that of late the porter of Shepherd's Inn had taken a serious turn, drank a good deal, and otherwise made himself unpleasant to the ladies of his family), they would like of all things to slip out and go to the theatre—little Barney, their son, keeping the lodge; and Mr. Pendennis's most generous and most genteel compliment of orders was received with boundless gratitude by both mother and daughter.

Fanny clapped her hands with pleasure: her face beamed with it. She looked and nodded, and laughed at her mamma, who nodded and laughed in her turn. Mrs. Bolton was not superannuated for pleasure yet, or by any means too old for admiration, she thought. And very likely Mr. Pendennis, in his conversation with her, had insinuated some compliments, or shaped his talk so as to please her. At first, against Pen, and suspicious of him, she was his partizan now, and almost as enthusiastic about him as her daughter. When two women get together to like a man, they help each other on—each pushes the other forward—and the second, out of sheer sympathy, becomes as eager as the principal: at least, so it is said by philosophers who have examined this science.

So the offer of the play-tickets, and other pleasantries, put all parties into perfect good-humour, except for

noment, when one of the younger children, name of "Astley's" pronounced, came for- tated that she should like very much to go, ich, Fanny said, "Don't bother!" rather nd mamma said, "Git-long, Betsy-Jane, do lay in the court:" so that the two little ones, tsy-Jane and Ameliar-Ann, went away in innocent pinafores, and disported in the on the smooth gravel, round about the statue l the Great.

, as they were playing, they very possibly ted with an old friend of theirs and dweller for while Pen was making himself agreeable s at the lodge, who were laughing delighted s, an old gentleman passed under the arch- he Inn-square, and came and looked in at the lodge.

a very blank and rueful face when he saw seated upon a table, like Macheath in the

CHAPTER XLVIII

IN SHEPHERD'S INN

UR friend Pen said, "How d'ye do, Mr. Bows?" in a loud cheery voice on perceiving that gentleman, and saluted him in a dashing offhand manner, yet you could have seen a blush upon Arthur's face (answered by Fanny, whose cheek straightway threw out a similar fluttering red signal); and after Bows and Arthur had shaken hands, and the former had ironically accepted the other's assertion that he was about to pay Mr. Costigan's chambers a visit, there was a gloomy and rather guilty silence in the company, which Pen presently tried to dispel by making a great rattling and noise. The silence of course departed at Mr. Arthur's noise, but the gloom remained and deepened, as the darkness does in a vault if you light up a single taper in it. Pendennis tried to describe, in a jocular manner, the transactions of the night previous, and attempted to

tation of Costigan vainly expostulating with
aker at Vauxhall. It was not a good imita-
t stranger can imitate that perfection? No-
ed. Mrs. Bolton did not in the least under-
part Mr. Pendennis was performing, and
was the check-taker or the Captain he was
Fanny wore an alarmed face, and tried
gle; old Mr. Bows looked as glum as when
in the orchestra, or played a difficult piece
d piano at the Back Kitchen. Pen felt that
s a failure; his voice sank and dwindled away
the end of it—flickered, and went out; and
ark again. You could hear the ticket-porter,
bout Shepherd's Inn, as he passed on the
the archway: the clink of his boot-heels
y everybody.

ere coming to see me, sir," Mr. Bows said.
u have the kindness to walk up to my cham-
e? You do them a great honour, I am sure.

honour my 'umble domicile with a visit," Mr. Bows said, with his sad voice. "Shall I show you the way? Mr. Pendennis and I are old friends, Mrs. Bolton—very old acquaintances; and at the earliest dawn of his life we crossed each other."

The old man pointed towards the door with a trembling finger, and a hat in the other hand, and in an attitude slightly theatrical; so were his words when he spoke somewhat artificial, and chosen from the vocabulary which he had heard all his life from the painted lips of the orators before the stage-lamps. But he was not acting or masquerading, as Pen knew very well, though he was disposed to pooh-pooh the old fellow's melodramatic airs. "Come along, sir," he said, "as you are so very pressing. Mrs. Bolton, I wish you a good day. Good-by, Miss Fanny; I shall always think of our night at Vauxhall with pleasure; and be sure I will remember the theatre-tickets." And he took her hand, pressed it, was pressed by it, and was gone.

"What a nice young man, to be sure!" cried Mrs. Bolton.

"D'you think so, ma?" said Fanny.

"I was a-thinkin' who he was like. When I was at the Wells with Mrs. Serle," Mrs. Bolton continued, looking through the window curtain after Pen, as he went up the court with Bows; "there was a young gentleman from the City, that used to come in a tilb'ry, in a white 'at, the very image of him, on'y his whiskers was black, and Mr. P.'s is red."

"Law, ma! they are a most beautiful hawburn," Fanny said.

"He used to come for Em'ly Budd, who danced Columbine in ' 'Arleykin 'Ornpipe, or the Battle of Nava-

Miss De la Bosky was took ill—a pretty
a fine stage figure of a woman—and he was
ar-baker in the City, with a country 'ouse at
nd he used to drive her in the tilb'ry down
eet Road; and one day they drove and was
St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, where
eir bands read quite private; and she now
arriage, and I sor her name in the paper as
' the Manshing-House Ball for the Washy-
sylum. And look at Lady Mirabel—Cap-
n's daughter—she was profesh'n'l, as all very

Thus, and more to this purpose, Mrs. Bol-
now peeping through the window-curtain,
g the mugs and plates, and consigning them
e in the corner cupboard; and finishing her
e and Fanny shook out and folded up the
between them, and restored it to its drawer

Costigan had once before been made pretty

In the last operation of table-cloth folding, these two foolish women, of necessity, came close together; and as Fanny took the cloth and gave it the last fold, her mother put her finger under the young girl's chin, and kissed her. Again the red signal flew out, and fluttered on Fanny's cheek. What did it mean? It was not alarm this time. It was pleasure which caused the poor little Fanny to blush so. Poor little Fanny! What! is love sin, that it is so pleasant at the beginning, and so bitter at the end?

After the embrace, Mrs. Bolton thought proper to say that she was a-going out upon business, and that Fanny must keep the lodge; which Fanny, after a very faint objection indeed, consented to do. So Mrs. Bolton took her bonnet and market-basket, and departed; and the instant she was gone, Fanny went and sate by the window which commanded Bows's door, and never once took her eyes away from that quarter of Shepherd's Inn.

Betsy-Jane and Ameliar-Ann were buzzing in one corner of the place, and making believe to read out of a picture-book, which one of them held topsy-turvy. It was a grave and dreadful tract, of Mr. Bolton's collection. Fanny did not hear her sisters prattling over it. She noticed nothing but Bows's door.

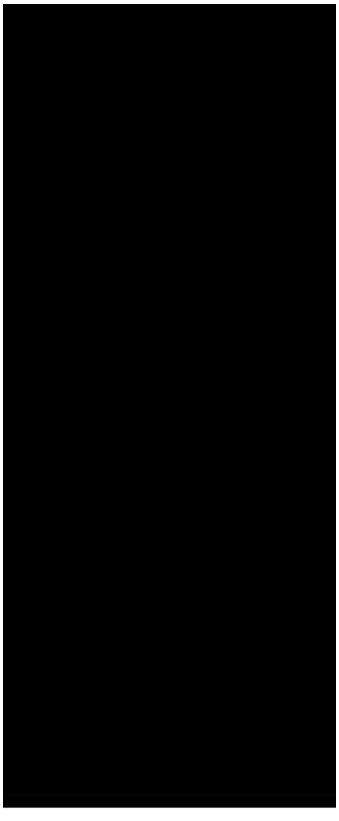
At last she gave a little shake, and her eyes lighted up. He had come out. He would pass the door again. But her poor little countenance fell in an instant more. Pendennis, indeed, came out; but Bows followed after him. They passed under the archway together. He only took off his hat, and bowed as he looked in. He did not stop to speak.

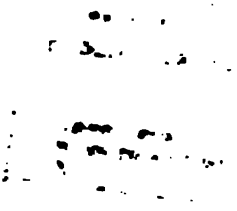
In three or four minutes—Fanny did not know how long, but she looked furiously at him when he came into the lodge—Bows returned alone, and entered into the porter's room.

s your ma, dear?" he said to Fanny.
know," Fanny said, with an angry toss. "I
v ma's steps wherever she goes, I suppose,

my mother's keeper?" Bows said, with his
ncholy bitterness. "Come here, Betsy-Jane
-Ann; I've brought a cake for the one who
letters best, and a cake for the other who can
he next best."
e young ladies had undergone the examina-
h which Bows put them, they were rewarded
gingerbread medals, and went off to discuss
e court. Meanwhile Fanny took out some
retended to busy herself with it, her mind be-
excitement and anger as she plied her needle.
o that he could command the entrance from
the street. But the person whom, perhaps,
l to see, never made his appearance again.
Bolton came in from market, and found Mr.

On the look out





seem that the Captain, before issuing from his bed-room, scented himself with otto of whisky. A rich odour of that delicious perfume breathed from out him, as he held out the grasp of cordiality to his visitor. The hand which performed that grasp shook wofully: it was a wonder how it could hold the razor with which the poor gentleman daily operated on his chin.

Bows's room was as neat, on the other hand, as his comrade's was disorderly. His humble wardrobe hung behind a curtain. His books and manuscript music were trimly arranged upon shelves. A lithographed portrait of Miss Fotheringay, as Mrs. Haller, with the actress's sprawling signature at the corner, hung faithfully over the old gentleman's bed. Lady Mirabel wrote much better than Miss Fotheringay had been able to do. Her Ladyship had laboured assiduously to acquire the art of penmanship since her marriage; and, in a common note of invitation or acceptance, acquitted herself very genteelly. Bows loved the old handwriting best, though; the fair artist's earlier manner. He had but one specimen of the new style, a note in reply to a song composed and dedicated to Lady Mirabel, by her most humble servant Robert Bows; and which document was treasured in his desk among his other state papers. He was teaching Fanny Bolton now to sing and to write, as he had taught Emily in former days. It was the nature of the man to attach himself to something. When Emily was torn from him he took a substitute: as a man looks out for a crutch when he loses a leg, or lashes himself to a raft when he has suffered shipwreck. Latude had given his heart to a woman, no doubt, before he grew to be so fond of a mouse in the Bastille. There are people who in their youth have felt and inspired an heroic passion, and end

ppy in the caresses, or agitated by the illness,
. But it was hard upon Bows, and grating
ngs as a man and a sentimentalist, that he
Pen again upon his track, and in pursuit of
anny.

le, Costigan had not the least idea but that his
as perfectly welcome to Messrs. Pendennis
nd that the visit of the former was intended
. He expressed himself greatly pleased with
of poloightness, and promised, in his own
e would repay that obligation at least, which
only debt which the Captain owed in life, by
s to his young friend. He entertained him
news of the day, or rather of ten days pre-
Pen, in his quality of Journalist, remembered
some of the Captain's opinions in the Sport-
heatrical Newspaper, which was Costigan's
stated that Sir Charles and Lady Mirabel
o Baden-Baden, and were most pressing in

with Bows on the bridge, came back to him. He felt quite kindly disposed towards his two old friends; and cordially shook the hands of both of them when he rose to go away.

He had quite forgotten about little Fanny Bolton whilst the Captain was talking, and Pen himself was absorbed in other selfish meditations. He only remembered her again as Bows came hobbling down the stairs after him, bent evidently upon following him out of Shepherd's Inn.

Mr. Bows's precaution was not a lucky one. The wrath of Mr. Arthur Pendennis rose at the poor old fellow's feeble persecution. Confound him, what does he mean by dogging me? thought Pen. And he burst out laughing when he was in the Strand and by himself, as he thought of the elder's stratagem. It was not an honest laugh, Arthur Pendennis. Perhaps the thought struck Arthur himself, and he blushed at his own sense of humour.

He went off to endeavour to banish the thoughts which occupied him, whatever those thoughts might be, and tried various places of amusement with but indifferent success. He struggled up the highest stairs of the Panorama; but when he had arrived, panting, at the height of the eminence, Care had come up with him, and was bearing him company. He went to the Club, and wrote a long letter home, exceedingly witty and sarcastic, and in which, if he did not say a single word about Vauxhall and Fanny Bolton, it was because he thought that subject, however interesting to himself, would not be very interesting to his mother and Laura. Nor could the novels on the library table fix his attention, nor the grave and respectable Jawkins (the only man in town), who

ngage him in conversation; nor any of the
s which he tried, after flying from Jawkins.
a Comic Theatre on his way home, and saw
Farce," "Roars of Laughter," "Good Old
n and Frolic," placarded in vermilion letters
. He went into the pit, and saw the lovely
, as usual, in a man's attire; and that eminent
r, Tom Horseman, dressed as a woman.
s travesty seemed to him a horrid and hide-
ation; Mrs. Leary's glances and ankles had
t effect. He laughed again, and bitterly, to
he thought of the effect which she had
pon him, on the first night of his arrival in
hort time—what a long long time ago!

CHAPTER XLIX

IN OR NEAR THE TEMPLE GARDEN

FASHION has long deserted the green and pretty Temple Garden, in which Shakspeare makes York and Lancaster to pluck the innocent white and red roses which became the badges of their bloody wars; and the learned and pleasant writer of the "Handbook of London" tells us that "the commonest and hardiest kind of rose has long ceased to put forth a bud" in that smoky air. Not many of the present occupiers of the buildings round about the quarter know or care, very likely, whether or not roses grow there, or pass the old gate, except on their way to chambers. The attorneys' clerks don't carry flowers in their bags, or posies under their arms, as they run to the counsel's chambers—the few lawyers who take constitutional walks think very little about York and Lancaster, especially since the railroad business is over.

narians and literary amateurs care to look at
s with much interest, and fancy good Sir
overley and Mr. Spectator with his short face
nd down the road; or dear Oliver Goldsmith
ner-house, perhaps meditating about the next
the World," or the new suit that Mr. Filby,
s fashioning for him, or the dunning letter
ewbery has sent. Treading heavily on the
rolling majestically along in a snuff-coloured
vig that sadly wants the barber's powder and
sees the Great Doctor step up to him (his
ey following at the lexicographer's heels, a
orse for port wine that they had been taking
e), and Mr. Johnson asks Mr. Goldsmith to
and take a dish of tea with Miss Williams.
of Fancy! Sir Roger and Mr. Spectator are
s now as the two doctors and the boozy and
otchman. The poetical figures live in our
st as much as the real personages,—and as

ters: the uninvited are partaking of the economic joint, and the modest half-pint of wine at the Club, entertaining themselves, and the rest of the company in the Club-room, with Circuit jokes and points of wit and law. Nobody is in chambers at all, except poor Mr. Cockle, who is ill, and whose laundress is making him gruel; or Mr. Toodle, who is an amateur of the flute, and whom you may hear piping solitary from his chambers in the second floor; or young Tiger, the student, from whose open windows comes a great gush of cigar smoke, and at whose door are a quantity of dishes and covers, bearing the insignia of Dicks' or the Cock. But stop! Whither does Fancy lead us? It is vacation time; and with the exception of Pendennis, nobody is in chambers at all.

Perhaps it was solitude, then, which drove Pen into the garden; for although he had never before passed the gate, and had looked rather carelessly at the pretty flower-beds, and the groups of pleased citizens sauntering over the trim lawn and the broad gravel-walks by the river, on this evening it happened, as we have said, that the young gentleman, who had dined alone at a tavern in the neighbourhood of the Temple, took a fancy, as he was returning home to his chambers, to take a little walk in the gardens, and enjoy the fresh evening air, and the sight of the shining Thames. After walking for a brief space, and looking at the many peaceful and happy groups round about him, he grew tired of the exercise, and betook himself to one of the summer-houses which flank either end of the main walk, and there modestly seated himself. What were his cogitations? The evening was delightfully bright and calm; the sky was cloudless; the chimneys on the opposite bank were not smoking; the wharfs and warehouses looked rosy in the sun-

shine, and as clean as if they, too, had washed for the holiday. The steamers rushed rapidly up and down the stream, laden with holiday passengers. The bells of the multitudinous City churches were ringing to evening prayers,—such peaceful Sabbath evenings as this Pen may have remembered in his early days, as he paced, with his arm round his mother's waist, on the terrace before the lawn at home. The sun was lighting up the little Brawl, too, as well as the broad Thames, and sinking downwards majestically behind the Clavering elms, and the tower of the familiar village church. Was it thoughts of these, or the sunset merely, that caused the blush on the young man's face? He beat time on the bench to the chorus of the bells without; flicked the dust off his shining boots with his pocket-handkerchief, and starting up, stamped with his foot and said, "No, by Jove, I'll go home." And with this resolution, which indicated that some struggle as to the propriety of remaining where he was, or of quitting the garden, had been going on in his mind, he stepped out of the summer-house.

He nearly knocked down two little children, who did not indeed reach much higher than his knee, and were trotting along the gravel-walk, with their long blue shadows slanting towards the east.

One cried out "Oh!" the other began to laugh; and with a knowing little infantine chuckle, said, "Missa Pen-dennis!" And Arthur, looking down, saw his two little friends of the day before, Mesdemoiselles Ameliar-Ann and Betsy-Jane. He blushed more than ever at seeing them, and seizing the one whom he had nearly upset, jumped her up into the air, and kissed her: at which sudden assault Ameliar-Ann began to cry in great alarm.

This cry brought up instantly two ladies in clean collars and new ribbons, and grand shawls, namely: Mrs. Bolton in a rich scarlet Caledonian Cashmere, and a black silk dress, and Miss F. Bolton with a yellow scarf and a sweet sprigged muslin, and a parasol—quite the lady. Fanny did not say one single word: though her eyes flashed a welcome, and shone as bright—as bright as the most blazing windows in Paper Buildings. But Mrs. Bolton, after admonishing Betsy-Jane, said, "Lor', sir—how *very* odd that we should meet *you* year! I 'ope you 'ave your 'ealth well, sir.—Ain't it odd, Fanny, that we should meet Mr. Pendennis?" What do you mean by sniggering, Mesdames? When young Crœsus has been staying at a country-house, have you never, by any singular coincidence, been walking with your Fanny in the shrubberies? Have you and your Fanny never happened to be listening to the band of the Heavies at Brighton, when young De Boots and Captain Padmore came clinking down the Pier? Have you and your darling Frances never chanced to be visiting old widow Wheezy at the cottage on the common, when the young curate has stepped in with a tract adapted to the rheumatism? Do you suppose that, if singular coincidences occur at the Hall, they don't also happen at the Lodge?

It *was* a coincidence, no doubt: that was all. In the course of the conversation on the day previous, Mr. Pendennis had merely said, in the simplest way imaginable, and in reply to a question of Miss Bolton, that although some of the courts were gloomy, parts of the Temple were very cheerful and agreeable, especially the chambers looking on the river and around the gardens, and that the gardens were a very pleasant walk on Sunday evenings and frequented by a great number of people—

y the merest chance, all our acquaintances met
ust like so many people in genteel life. What
ore artless, good-natured, or natural?

ever like him? some one thought. He blushed—how his blushes became him! the same individual said to herself. The children, on seeing him the day before, had been so struck with him, that after he had gone away they had been playing at him. And Ameliar-Ann, sticking her little chubby fingers into the arm-holes of her pinafore, as Pen was wont to do with his waistcoat, had said, "Now, Bessy-Jane, I'll be Missa Pendennis." Fanny had laughed till she cried, and smothered her sister with kisses for that feat. How happy, too, she was to see Arthur embracing the child!

If Arthur was red, Fanny, on the contrary, was very worn and pale. Arthur remarked it, and asked kindly why she looked so fatigued.

"I was awake all night," said Fanny, and began to blush a little.

"I put out her candle, and *hordered* her to go to sleep and leave off readin'," interposed the fond mother.

"You were reading! And what was it that interested you so?" asked Pen, amused.

"Oh, it's *so* beautiful!" said Fanny.

"What?"

"'Walter Lorraine,'" Fanny sighed out. "How I do *hate* that Neara—Næra—I don't know the pronunciation. And how I love Leonora, and Walter; oh, how dear he is!"

How had Fanny discovered the novel of 'Walter Lorraine,' and that Pen was the author? This little person remembered every single word which Mr. Pendennis had spoken on the night previous, and how he wrote in books and newspapers. What books? She was so eager to know, that she had almost a mind to be civil to old Bows, who was suffering under her displeasure since

ut she determined first to make application
. She began by coaxing the Captain and
n him in her most winning way, as she helped
his dinner and set his humble apartment in
was sure his linen wanted mending (and
Captain's linen-closet contained some curious
of manufactured flax and cotton). She
his shirts—*all* his shirts. What horrid holes
ny holes! She put her little face through one
d laughed at the old warrior in the most win-
r. She would have made a funny little picture
ugh the holes. Then she daintily removed
dinner things, tripping about the room as
the dancers do at the play; and she danced
ain's cupboard, and produced his whisky-bot-
ed him a tumbler, and must taste a drop of
drop; and the Captain must sing her one of
s dear songs, and teach it to her. And when
an Irish melody in his rich quavering voice,

Pendennis (not all of them with great friendship; for Bludyer called him a confounded coxcomb, and Hoolan wondered that Doolan did not kick him, &c.) by the sobriquet of Walter Lorraine,—and was hence enabled to give Fanny the information which she required.

"And she went and ast for it at the libery," Mrs. Bolton said,—"several liberies—and some 'ad it and it was hout, and some 'adn't it. And one of the liberies as 'ad it wouldn't let 'er 'ave it without a sovering: and she 'adn't one, and she came back a-cryin' to me—didn't you, Fanny?—and I gave her a sovering."

"And, oh, I was in such a fright lest any one should have come to the libery and took it while I was away," Fanny said, her cheeks and eyes glowing. "And, oh, I do like it so!"

Arthur was touched by this artless sympathy, immensely flattered and moved by it. "Do you like it?" he said. "If you will come up to my chambers I will—No, I will bring you one—no, I will send you one. Good night. Thank you, Fanny. God bless you. I mustn't stay with you. Good-by, good-by." And, pressing her hand once, and nodding to her mother and the other children, he strode out of the gardens.

He quickened his pace as he went from them, and ran out of the gate talking to himself. "Dear, dear little thing," he said,—"darling little Fanny! You are worth them all. I wish to heaven Shandon was back. I'd go home to my mother. I mustn't see her. I won't. I won't, so help me—"

As he was talking thus, and running, the passers-by turning to look at him, he ran against a little old man, and perceived it was Mr. Bows.

"Your very 'umble servant, sir," said Mr. Bows, mak

tic bow, and lifting his old hat from his fore-

you a good day," Arthur answered sulkily.
me detain you, or give you the trouble to
gain. I am in a hurry, sir; good evening."
ught Pen had some reason for hurrying to
" Where are they?" exclaimed the old gen-
You know whom I mean. They're not in
, sir, are they? They told Bolton they were
rch at the Temple; they weren't there. They
chambers: they mustn't stay in your cham-
endennis."
t, sir!" cried out Pendennis, fiercely. "Come
ey are in my chambers: here's the court and
ome in and see." And Bows, taking off his
ing first, followed the young man.
e not in Pen's chambers, as we know. But
rdens were closed, the two women, who had
elancholy evening's amusement, walked away

Pen's writing-table with its litter of papers, presented an aspect cheerless enough. "Will you like to look in the bed-rooms, Mr. Bows, and see if my victims are there?" he said bitterly; "or whether I have made away with the little girls, and hid them in the coal-hole?"

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Pendennis," the other said in his sad tone. "You say they are not here, and I know they are not. And I hope they never have been here, and never will come."

"Upon my word, sir, you are very good, to choose my acquaintances for me," Arthur said, in a haughty tone; "and to suppose that anybody would be the worse for my society. I remember you, and owe you kindness from old times, Mr. Bows; or I should speak more angrily than I do, about a very intolerable sort of persecution to which you seem inclined to subject me. You followed me out of your Inn yesterday, as if you wanted to watch that I shouldn't steal something." Here Pen stammered and turned red, directly he had said the words; he felt he had given the other an opening, which Bows instantly took.

"I do think you came to steal something, as you say the words, sir," Bows said. "Do you mean to say that you came to pay a visit to poor old Bows, the fiddler? or to Mrs. Bolton, at the porter's lodge? Oh fie! Such a fine gentleman as Arthur Pendennis, Esquire, doesn't condescend to walk up to my garret, or to sit in a laundress's kitchen, but for reasons of his own. And my belief is that you came to steal a pretty girl's heart away, and to ruin it, and to spurn it afterwards, Mr. Arthur Pendennis. That's what the world makes of you young dandies, you gentlemen of fashion, you high and mighty aristocrats that trample upon the people. It's sport to

hat is it to the poor, think you; the toys of
res, whom you play with and whom you fling
eets when you are tired? I know your order,
w your selfishness and your arrogance, and
What does it matter to my lord, that the
daughter is made miserable, and her family
shame? You must have your pleasures, and
of course must pay for them. What are we
ut for that? It's the way with you all—the
ou all, sir."

s speaking beside the question, and Pen had
ge here, which he was not sorry to take—
put off the debate from the point upon which
ry had first engaged it. Arthur broke out
of laugh, for which he asked Bows's pardon.
an aristocrat," he said; " in a palace up three
s, with a carpet nearly as handsome as yours,
My life is passed in grinding the people, is
ing virgins and robbing the poor? My good

perhaps, but honest. And I liked you then, because you were ready to ruin yourself for a woman."

"And now, sir?" Arthur asked.

"And now times are changed, and you want a woman to ruin herself for you," Bows answered. "I know this child, sir. I've always said this lot was hanging over her. She has heated her little brain with novels, until her whole thoughts are about love and lovers, and she scarcely sees that she treads on a kitchen floor. I have taught the little thing. She is full of many talents and winning ways, I grant you. I am fond of the girl, sir. I'm a lonely old man; I lead a life that I don't like, among boon companions, who make me melancholy. I have but this child that I care for. Have pity upon me, and don't take her away from me, Mr. Pendennis—don't take her away."

The old man's voice broke as he spoke. Its accents touched Pen, much more than the menacing or sarcastic tone which Bows had commenced by adopting.

"Indeed," said he, kindly, "you do me a wrong if you fancy I intend one to poor little Fanny. I never saw her till Friday night. It was the merest chance that our friend Costigan threw her into my way. I have no intentions regarding her—that is—"

"That is, you know very well that she is a foolish girl, and her mother a foolish woman,—that is, you meet her in the Temple Gardens, and of course without previous concert,—that is, that when I found her yesterday, reading the book you've wrote, she scorned me," Bows said. "What am I good for but to be laughed at? a deformed old fellow like me; an old fiddler that wears a threadbare coat, and gets his bread by playing tunes at an alehouse? You are a fine gentleman, you are. You wear scent in your handkerchief, and a ring on your finger. You go

n great people. Who ever gives a crust to
And yet I might have been as good a man
of you. I might have been a man of genius,
d the chance; ay, and have lived with the
ts of the land. But everything has failed
I'd ambition once, and wrote plays, poems,
ody would give me a hearing. I never loved
ut she laughed at me; and here I am in my
e—alone! Don't take this girl from me, Mr.
I say again. Leave her with me a little
e was like a child to me till yesterday. Why
p in, and make her mock my deformity and

uiltless of that, at least," Arthur said, with
f a sigh. "Upon my word of honour, I wish
seen the girl. My calling is not seduction,
I did not imagine that I had made an im-
poor Fanny, until—until to-night. And
was sorry, and was flying from my tempta-

leave to shake hands with him, and with a very warm and affectionate greeting on both sides, apologised to Arthur for having mistaken him, and paid him some compliments which caused the young man to squeeze his old friend's hand heartily again. And as they parted at Pen's door, Arthur said he had given a promise, and he hoped and trusted that Mr. Bows might rely on it?

"Amen to that prayer," said Mr. Bows, and went slowly down the stair.

CHAPTER L

THE HAPPY VILLAGE AGAIN

EARLY in this history, we have had occasion to speak of the little town of Clavering, near which Pen's paternal home of Fairoaks stood, and of some of the people who inhabited the place; and as the society there was by no means amusing or pleasant, our reports concerning it were not carried to any very great length. Mr. Samuel Huxter, the gentleman
aintance we lately made at Vauxhall, was
[redacted]

father's demise, he married, and took home to his house of the Warren, a few miles from Clavering.

The family had possessed and cultivated an estate there for many years, as yeomen and farmers. Mr. Hobnell's father pulled down the old farm-house; built a flaring new whitewashed mansion, with capacious stables: and a piano in the drawing-room; kept a pack of harriers; and assumed the title of Squire Hobnell. When he died, and his son reigned in his stead, the family might be fairly considered to be established as county gentry. And Sam Huxter, at London, did no great wrong in boasting about his brother-in-law's place, his hounds, horses, and hospitality, to his admiring comrades at Bartholomew's. Every year, at a time commonly when Mrs. Hobnell could not leave the increasing duties of her nursery, Hobnell came up to London for a lark, had rooms at the Tavistock, and he and Sam indulged in the pleasures of the town together. Ascot, the theatres, Vauxhall, and the convivial taverns in the joyous neighbourhood of Covent Garden, were visited by the vivacious squire, in company with his learned brother. When he was in London, as he said, he liked to do as London does, and to "go it a bit," and when he returned to the west, he took a new bonnet and shawl to Mrs. Hobnell, and relinquished, for country sports and occupations during the next eleven months, the elegant amusements of London life.

Sam Huxter kept up a correspondence with his relative, and supplied him with choice news of the metropolis, in return for the baskets of hares, partridges, and clouted cream which the squire and his good-natured wife forwarded to Sam. A youth more brilliant and distinguished they did not know. He was the life and

r house, when he made his appearance in his
. His songs, jokes, and fun kept the War-
ar. He had saved their eldest darling's life,
fish-bone out of her throat: in fine, he was
of their circle.

k would have it, Pen again fell in with Mr.
y three days after the rencontre at Vauxhall.
his vow, he had not been to see little Fanny.
ng to drive her from his mind by occupation,
ntal excitement. He laboured, though not
ofit, incessantly in his rooms; and, in his ca-
itic for the "Pall Mall Gazette," made woe-
vage onslaught on a poem and a romance
before him for judgment. These authors
nt to dine alone at the lonely club of the
where the vast solitudes frightened him,
im only the more moody. He had been to
s for relaxation. The whole house was roar-
ughter and applause, and he saw only an
e that made him sad. It would have damped

only see Bows. In an extinct volcano, such as he boasted that his breast was, it was wonderful how he should feel such a flame! Two days' indulgence had kindled it; two days' abstinence had set it burning in fury. So, musing upon this, and drinking down one glass after another, as ill-luck would have it, Arthur's eyes lighted upon Mr. Huxter, who had been to the theatre, like himself, and, with two or three comrades, now entered the room. Huxter whispered to his companions, greatly to Pen's annoyance. Arthur felt that the other was talking about him. Huxter then worked through the room, followed by his friends, and came and took a place opposite to Pen, nodding familiarly to him, and holding him out a dirty hand to shake.

Pen shook hands with his fellow townsman. He thought he had been needlessly savage to him on the last night when they had met. As for Huxter, perfectly at good humour with himself and the world, it never entered his mind that he could be disagreeable to anybody; and the little dispute, or "chaff," as he styled it, of Vauxhall, was a trifle which he did not in the least regard.

The disciple of Galen having called for "four stouts," with which he and his party refreshed themselves, began to think what would be the most amusing topic of conversation with Pen, and hit upon that precise one which was most painful to our young gentleman.

"Jolly night at Vauxhall—wasn't it?" he said, and winked in a very knowing way.

"I'm glad you liked it," poor Pen said, groaning in spirit.

"I was dev'lish cut—uncommon—been dining with some chaps at Greenwich. That was a pretty bit of

ging on your arm—who was she?" asked the
student.
stion was too much for Arthur. "Have I
ny questions about yourself, Mr. Huxter?"

t mean any offence—beg pardon—hang it!
quite savage," said Pen's astonished inter-

remember what took place between us the
?" Pen asked, with gathering wrath. "You
ery probably. You were tipsy, as you ob-
now, and very rude."
it, sir, I asked your pardon," Huxter said,
.
d certainly, and it was granted with all my
sure. But if you recollect I begged that you
the goodness to omit me from the list of
intance for the future? and when we met in
you would not take the trouble to recognise

and water, the quarrel—nothing soothed him. He slept no better than on the previous night.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Sam Huxter wrote home a letter to Mr. Hobnell in the country, of which Mr. Arthur Pendennis formed the principal subject. Sam described Arthur's pursuits in London, and his confounded insolence of behaviour to his old friends from home. He said he was an abandoned criminal, a regular Don Juan, a fellow who, when he *did* come into the country, ought to be kept out of *honest people's houses.* He had seen him at Vauxhall, dancing with an innocent girl in the lower ranks of life, of whom he was making a victim. He had found out from an Irish gentleman (formerly in the army), who frequented a club of which he, Huxter, was member, who the girl was, on whom this *conceited humbug* was practising his infernal arts; and he thought he should warn her father, &c., &c.—The letter then touched on general news, conveyed the writer's thanks for the last parcel and the rabbits, and hinted his extreme readiness for further favours.

About once a year, as we have stated, there was occasion for a christening at the Warren, and it happened that this ceremony took place a day after Hobnell had received the letter of his brother-in-law in town. The infant (a darling little girl) was christened Mira-Lucretia, after its two godmothers, Miss Portman and Mrs. Pybus of Clavering, and as of course Hobnell had communicated Sam's letter to his wife, Mrs. Hobnell imparted its horrid contents to her two gossips. A pretty story it was, and prettily it was told throughout Clavering in the course of that day.

Mira did not—she was too much shocked to do so—speak on the matter to her mamma, but Mrs. Pybus had

lings of reserve. She talked over the matter
ith Mrs. Portman, but with Mr. and the
e Mrs. Simcoe, with Mrs. Glanders, her
being to that end ordered out of the room,
me Fribsby, and, in a word, with the whole
ering society. Madame Fribsby looking fur-
t her picture of the Dragoon, and inwards
vn wounded memory, said that men would
l as long as they were men would be deceiv-
pensively quoted some lines from Marmion,
to know where deceiving lovers should rest?
s had no words of hatred, horror, contempt,
gh for a villain who could be capable of con-
e. This was what came of early indulgence,
ce, and extravagance, and aristocratic airs
in that Pen had refused to drink tea with
), and attending the corrupt and horrid par-
dreadful modern Babylon! Mrs. Portman
that she must acknowledge that the mother's

works; Heaven forbid that he should! but what could be expected from such a youth, and such frightful, such lamentable, such deplorable want of seriousness? Pen formed the subject for a second sermon at the Clavering chapel of ease: where the dangers of London, and the crime of reading or writing novels, were pointed out on a Sunday evening, to a large and warm congregation. They did not wait to hear whether he was guilty or not. They took his wickedness for granted: and with these admirable moralists, it was who should fling the stone at poor Pen.

The next day Mrs. Pendennis, alone and almost fainting with emotion and fatigue, walked or rather ran to Dr. Portman's house, to consult the good Doctor. She had had an anonymous letter;—some Christian had thought it his or her duty to stab the good soul who had never done mortal a wrong—an anonymous letter with references to Scripture, pointing out the doom of such sinners, and a detailed account of Pen's crime. She was in a state of terror and excitement pitiable to witness. Two or three hours of this pain had aged her already. In her first moment of agitation she had dropped the letter and Laura had read it. Laura blushed when she read it; her whole frame trembled, but it was with anger. "The cowards," she said.—"It isn't true.—No, mother, it isn't true."

"It *is* true, and you've done it, Laura," cried out Helen fiercely. "Why did you refuse him when he asked you? Why did you break my heart and refuse him? It is you who led him into crime. It is you who flung him into the arms of this—this woman.—Don't speak to me.—Don't answer me. I will never forgive you, never! Martha, bring me my bonnet and

I'll go out. I won't have you come with r
y. Leave me, cruel girl; why have you brou
me on me?" And bidding her daughter a
ants keep away from her, she ran down the r
ering.

or Portman, glancing over the letter, thought
he handwriting, and, of course, was already
d with the charge made against poor P
t his own conscience, perhaps (for the wor
like most of us, had a considerable natural a
r receiving any report unfavourable to his nei
he strove to console Helen; he pointed out t
der came from an anonymous quarter, and the
st be the work of a rascal; that the charge mi
true—was not true, most likely—at least, t
st be heard before he was condemned; that
such a mother was not likely to commit suc
&c. &c.

n at once saw through his feint of objection a

his mother, Dr. Portman. Let us go away and bring him back—yes—bring him back—and there shall be joy for the—the sinner that repenteth. Let us go now, directly, dear friend—this very—"

Helen could say no more. She fell back and fainted. She was carried to a bed in the house of the pitying Doctor, and the surgeon was called to attend her. She lay all night in an alarming state. Laura came to her, or to the rectory rather; for she would not see Laura. And Doctor Portman, still beseeching her to be tranquil, and growing bolder and more confident of Arthur's innocence as he witnessed the terrible grief of the poor mother, wrote a letter to Pen warning him of the rumours that were against him, and earnestly praying that he would break off and repent of a connexion so fatal to his best interests and his soul's welfare.

And Laura?—was her heart not wrung by the thought of Arthur's crime and Helen's estrangement? Was it not a bitter blow for the innocent girl to think that at one stroke she should lose *all* the love which she cared for in the world!

CHAPTER LI

H HAD VERY NEARLY BEEN THE LAST OF THE STORY

DOCTOR PORTMAN'S letter was sent off to its destination in London, and the worthy clergyman endeavoured to soothe down Mrs. Pen-

Unluckily for himself and all parties, Pen never read that homily which Doctor Portman addressed to him, until many weeks after the epistle had been composed; and day after day the widow waited for her son's reply to the charges against him; her own illness increasing with every day's delay. It was a hard task for Laura to bear the anxiety; to witness her dearest friend's suffering; worst of all, to support Helen's estrangement, and the pain caused to her by that averted affection. But it was the custom of this young lady, to the utmost of her power, and by means of that gracious assistance which Heaven awarded to her pure and constant prayers, to do her duty. And as that duty was performed quite noiselessly,—while the supplications, which endowed her with the requisite strength for fulfilling it, also took place in her own chamber, away from all mortal sight,—we, too, must be perforce silent about these virtues of hers, which no more bear public talking about, than a flower will bear to bloom in a ball-room. This only we will say—that a good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and that we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty. Sweet and beautiful!—the fairest and the most spotless!—is it not a pity to see them bowed down or devoured by Grief or Death inexorable—wasting in disease—pining with long pain—or cut off by sudden fate in their prime? *We* may deserve grief—but why should these be unhappy?—except that we know that Heaven chastens those whom it loves best; being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure.

So Pen never got the letter, although it was duly posted and faithfully discharged by the postman into

x in Lamb Court, and thence carried by the
his writing-table with the rest of his lord-
spondence.

l readers who have watched Mr. Arthur's ca-
, and have made, as they naturally would do,
upon the moral character and peculiarities
uaintance, have probably discovered by this
as the prevailing fault in Mr. Pen's disposi-
o was that greatest enemy, artfully indicated
page, with whom he had to contend. Not a
ny beloved public, have the very same rascal
with: a scoundrel who takes every oppor-
inging us into mischief, of plunging us into
leading us into idleness and unprofitable
nd what not. In a word, Pen's greatest
himself: and as he had been pampering, and
d indulging that individual all his life, the
insolent, as all spoiled servants will be; and
test attempt to coerce him, or make him do
was unpleasant to him, became frantically

too much: nor could all the cigars and the punch of which he partook drive little Fanny's image out of his inflamed brain; and at the end of a week of this discipline and self-denial our young gentleman was in bed with a fever. Let the reader who has never had a fever in chambers pity the wretch who is bound to undergo that calamity.

A committee of marriageable ladies, or of any Christian persons interested in the propagation of the domestic virtues, should employ a Cruikshank or a Leech, or some other kindly expositor of the follies of the day, to make a series of Designs representing the horrors of a bachelor's life in chambers, and leading the beholder to think of better things, and a more wholesome condition. What can be more uncomfortable than the bachelor's lonely breakfast?—with the black kettle in the dreary fire in Midsummer; or, worse still, with the fire gone out at Christmas, half an hour after the laundress has quitted the sitting-room? Into this solitude the owner enters shivering, and has to commence his day by hunting for coals and wood; and before he begins the work of a student, has to discharge the duties of a housemaid, vice Mrs. Flanagan, who is absent without leave. Or, again, what can form a finer subject for the classical designer than the bachelor's shirt—that garment which he wants to assume just at dinner-time, and which he finds without any buttons to fasten it? Then there is the bachelor's return to chambers, after a merry Christmas holiday, spent in a cozy country-house, full of pretty faces, and kind welcomes and regrets. He leaves his portmanteau at the Barber's in the Court: he lights his dismal old candle at the sputtering little lamp on the stair: he enters the blank familiar room, where

kens to greet him, that show any interest in
l welfare, are the Christmas bills, which are
it for him, amiably spread out on his read-
Add to these scenes an appalling picture of
r's illness, and the rents in the Temple will
l from the day of the publication of the dis-
a. To be well in chambers is melancholy,
nd selfish enough; but to be ill in chambers
ights of pain and watchfulness—to long for
g and the laundress—to serve yourself your
ne by your own watch—to have no other
for long hours but your own sickening fan-
vered thoughts: no kind hand to give you
are thirsty, or to smooth the hot pillow that
nder you,—this, indeed, is a fate so dismal
that we shall not enlarge upon its horrors;
ly heartily pity those bachelors in the Tem-
ve it every day.

efel Arthur Pendennis after the various ex-

found that gentleman so exceedingly unwell, that the good-natured Irishman set to work to supply his place, if possible, and produced a series of political and critical compositions, such as no doubt greatly edified the readers of the periodical in which he and Pen were concerned. Allusions to the greatness of Ireland, and the genius and virtue of the inhabitants of that injured country, flowed magnificently from Finucane's pen; and Shandon, the Chief of the paper, who was enjoying himself placidly at Boulogne-sur-Mer, looking over the columns of the journal, which was forwarded to him, instantly recognised the hand of the great Sub-editor, and said, laughing, as he flung over the paper to his wife, "Look here, Mary, my dear, here is Jack at work again." Indeed, Jack was a warm friend and a gallant partisan, and when he had the pen in hand, seldom let slip an opportunity of letting the world know that Rafferty was the greatest painter in Europe, and wondering at the petty jealousy of the Academy, which refused to make him an R.A.: of stating that it was generally reported at the West End, that Mr. Rooney, M.P., was appointed Governor of Barataria: or of introducing into the subject in hand, whatever it might be, a compliment to the Round Towers, or the Giant's Causeway. And besides doing Pen's work for him, to the best of his ability, his kind-hearted comrade offered to forego his Saturday's and Sunday's holiday, and pass those days of holiday and rest as nurse-tender to Arthur, who, however, insisted that the other should not forego his pleasure, and thankfully assured him that he could bear best his malady alone.

Taking his supper at the Back Kitchen on the Friday night, after having achieved the work of the paper,

nformed Captain Costigan of the illness of
g friend in the Temple; and remembering the
ays afterwards, the Captain went to Lamb
paid a visit to the invalid on Sunday after-

tions became intolerable to the invalid, and he begged her peevishly not to come near him. Hence the laundress's tears and redoubled grief, and renewed application to the bottle, which she was accustomed to use as an anodyne. The Captain rated the woman soundly for her intemperance, and pointed out to her the fatal consequences which must ensue if she persisted in her imprudent courses.

Pen, who was by this time in a very fevered state, was yet greatly pleased to receive Costigan's visit. He heard the well-known voice in his sitting-room, as he lay in the bed-room within, and called the Captain eagerly to him, and thanked him for coming, and begged him to take a chair and talk to him. The Captain felt the young man's pulse with great gravity—(his own tremulous and clammy hand growing steady for the instant while his finger pressed Arthur's throbbing vein)—the pulse was beating very fiercely—Pen's face was haggard and hot—his eyes were bloodshot and gloomy; his "bird," as the Captain pronounced the word, afterwards giving a description of his condition, had not been shaved for nearly a week. Pen made his visitor sit down, and, tossing and turning in his comfortless bed, began to try and talk to the Captain in a lively manner about the Back Kitchen, about Vauxhall, and when they should go again, and about Fanny—how was little Fanny?

Indeed how was she? We know how she went home very sadly on the previous Sunday evening, after she had seen Arthur light his lamp in his chambers, whilst he was having his interview with Bows. Bows came back to his own rooms presently, passing by the Lodge door, and looking into Mrs. Bolton's, according to his word, as he passed, but with a very melancholy face.

other weary night that night. Her restless-
ed her little bedfellows more than once. She
l more of "Walter Lorraine:" Father was
l would suffer no light. She kept the book
illow, and felt for it in the night. She had
ot to sleep, when the children began to stir
rning, almost as early as the birds. Though
y angry with Bows, she went to his room at
med hour in the day, and there the good-
ician began to talk to her.

Ir. Pendennis last night, Fanny," he said.

u? I thought you did," Fanny answered,
rcely at the melancholy old gentleman.

en fond of you ever since we came to live in
he continued. "You were a child when I
you used to like me, Fanny, until three or
go: until you saw this gentleman."

ow, I suppose, you are going to say ill of
Fanny. "Do, Mr. Bows—that will make

a romantic attachment for our friend the Captain's daughter—Lady Mirabel that is now."

Fanny laughed. "I suppose there was other people, too, that had romantic attachments for Miss Costigan," she said: "I don't want to hear about 'em."

"He wanted to marry her; but their ages were quite disproportionate: and their rank in life. She would not have him because he had no money. She acted very wisely in refusing him; for the two would have been very unhappy, and she wasn't a fit person to go and live with his family, or to make his home comfortable. Mr. Pendennis has his way to make in the world, and must marry a lady of his own rank. A woman who loves a man will not ruin his prospects, cause him to quarrel with his family, and lead him into poverty and misery for her gratification. An honest girl won't do that, for her own sake, or for the man's."

Fanny's emotion, which but now had been that of defiance and anger, here turned to dismay and supplication. "What do I know about marrying, Bows?" she said. "When was there any talk of it? What has there been between this young gentleman and me that's to make people speak so cruel? It was not my doing; nor Arthur's—Mr. Pendennis's—that I met him at Vauxhall. It was the Captain took me and ma there. We never thought of nothing wrong, I'm sure. He came and rescued us, and was so very kind. Then he came to call and ask after us: and very, very good it was of such a grand gentleman to be so polite to humble folks like us! And yesterday ma and me just went to walk in the Temple Gardens, and—and"—here she broke out with that usual, unanswerable female argument of tears—and cried, "Oh! I wish I was dead! I wish

l in my grave; and had never, never seen

d as much himself, Fanny," Bows said; and
ed, through her sobs, Why, why should he
d never seen her? Had she ever done him
Oh, she would perish rather than do him
Whereupon the musician informed her of
sation of the day previous, showed her that
not and must not think of her as a wife fit-
im, and that she, as she valued her honest
must strive too to forget him. And Fanny,
musician, convinced but still of the same
promising that she would avoid the danger
aced her, went back to the Porter's Lodge,
r mother all. She talked of her love for Ar-
ewailed, in her artless manner, the inequality
ondition, that set barriers between them.
he Lady of Lyons," Fanny said. "Oh, ma!
love Mr. Macready when I saw him do it;

morning; and sometimes he'd say 'How d'you do, Fanny?' or, 'God bless you, Fanny!' as he said on Sunday. And I'd work, and work; and I'd sit up all night, and read, and learn, and make myself worthy of him. The Captain says his mother lives in the country, and is a grand lady there. Oh, how I wish I might go and be her servant, ma! I can do plenty of things, and work very neat; and—and sometimes he'd come home, and I should see him!"

The girl's head fell on her mother's shoulder as she spoke, and she gave way to a plentiful outpouring of girlish tears, to which the matron, of course, joined her own. "You mustn't think no more of him, Fanny," she said. "If he don't come to you, he's a horrid, wicked man."

"Don't call him so, mother," Fanny replied. "He's the best of men, the best and the kindest. Bows says he thinks he is unhappy at leaving poor little Fanny. It wasn't his fault, was it, that we met?—and it ain't his that I mustn't see him again. He says I mustn't—and I mustn't, mother. He'll forget me, but I shall never forget him. No! I'll pray for him, and love him always —until I die—and I shall die, I know I shall—and then my spirit will always go and be with him."

"You forget your poor mother, Fanny, and you'll break my heart by goin' on so," Mrs. Bolton said. "Perhaps you will see him. I'm sure you'll see him. I'm sure he'll come to-day. If ever I saw a man in love, that man is him. When Emily Budd's young man first came about her, he was sent away by old Budd, a most respectable man, and violoncello in the orchestra at the Wells; and his own fam'ly wouldn't hear of it neither. But he came back. We all knew he would. Emily al-

o; and he married her; and this one will come
nd you mark a mother's words, and see if
ear."

oint of the conversation Mr. Bolton entered
for his evening meal. At the father's ap-
he talk between mother and daughter ceased
Mrs. Bolton caressed and cajoled the surly
's aide-de-camp, and said, "Lor', Mr. B.,
thought to see *you* away from the Club of
night! Fanny, dear, get your pa some sup-
t will you have, B.? The poor gurl's got a
n her eye, or somethink in it—I was lookin'
ow as you came in." And she squeezed her
hand as a signal of prudence and secrecy;
's tears were dried up likewise; and by that
ypocrisy and power of disguise which women
d with which weapons of defence nature en-
the traces of her emotion disappeared; and
nd took her work, and sate in the corner so

ashamed of a foolish and imprudent passion, and strangled it as poor women do their illicit children, not on account of their crime, but of the shame, and from dread that the finger of the world should point to them.

What respectable person in the world will not say he was quite right to avoid a marriage with an ill-educated person of low degree, whose relations a gentleman could not well acknowledge, and whose manners would not become her new station?—and what philosopher would not tell him that the best thing to do with these little passions if they spring up, is to get rid of them, and let them pass over and cure them: that no man dies about a woman, or vice versâ: and that one or the other having found the impossibility of gratifying his or her desire in the particular instance, must make the best of matters, forget each other, look out elsewhere, and choose again? And yet, perhaps, there may be something said on the other side. Perhaps Bows was right in admiring that passion of Pen's, blind and unreasoning as it was, that made him ready to stake his all for his love; perhaps, if self-sacrifice is a laudable virtue, mere worldly self-sacrifice is not very much to be praised;—in fine, let this be a reserved point, to be settled by the individual moralist who chooses to debate it.

So much is certain, that with the experience of the world which Mr. Pen now had, he would have laughed at and scouted the idea of marrying a penniless girl out of the kitchen. And this point being fixed in his mind, he was but doing his duty, as an honest man, in crushing any unlucky fondness which he might feel towards poor little Fanny.

So she waited and waited in hopes that Arthur would come. She waited for a whole week, and it was at the

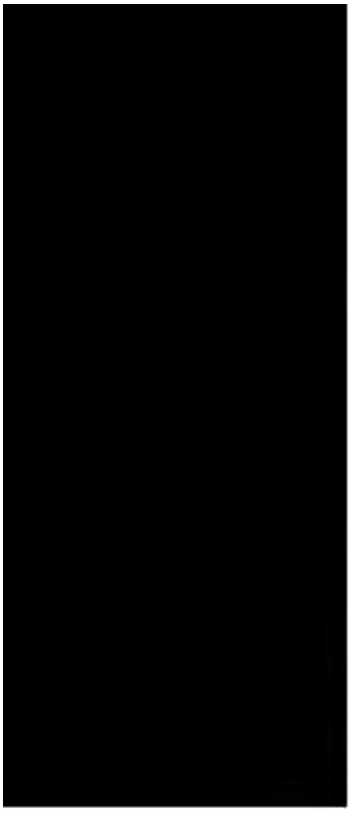
time that the poor little creature heard from
f the illness under which Arthur was suf-

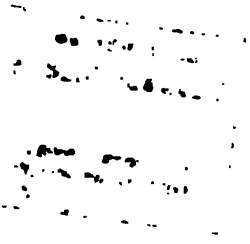
ed on that very evening after Costigan had
, that Arthur's uncle the excellent Major ar-
wn from Buxton, where his health had been
nd sent his valet Morgan to make inquiries
, and to request that gentleman to breakfast
Major the next morning. The Major was
sing through London on his way to the Mar-
yne's house of Stillbrook, where he was en-
hoot partridges.

came back to his master with a very long
had seen Mr. Arthur; Mr. Arthur was very
; Mr. Arthur was in bed with a fever. A
ht to be sent to him; and Morgan thought his
alarming.

goodness! this was sad news indeed. He

Pen's Nurse





Arthur's calamity. He would have gone to him, but what good could it do Arthur that he the Major should catch a fever? His own ailments rendered it absolutely impossible that he should attend to anybody but himself. But the young man must have advice—the best advice; and Morgan was straightway despatched with a note from Major Pendennis to his friend Doctor Goodenough, who by good luck happened to be in London and at home, and who quitted his dinner instantly, and whose carriage was, in half an hour, in Upper Temple Lane, near Pen's chambers.

The Major had asked the kind-hearted physician to bring him news of his nephew at the Club where he himself was dining, and in the course of the night the Doctor made his appearance. The affair was very serious: the patient was in a high fever: he had had Pen bled instantly: and would see him the first thing in the morning. The Major went disconsolate to bed with this unfortunate news. When Goodenough came to see him according to his promise the next day, the Doctor had to listen for a quarter of an hour to an account of the Major's own maladies, before the latter had leisure to hear about Arthur.

He had had a very bad night—his—his nurse said: at one hour he had been delirious. It might end badly: his mother had better be sent for immediately. The Major wrote the letter to Mrs. Pendennis with the greatest alacrity, and at the same time with the most polite precautions. As for going himself to the lad, in his state it was impossible. "Could I be of any use to him, my dear Doctor?" he asked.

The Doctor, with a peculiar laugh, said, No: he didn't think the Major could be of any use: that his own pre-

n required the most delicate treatment, and
l best go into the country and stay: that he
uld take care to see the patient twice a day,
in his power for him.
or declared, upon his honour, that if he could
ıse he would rush to Pen's chambers. As it
an should go and see that everything was
Doctor must write to him by every post to
it was but forty miles distant from London,
thing happened he would come up at any

endennis transacted his benevolence by dep-
post. "What else could he do?" as he
d, you know, in these cases, it's best not dis-
fellow. If a poor fellow goes to the bad,
you know he's disposed of. But in order to
nd in this, my dear Doctor, I'm sure that
gree with me), the best way is to keep him
ectly quiet."

he loved after his manner, kept the old fellow awake half through the night, and made him feverish and uneasy.

On the morrow he received a note in a handwriting which he did not know: it was that of Mr. Bows, indeed, saying that Mr. Arthur Pendennis had had a tolerable night; and that as Dr. Goodenough had stated that the Major desired to be informed of his nephew's health, he, R.B., had sent him the news per rail.

The next day he was going out shooting, about noon, with some of the gentlemen staying at Lord Steyne's house; and the company, waiting for the carriages, were assembled on the terrace in front of the house, when a fly drove up from the neighbouring station, and a grey-headed, rather shabby old gentleman jumped out, and asked for Major Pendennis. It was Mr. Bows. He took the Major aside and spoke to him; most of the gentlemen round about saw that something serious had happened, from the alarmed look of the Major's face.

Wagg said, "It's a bailiff come down to nab the Major;" but nobody laughed at the pleasantry.

"Hullo! What's the matter, Pendennis?" cried Lord Steyne, with his strident voice. "Anything wrong?"

"It's—it's—my boy that's *dead,*" said the Major, and burst into a sob—the old man was quite overcome.

"Not dead, my Lord; but very ill when I left London," Mr. Bows said, in a low voice.

A britzka came up at this moment as the three men were speaking. The Peer looked at his watch. "You've twenty minutes to catch the mail-train. Jump in, Pendennis; and drive like h—, sir, do you hear?"

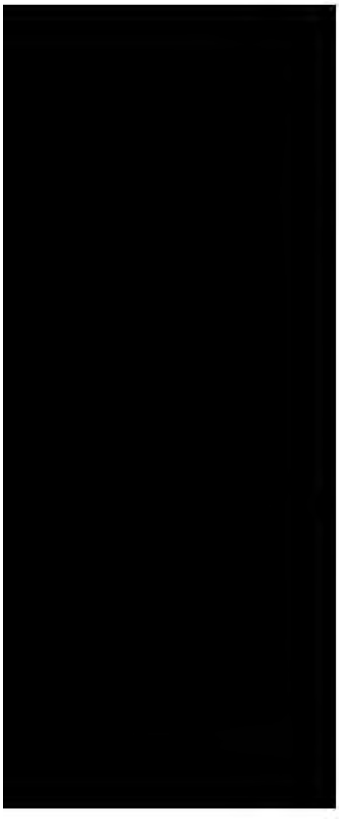
The carriage drove off swiftly with Pendennis and his

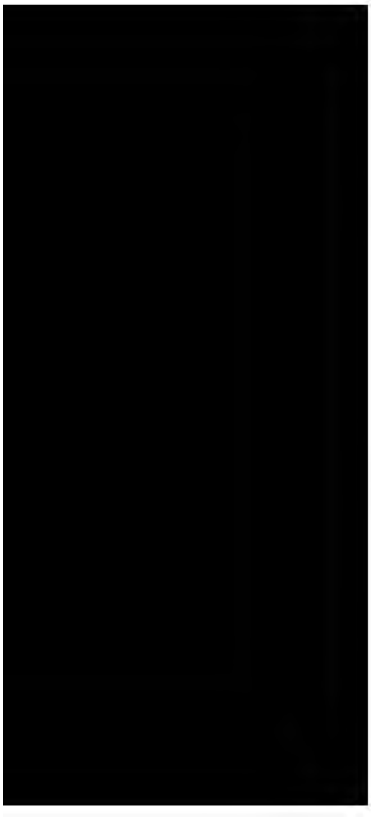
, and let us trust that the oath will be par-
e Marquis of Steyne.

jor drove rapidly from the station to the
d found a travelling-carriage already before
ocking up the narrow Temple Lane. Two
ut of it, and were asking their way of the
e Major looked by chance at the panel of
e, and saw the worn-out crest of the Eagle
he Sun, and the motto, " Nec tenui pennâ,"
eath. It was his brother's old carriage, built
y years ago. It was Helen and Laura that
g their way to poor Pen's room.

up to them; hastily clasped his sister's arm
her hand; and the three entered into Lamb
mounted the long gloomy stair.

ocked very gently at the door, on which Ar-
e was written, and it was opened by Fanny





JUN 1 [illegible]